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It it sank through nether space,
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It it touched his throne:
His limbs him into a knot of fiends,
Red, yellow, green and blue:—
"I've brought a pipe for my private use,—
Go trim it, some of you!"

—
I will tried the Furies from his head—
The Furies stamped his cheeks,—
Shed arms and legs,—such a red-hot fate
His wretchedest of trunks;
For then to Dirt dwells his life,
The Fury his Jan van Hunks.

FACSIMILE OF LAST VERSES OF ROSSETTI'S MANUSCRIPT OF "JAN VAN HUNKS"

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The Ballad of Jan Van Hunks

By Dante Gabriel Rossetti

FULL of smoke was the quaint old room
And of pleasant winter-heat ;
Whence you might hear the hall-door slap,
And the wary shuffling of feet
Which from the carpeted floor stepped out
Into the ice-paved street.

Van Hunks was laughing in his paunch ;
Ten golden pieces rare
Lay in his hand ; with neighbour Spratz
He had smoked for a wager there ;
He laughed, and from his neighbour's pipe
He looked to his neighbour's chair.

Even as he laughed, the evening shades
Rose stealthily and spread,
Till the smoky clouds walled up the sun
And hid his shining old head,
As though he too had his evening pipe
Before he tumbled to bed.

Van Hunks still chuckled as he sat :
It caused him an inward grin,
When he heard the blast shake shutter and blind
With its teeth-chattering din,
To fancy the many who froze without
While he sat thawing within.

His bowl restuffed, again he puffed :
  No noise the stillness broke
Save the tread of feet here and there in the street
  And the church-bell's hourly stroke ;
While silver-white through the deepening dusk
  Up leaped the rapid smoke.

" For thirty years," the Dutchman said,
  " I have smoked both night and day ;
I've laid great wagers on my pipe
  But never had once to pay,
For my vapouring foes long ere the close
  Have all sneaked sickly away.

" Ah ! would that I could find but one
  Who knew me not too well
To try his chance against me
  After the evening bell,
Even though he came to challenge me
  From the smoking-crib of Hell ! "

His breath still lingered on the air
  And mingled with the smoke,
When he was aware of a little old man
  In broidered hosen and tocque,
Who looked as though from a century's sleep
  That instant he had woke.

Small to scan was the little old man,
  Passing small and lean ;
Yet a something lurked about him,
  Felt strongly though unseen,
Which made you fear the hidden soul
  Whose covering was so mean.

What thunder dwelt there, which had left
  On his brow that lowering trace,—
What lightning, which could kindle so
  The fitful glare on his face,—
Though the sneering smile coursed over his lips,
  And the laughter rose apace ?

With cap in hand the stranger bowed
  Till the feather swept his shoe :—
" A gallant wish was yours," he said,
  " And I come to pleasure you ;
We're goodly gossips, you and I,—
  Let us wager and fall to."

The Dutchman stared. " How here you came
  Is nothing to me," he said ;
" A stranger I sought to smoke withal,
  And my wish is seconded ;
But tell me, what shall the wager be,
  By these our pipes essay'd ? "

" Nay now," the old man said, " what need
  Have we for a golden stake ?
What more do we ask but honour's spur
  To keep our hopes awake ?
And yet some bond 'twixt our goodwills
  Must stand for the wager's sake.

" This be our bond :—two midnights hence
  The term of our strife shall be,
And whichsoe'er to the other then
  Shall yield the victory,
At the victor's Hest must needs accept
  His hospitality."

" Done, done ! " the Dutchman cried, " your home,
  I'd reach be it far or near ;
But in my good pipe I set my trust,
  And 'tis you shall sojourn here ;
Here many a time we'll meet again
  For the smokers' welcome cheer."

With that, they lit their pipes and smoked,
  And never a word they said ;
The dense cloud gathered about them there
  High over each smoke-crowned head,
As if with the mesh of some secret thing
  They sat encompassèd.

But now when a great blast shook the house,
The Dutchman paused and spoke :—
" If aught this night could be devised
To sweeten our glorious smoke,
'Twere the thought of the outcast loons who freeze
'Neath the winter's bitter yoke."

The stranger laughed : " I most have watched
The dire extremes of heat,
Ay, more than you, I have seen men quail,
And found their sufferings sweet.
Fit gossips, you and I ! But hark !
What sound comes from the street ? "

To the street the chamber-windows stood,
With shutters strongly barred.
There came a timid knock without
And another afterward ;
But both so low and faint and weak
That the casement never jarred.

And weak the voice that came with the knock :—
" My father, lend your ear !
'Twas store of gold that you bade me wed
But the wife I chose was dear ;
Now she and my babes crave only bread :
O father, pity and hear ! "

Van Hunks looked after the feathered smoke :—
" What thing so slight and vain
As pride whose plume is torn in the wind
And joy's rash flight to pain ? "
Then loud : " Thou minds't when I bade thee hence,—
Poor fool go hence again ! "

There came a moan to the lighted room,
A moan to the frosty sky :—
" O father, my loves are dying now,
Father, you too must die.
Oh ! on your soul, by God's good grace,
Let not this dread hour lie ! "

THE BALLAD OF JAN VAN HUNKS

" Gossip, well done ! " quoth the little old man ;
And in a silvery spire,
Like a spider's web up leaped his smoke
A-twisting higher and higher ;
And still through the veil his watchful eye
Burned with a fell desire.

A woman's voice came next to the wall :
" Father, my mother's died,
'Twas three months since that you drove her forth
In the bitter Christmastide :
How could I care for your proffered gold
And quit my mother's side ?

" For two months now I have begged my bread ;
Father, I can no more :
My mother's deaf and blind in her grave,
But her soul is at Heaven's door ;
And though we're parted on this side death,
We may meet on the further shore."

Van Hunks laughed up at the scudding smoke :—
" Ay, go what way you will !
Of folly and pride, in life or death,
Let a woman take her fill !
My girl, even choose this road or that,
So we be asunder still ! "

" Gossip, well done ! " the old man shrieked,
" And mark how her words come true ! "
The smoke soared wildly around his head
In snakes of knotted blue ;
And eke at heart of the inmost coil,
Two fiery eyes shone through.

Above the hearth was a carven frame
Where seven small mirrors shone ;
There six bright moon-shapes circled round
A centre rayed like a sun ;
And ever the reflex image dwelt
Alike in every one.

No smokers' faces now appeared,
  But lo ! by magic art,
Seven times one squalid chamber showed
  A grave's dull counterpart ;
For there two starving parents lay
  With their starved babes heart to heart.

Then changed the scene. In the watery street,
  'Twixt houses dim and tall,
Like shaggy dogs the pollards shake
  Above the dark canal ;
And a girl's thin form gleamed through the night,
  And sank ; and that was all.

And then the smoker beheld once more
  Seven times his own hard face ;
Half-dazed it seemed with sudden sights,
  But showed no sign of grace ;
And seven times flashed two fiery eyes
  In the mirror's narrow space.

The hours wore on and still they sat
  Mid the vapour's stifling cloud ;
The one towards sudden stupor sank,
  While the other laughed aloud.
Alas for the shrinking blinking owl,
  The vulture over him bowed !

'Twas the second night of the wager now,
  And the midnight hour was near,
That glance like a kindled cresset blazed :— '
  " Ho ! gossip of mine, what cheer ? "
But the smoke from the Dutchman's pipe arose
  No longer swift and clear.

The door-bell rang : " Peace to this house ! "—
  'Twas the pastor's voice that spoke.
Above Van Hunks's head still curled
  A fitful flickering smoke,
As the last half-hour ere full midnight
  From the booming clock-tower broke.

THE BALLAD OF JAN VAN HUNKS

The old man doffed his bonnet and cringed
  As he opened the chamber door ;
The priest cast never a glance his way,
  But crossed the polished floor
To where the Dutchman's head on his breast
  Lolled with a torpid snore.

" Mynheer, your servant sought me out ;
  He says that day and night
You have sat——." He shook the smoker's arm,
  But shrank in sudden fright ;
The arm dropped down like a weight of lead,
  The face was dull and white.

And now the stranger stood astride,
  And taller he seemed to grow,
The pipe sat firm in his sneering lips,
  And with victorious glow
Like dancing figures around its bowl
  Did the smoke-wreaths come and go.

" Nay, nay," he said, " our gossip sits
  On contemplation bent ;
On son and daughter afar, his mind
  Is doubtless all intent ;
Haply his silence breathes a prayer
  Ere the midnight hour be spent."

" And who art thou ? " the pastor cried
  With quaking countenance.
—" A smoke-dried crony of our good friend
  Here rapt in pious trance."
And his chuckle shook the vaporous sprites
  To a madder, merrier dance.

" Hence, mocking fiend, I do know thee now."
  The pastor signed the cross.
But the old man laughed and shrieked at once,
  As over turret and fosse
The midnight hour in the sleeping town
  From bell to bell did toss.

"Too late, poor priest!" In the pastor's ear
So rang the scornful croak.
With that, a swoon fell over his sense;
And when at length he woke,
Two pipes lay shattered upon the floor,
The room was black with smoke.

* * * *

That hour a dreadful monster sped
Home to his fiery place;
A shrieking wretch hung over his back
As he sank through nether space.
Of such a rider on such a steed
What tongue the flight shall trace?

The bearer shook his burden off
As he reached his retinue:
He has flung him into a knot of fiends,
Red, yellow, green and blue:
"I have brought a pipe for my private use,
Go trim it, some of you!"

They have sliced the very crown from his head,
Worse tonsure than a monk's—
Lopped arms and legs, stuck a red-hot tube
In his wretchedest of trunks;
And when the Devil wants his pipe
They bring him Jan Van Hunks.

Les Etrennes de Mademoiselle de Doucine

Par Anatole France

De l'Académie Française

Le 1er janvier, au matin, le bon M. Chanterelle sortit à pied de son hôtel du faubourg Saint-Marcel. Frileux et marchant avec peine, il lui en coûtait d'aller au froid par les rues trempées de neige fondue. Il avait laissé son carrosse par esprit de mortification, étant devenu, depuis sa maladie, très attentif au salut de son âme. Il vivait éloigné des sociétés et des compagnies, et ne faisait de visites qu'à sa nièce, mademoiselle de Doucine, âgée de sept ans.

Appuyé sur sa canne, il parvint péniblement à la rue Saint-Honoré et entra dans la boutique de madame Pinson, au *Panier fleuri*. On y voyait, en abondance, des jouets d'enfants, étalés pour les étrennes de l'an de grâce 1696, et l'on avait peine à se mouvoir au milieu des automates danseurs et buveurs, des buissons d'oiseaux qui chantaient, des cabinets pleins de figures de cire, des soldats en habit blanc et bleu rangés en bataille et des poupées habillées les unes en dames, les autres en servantes, car l'inégalité, établie par Dieu lui-même dans les conditions humaines, paraissait jusque dans ces figures innocentes.

M. Chanterelle fit choix d'une poupée. Celle qu'il préféra était vêtue comme madame la princesse de Savoie à son arrivée en France, le 4 de novembre. Coiffée avec des coques et des rubans, elle portait un corps très raide, brodé d'or, et une jupe de brocart avec un pardessus relevé par des agrafes de perles.

M. Chanterelle sourit en pensant à la joie qu'une si belle poupée donnerait à mademoiselle de Doucine, et quand madame Pinson lui tendit la princesse de Savoie enveloppée dans du papier de soie, un éclair de sensualité passa sur son aimable visage, aminci par la souffrance, pâli par le jeûne, défait par la peur de l'enfer.

Il remercia poliment madame Pinson, prit la princesse sous son bras et s'en alla, traînant la jambe, vers la maison où il savait que mademoiselle de Doucine l'attendait à son lever.

Au coin de la rue de l'Arbre-Sec, il rencontra M. Spon, dont le grand nez descendait jusque dans son jabot de dentelle.

— Bonjour, monsieur Spon, lui dit-il, je vous souhaite une bonne année et je demande à Dieu que tout succède à vos désirs.

— Oh ! monsieur, ne parlez point ainsi, s'écria M. Spon. C'est souvent pour notre châtiment que Dieu contente nos désirs. *Et tribuit eis petitionem eorum.*

— Il est bien vrai, répondit M. Chanterelle, que nous ne savons pas discerner nos véritables intérêts. J'en suis un exemple, tel que vous me voyez. J'ai cru d'abord que la maladie dont je souffre depuis deux ans était un mal : et je vois aujourd'hui qu'elle est un bien, puisqu'elle m'a retiré de la vie abominable que je menais dans les spectacles et dans les compagnies. Cette maladie, qui me rompt les jambes et me trouble la cervelle est une grande marque de la bonté de Dieu à mon égard. Mais ne m'accorderez-vous pas, monsieur, la faveur de m'accompagner au Roule où je vais porter des étrennes à ma nièce, mademoiselle de Doucine ?

A ces mots, M. Spon leva les bras en l'air et poussa un grand cri :

— Quoi ! dit-il. Est-ce bien monsieur Chanterelle que j'entends ? N'est-ce pas plutôt un libertin ? Se peut-il, monsieur, que, menant une vie sainte et retirée, je vous voie tout à coup donner dans les vices du siècle ?

— Hélas ! je n'y croyais pas donner, répondit M. Chanterelle tout tremblant. Mais j'ai grand besoin de lumières. Y a-t-il donc un si grand mal à offrir une poupée à mademoiselle de Doucine ?

— Il y en a un très grand, répondit M. Spon. Et ce que vous offrez aujourd'hui à cette simple enfant doit moins s'appeler poupée qu'idole et figure diabolique. Ne savez-vous point que la coutume des étrennes est une superstition coupable et un reste hideux du paganisme ?

— Je l'ignorais, dit M. Chanterelle.

— Apprenez donc, dit M. Spon, que cette coutume vient des Romains qui, voyant quelque chose de divin dans tous les commencements, divinisaient le commencement de l'année. En sorte qu'agir comme eux est se faire idolâtre. Vous donnez des étrennes, monsieur, à l'imitation des adorateurs du dieu Janus. Achevez et consacrez, comme eux, à Junon le premier jour de chaque mois.

M. Chanterelle, ayant grand'peine à se tenir, pria M. Spon de lui donner le bras et, tandis qu'ils cheminaient, M. Spon poursuivit de la sorte :

— Est-ce parce que les astrologues ont fixé au 1er de janvier

le commencement de l'année que vous vous croyez obligé à faire des présents ce jour-là ? Et quel besoin avez-vous de ranimer à cette date la tendresse de vos amis ? Cette tendresse était-elle expirante avec l'année ? Et vous sera-t-elle bien chère quand vous l'aurez regagnée par des flatteries et de funestes dons ?

— Monsieur, répondit le bon M. Chanterelle, appuyé sur le bras de M. Spon, et s'efforçant de régler son pas chancelant sur celui de son impétueux compagnon ; monsieur, je n'étais, avant ma maladie, qu'un misérable pécheur, n'ayant souci que de traiter mes amis avec civilité et de régler ma conduite sur les principes de la probité et de l'honneur. La Providence a daigné me tirer de cet abîme ; je me gouverne depuis ma conversion par les avis de mon directeur. Mais j'ai été assez léger et vain pour ne le point interroger à l'endroit des étrennes. Ce que vous m'en dites, monsieur, avec l'autorité d'un homme excellent pour les mœurs comme pour la doctrine, me confond.

— Je vais vous confondre en effet, reprit M. Spon, et vous éclairer, non par mes lumières, qui sont faibles, mais par celles d'un grand docteur. Asseyez-vous sur cette borne.

Et, poussant au coin d'une porte cochère M. Chanterelle, qui s'y ajusta le mieux qu'il put, M. Spon tira de sa poche un petit livre relié en parchemin, l'ouvrit, le feuilleta et s'arrêta sur cet endroit, qu'il se mit à lire tout haut, dans un cercle de ramoneurs, de chambrières et de marmitons, accourus aux éclats de sa voix :

" Nous qui avons en horreur les fêtes des juifs, et qui trouverions étranges leurs sabbats, leurs nouvelles lunes, et les solennités autrefois chéries de Dieu, nous nous familiarisons avec les saturnales et les calendes de janvier, avec les matronales et les brumes ; les étrennes marchent, les présents volent de toutes parts ; ce ne sont en tous lieux que jeux et banquets. Les païens observent mieux leur religion, car ils ne gardent de solenniser aucune de nos fêtes, de peur de paraître chrétiens, tandis que nous ne craignons pas de paraître païens en célébrant leurs fêtes."

— Vous avez entendu, ajouta M. Spon. C'est Tertullien qui parle de la sorte et vous fait paraître du fond de l'Afrique, monsieur, l'indignité de votre conduite. Il vous crie : " Les étrennes marchent ; les présents volent de toutes parts. Vous solennisez les fêtes des païens." Je n'ai pas l'honneur de connaître votre directeur. Mais je frémis, monsieur, à la pensée de l'abandon où il vous laisse. Etes-vous sûr au moins qu'au jour de votre mort, quand vous paraîtrez devant Dieu, il sera

à votre côté, pour prendre sur lui les péchés où il vous aura laissé choir ?

Ayant parlé de la sorte, il remit son livre dans sa poche et s'en alla d'un pas irrité, suivi de loin par les ramoneurs et les marmitons étonnés.

Le bon M. Chanterelle restait seul sur sa borne, avec la princesse de Savoie, et, songeant qu'il s'exposait aux peines de l'enfer éternel pour donner une poupée à mademoiselle de Doucine, sa nièce, il méditait les mystères insondables de la religion.

Ses jambes, déjà chancelantes depuis plusieurs mois, refusaient de le soutenir, et il était aussi malheureux qu'un homme de bonne volonté peut l'être en ce monde.

Il y avait déjà quelques minutes qu'il demeurait en détresse sur sa borne, quand un capucin s'approcha de lui et lui dit :

— Monsieur, ne donnerez-vous point des étrennes aux petits frères qui sont pauvres, pour l'amour de Dieu ?

— Eh ! quoi ! mon père, répliqua vivement M. Chanterelle, vous êtes religieux et vous me demandez des étrennes !

— Monsieur, répondit le capucin, le bon Saint François a voulu que ses fils se réjouissent avec simplicité. Donnez aux capucins de quoi faire un bon repas en ce jour, afin de pouvoir souffrir avec allégresse l'abstinence et le jeûne tout le reste de l'année, hormis, bien entendu, les dimanches et fêtes.

M. Chanterelle regarda le religieux avec surprise :

— Ne craignez-vous pas, mon père, que l'usage des étrennes ne soit funeste à l'âme ?

— Non ! je ne le crains pas.

— Cet usage nous vient des païens.

— Les païens suivaient parfois de bonnes coutumes. Dieu permettait qu'un peu de sa lumière perçât les ténèbres de la Gentilité. Monsieur, si vous nous refusez des étrennes n'en refusez pas à nos pauvres enfants. Nous élevons les enfants abandonnés. Avec ce petit écu j'achèterai à chacun un petit moulin de papier et une galette. Ils vous devront le seul plaisir peut-être de toute leur vie, car ils ne sont pas destinés à beaucoup de joie sur la terre. Leur rire en montera jusqu'au ciel. Quand ils rient, les enfants louent le Seigneur.

M. Chanterelle mit sa bourse assez lourde dans la main du petit père et se leva de dessus sa borne en murmurant la parole qu'il venait d'entendre :

— Quand ils rient, les enfants louent le Seigneur.

Puis, l'âme rassérénée, il s'en alla d'un pas affermi porter la princesse de Savoie à mademoiselle de Doucine, sa nièce.

Andorra

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

ANDORRA yet survives and flourishes, one of the last of the innumerable small States that once were set as thick upon the map of Europe as stars in heaven on a clear winter's night.

True, San Marino still crowns its rock, and is well known to philatelists for its postage stamps, and illustrious in history for having sheltered Garibaldi, the last of the heroic figures of the past.

Montenegro falls into another category, for it had strength enough to win its independence by the force of arms. Some say that Monaco still rears its head, but such a cloud of *poudre de riz*, and such a stench of *patchouli*, of *frangipane*, of *trefle* and of white rose, *iris de Florence* and of *chypre*, and of the sweat of all the *cocottes* and the *rastas* of the whole world, obscure it, that reasonable men have doubted of its continued permanence upon the map. Andorra is different from all the rest in that she sells no stamps; has not a *cocotte* or a gambler in all her territory; has never known that such a thing as *poudre de riz* ever existed; never saved any patriot in his extremity; and all her battles were fought in the dark ages against the Counts of Foix and the no less intruding bishops of La Seo de Urgél. Happy the country that has no history, some unimaginative man has said in some book or another. How right the Arabs were to have begun so many of their histories with the phrase, "Says some one."

Andorra, though, has had a history, as those who take the trouble to read Froissart may find out; but who reads Froissart nowadays? Certainly she must have fought against the above-named potentates to keep her independence; but she has kept it, not by fighting but by electing to live quietly, just as her fathers lived a thousand years ago.

True, every citizen is bound to have a gun; but that seems to be all the duty, in a moral military sense, he has, for no one ever saw him with it, or still less heard him touch it off. "To touch it off" seems possibly the phrase to use, as probably it is, in the most of cases, a hereditary piece of ordnance. For all

that and in spite of lack of training, and simple as they are, the people have a look as of a Puritan bull-terrier, uncouth and awkward, but not encouraging, should any person happen to tread upon its tail. Civil and courteous they are to a degree that seems extraordinary to those who live in countries which have emerged from patriarchal customs and not yet found their sea-legs in the new state of things. The greatest piece of fortune that has happened to this happy valley lost in the hills, is that up to the present time it has had no roads. Want of communication has kept out the tourist, under whose foot all ancient customs wither, as certainly as did the grass under the horse's hoof of Attila.

To reach the valley, one has to toil upon a mule over the mountain roads, stumbling and sliding, just as the Christian stumbles and slides upon the inconvenient path to Paradise. If though the latter traveller is repaid when he attains his goal, by visions of black eyes smiling upon him in eternal youth, and by supplies of sherbet cooled with snow (I fear that frequent communings with the Moors have caused me to confuse the persons and the substance of our paradise and theirs) so is the traveller repaid when, after shivering on the Puerto de Saldeu, six thousand feet above sea-level, he gradually descends into a land of sunshine and of warmth.

Possibly in Juan Fernandez, or in some island in some sea or other, there may be valleys like Andorra; sometimes in dreams one sees (with the interior vision of the soul) a valley of the kind, hedged in with towering peaks to which cling pines, and with a little town set in a frame of gardens, from whence ascends the tinkle of a cow-bell or the faint wailing of a bag-pipe made melodious by the distance that the sound travels through the air. Commonly in such cases the noise of a steam-hooter wakens one, as it once wakened William Morris after he had dreamed about John Ball, and of what England might have been without machinery, and the real world lies open, in its last incarnation of a dirty street, through which a shrieking motor runs like a car of Juggernaut.

In the deep valley of Andorra, down to which wind paths like beds of mountain burns, with lichened crosses standing at the corners, and at whose sides water is always plashing, led in a hollow tree or piped in canes, there is no need to rub the eyes (*el ojo con el codo*), or if you must, you rub them to send yourself to sleep, so that the vision may not fade and leave you waking in the world.

ANDORRA

Once you have crossed El Puerto de Saldeu, a world within a world reveals itself; a view of Europe as it must have been a hundred years ago. In little terraced fields planted with ripening tobacco, with beans and maize, in which lie water-melons so intensely green they seem like something tropical, women and men are working in the way that people must have worked in Arcady or the Paumotas before the well-intentioned missionary with his fateful hymn-book, already charged with death, appeared to save their souls and to deliver up their bodies to consumption and to drink. From the steep fields in which the trailing vines hang over the rough walls there comes a singing, between the note of a wild bird and that of some rude pipe, which winds itself about the inmost recesses of the soul (that is, the soul of those to whom its drawn-out melopy appeals) as does no other music in the world, and shows the Arabs, on their way to take the Pope of Rome, as said their General Muza, by the beard, must have passed by Andorra and left their trail. Long trains of mules with dangling trappings of red worsted, conveying bales of tobacco to the rough factory, where ten or a dozen women lazily work to make the nastiest cigars known to the world, pass to and fro; their drivers either sit sideways on their backs or pick their way upon the illusory roads beside them, their sticks stuck down between their ragged jackets and their shirts. In fact, a page of Borrow or of Ford, which some one has turned down and then forgotten, up to the present day. Now, when there are so few forgotten valleys and so few dog-eared pages worth the trouble to smooth out, I had half thought that to write this, is of the nature of a sacrilege, and that I had done better to have forgotten all about Andorra, or merely to have said the beds were verminous, the food abominable, and that the people spoke a dialect between the *patois* of Urgél and that of Foix, quite unintelligible to any reasonable man. Had but the valley been an island, I would certainly never have thought of telling its right bearings, or merely have reported it as a Vigia or an Atoll quite uninhabited, with brackish water and no landing-place for boats.

Withal, ten or eleven hours on muleback make the navigation difficult enough to keep the island free from contamination, and it lies far beyond the ordinary track, except of ships that pass by night and do not care to have their number known.

Before I take you over the steep-pitched, one-arched bridge which crosses the Valira, with its long trails of ivy swinging eternally backwards and forwards above the roaring stream, guarded by ancient crosses at each end and with a low stone

parapet a foot in height, which makes one think upon the proverb, "He who on horseback crosses the bridge, looks death between the eyes," it may be that you would like to hear about the road. Thus did the ancient navigators entertain their readers with a discussion upon every subject under heaven, commonly describing in great detail the Cipango or Manoa they had not reached, and almost at the last, say in a perfunctory way, on December the 13th I left Cadiz or San Lucar, as the case may be, in thé caravel *Marigalanté*, sailing with the Acapulco fleet, and as God willed it, had a good passage of about two hundred days, seeing the flying-fish and other wonders of the deep, and by the grace of the Almighty safely came to port in Acapulco of New Spain. Even Bernal Diaz, he of the Castle, the prince of chroniclers, so to speak, sandwiches in the date of his arrival between great slabs of facts and comments, terse, humorous and still pathetic, such as only he could make.

Well . . . two roads lie open to you. One by La Seo de Urgél and one by Ax-les-Thermes. The first is from the Spanish side and has its difficulties.

La Seo de Urgél, stronghold of Carlism, is situated—luckily for it—full eighty miles from any railway. You get off at Caláf (it sounds so Arabic, I had almost written El-Caláf), and get into the coach. That coach, a box, made of white pine and painted red and yellow, "Viva España!" conveys you in the short space of thirteen hours (but not including stoppages) up to La Seo de Urgél. Borrow and Ford and others have described the journey, not this particular journey, but others of the kind, so picturesquely that it is vain to try and emulate them. They both have told of the apocalyptic horse and the four mules; of the blaspheming *mayorál* and the *zagál* who now and then gets off and stimulates the team by throwing stones. Even the names (in Ford's case, some of the oaths) have been preserved, so that we know them when we hear the long-drawn syllables of Capitaana, Generaala, and the impersonal Aquella Otra who receives most stones and all the choicest flowers of speech of the attendant sprite. Well do we know the country-women with their baskets, the fat and jovial priest, the friar, the horsedealer, and the strange Turk, or Greek, or Jew whose family from the days of Ferdinand and Isabella had secretly continued the customs of their race. We know the gipsy who gets in, and speak to him (having the gift of tongues) in Romany. We share our lunch with all the passengers, drink with the priest out of a leather *bota*, and leave the company delighted with us and our fast friends for life.

ANDORRA

Those were the days, and certainly Ford and George Borrow were the men ; but even now the journey has points of resemblance to those they wrote about. The painted box on wheels lands you at last in the strange, world-forgotten town, to which but little breath of modernism has penetrated, and leaves you there marooned. Then you must hire a mule from an *arriero*, some Tio Chinche, Tio Ponzoña or the like, and make your way over five hours of mountain road, which leads along the banks of the Valira, until you come upon Andorra quite unexpectedly at the bottom of a pass. All things considered, I am doubtful whether this road is quite the best to take for those who pass their time in motor-cars and are accustomed to eat well at regular hours and sleep in comfortable beds ; but as I never travelled it myself I do not describe it in great detail, though I am sure I could.

The other road, though not exactly what would be called luxurious, is yet a little easier than that by Seo de Urgél. A well-appointed railway (Baedeker says so) lands you at Ax-les-Thermes, passing by Foix and Pamiers, a name corrupted from the ancient Apamea (once more Baedeker). Then you take carriage for four hours to Hospitalet, a little goatey, sheepey town, Swiss-like and cold, and with its little inn facing the road and music of the ceaseless stream of motor-cars which come and go, as regularly as does the planetary system, from Ax to Puigcerdá. Once there, so that you turn your back on the high road, and stop your ears after the fashion of Ulysses or the deaf adder of the Scriptures, you are in the wilds. Cows wander down the street ; goats browse upon the broken walls ; and round the rough stone cross, boys sit all day and criticise the women and the girls who go for water to the fountain at the corner of the square.

A road, like the dry track of a Highland burn, leads out towards Andorra, and on it, early in the morning, two horsemen, my guide and I, might have been seen some weeks ago making their way, just like the personages of some bygone novel, along the stony track. The trail led upwards through some Alpine pastures, in which men mowed the grass with scythes exactly like the scythe Time holds in ancient prints, immensely broad at the butt-end and tapering to a point. All wore blue *berets*, and all sang as they worked ; but being on the French side of the Pyrenees, they sang the latest melodies from Paris music-halls instead of some wild *Jota fiera* as they would certainly have done upon the Spanish side.

We rode along, smoking and talking about "things and others," of the late war, for so it seemed to him, between the

French and Prussians, and how he, with twelve youths from Hospitalet, had joined the army of the Loire, and he alone returned. We talked of literature, that is, he did, unpacking all his store, which in the main consisted of a history of the Punic Wars, with much of Scipio ("Un fameux lapin, va!") and of Canibal. Soon at a little hamlet with a fine old cross we passed the frontier of Andorra, that is, my guide averred we did, as there was nothing tangible to mark the line.

Still we went on along the Ariège, which boiled and tumbled far below our feet, the horses giving us plenty of opportunity to look into its depths by hugging, after the fashion of their kind, the outside limit of the path.

No houses were in view, and only rarely on the road did a man pass, driving before him a packed mule, or now and then a girl seated upon an ass. Horses and cows in hundreds fed along the slopes, their bells tinkling and jangling in the still air, a thousand feet below. Sometimes they stood, their bellies buried in the rushing stream, and now and then two bulls fought in a perfunctory way, as sword and buckler men fought in old times in Edinburgh, to keep the "croon o' the Causeway," that is, when any one was there to look at them and cheer them to the fray.

"C'est un vrai paradis pour toutes nos vaches," the guide observed as he broke off explaining all about Regulus and "la mort douloureuse de ce brave Canibal." Four or five hours we rode along, passing the little lake in which the Ariège has its source, and talking of the fall of Carthage, which in some way had got itself connected in the commentator's brain with *les sales Prussiens*, until we reached the pass.

"This is El Puerto de Saldeu," said my guide, breaking out suddenly in Spanish, which he spoke well after the French fashion, sounding all syllables quite equally, taking the nerve and backbone out of it, although he knew the words. Standing upon the summit of the pass and looking down upon a sea of pine woods and right into another brawling river, the Valira (the cousin of the Ariège) cutting its way through a deep channel in the hills, forming a valley which, in the distance, broadened to a great amphitheatre of mountains, above which rose white peaks, you feel that you have come into a world apart. It is so seldom nowadays, even in Equatorial Africa, to which you carry tents and smokeless powder, quick-firing guns, sun-helmets, and are carried by subservient or rebellious porters (but in each case members of a subject race, with whom there can be naught in common save death or want of food), that you feel cut off from the world.

ANDORRA

Once or twice in the lifetime of most men they feel alone, and I remember years ago, in Paraguay, coming down from the Yerbales, a hundred miles from anywhere, uncertain of the way, I camped, not having eaten all the day, beside a wood. Looking about I found a bed of the sweet fruit known there as *guavirami* (the sweetest in the world when you are parched with thirst and there is nothing else to eat), and having eaten well, unsaddled, and sitting down (it was just sunset) on my saddlecloths, wrapped in my *poncho*, drew out tobacco, chopped it, and made a cigarette, then lit it with a flint and steel, striking the flint with care, not to alarm my horse. Just then a tiger roared, deep in the woods, and when, after a struggle, I had quieted my horse, for to have lost him would have been to lose my life, I felt I was alone.

Well, strange as it may seem, upon the Puerto de Saldeu, not forty miles from motor-cars, and with my garrulous and history-loving guide beside me, looking down on a valley which had been civilised for centuries, I felt the feeling I had felt in Paraguay. One rarely feels it in the East, for there, even in deserts, man has so stamped himself upon the world, nothing astonishes, and one is certain, beyond the mountains, or in the middle of the plains, that you will come upon some tribe of nomads who have not changed since Nimrod hunted, and the walls of Babylon were built.

It may be that the sudden change from modern life created the impression ; but as we drove the horses down the hill-path before us, cutting off corners to rejoin them, by little trails worn in the stony soil, it seemed one was about to enter into an unknown land.

Sliding and stumbling down the hill, the guide shod with his hemp-soled *alpargatas*, going as lightly as a cat, we reached the hamlet of Saldeu, which, with its deep projecting eaves, looked Swiss-like, had it not been for the iron rings set in the walls of every house to tie the mules to, and for the knockers placed about six feet above ground, so that the passer-by could knock without dismounting from his beast. We passed a watering-trough made of a huge old tree, looking as if a tribe of Indians or negroes had left their dug-out high and dry, and riding through an archway, dismounted in a stable, in which some twenty mules, each with its pack beside it, stood munching at their corn.

Beside them, some sleeping on the packs and some upon the straw, lay men who, at first sight, I knew were smugglers, having seen many of them in the wild roadless country between Gibraltar and Gaucin, that is, the country that was wild and

roadless thirty years ago. There in Saldeu they looked so much in place, the stables would have appeared as the stage would appear in *Carmen*, in the third act, without the turnpike Andaluces, who bear the mark of Saffron Hill writ large upon their backs.

Leaving our horses tied up, by the mules, we passed into a gallery which looked out on a maize-field, sloping down to a little burn, in which a row of women were washing clothes, their red and yellow petticoats giving them an air as of gigantic tulips, as they beat the linen on a board, or washed their stockings, filling them with sand and thumping on the stones.

In the long gallery, three or four men were lounging, whilst one of them thrummed a guitar, whose strings, mended with wire, sent forth a sound, when the player struck them with the back of his brown hand, like an old-fashioned jew's-harp or a hurdy-gurdy. The march of progress has probably now relegated both these instruments to the museum, unmercifully leaving us the gramophone, which, like the rich, is always with us, to remind us of our sins.

Following the example of George Borrow (Ford would have addressed himself to a black-haired girl who leaned out of a window humming a *Zorzico*), I entered into conversation with the breakers of the law, and found that most of them had once been soldiers, and had fought in Cuba, about which they knew as much as a returned Imperial Yeoman knows about the Orange Free State, that is, the inside of the hospitals and the long useless marches in the sun. Much did our conversation turn upon things technical, such as the dogs that in Gibraltar run the gauntlet of the carbineers, each with his little pack upon his back, and many were the tales about the heroes who in times past had earned a place in history by their bold smuggling deeds.

The seven of Ecija held them all spellbound, as the Homeric heroes held the Greeks, and when I spoke about Jose Maria, and of the town of Casariche, where those who have a soul above mere smuggling take boldly to the road, they crowded round to hear. The death of El Vivero and the great fight he made in the *cortijo*, stirred their enthusiasm, and when at last the *Guardia Civil* entered the burning farm, leaving five of their number stretched upon the field, they held their breath, and one of them, murmuring "He was a man, may God have pardoned him," held out a glass of *aguardiente* in which I drank his health. They looked upon the heroes of the South as prototypes, averring sadly that in the North the true *aficion* was getting lost, and thought the smugglers of to-day were weaklings com-

pared to those of yore. So might a superannuated general in his club lament the days of purchase in the Army, or in the fens of Cambridgeshire a stableman, strive hard to mould himself after the true West-Riding type and as Sir Thomas Overbury says, "speak Northern no matter in what part of England he was born."

I learned how one of them died of yellow fever, had been thrown out to wait the dead-cart, then come to life again when he had felt a land-crab nibbling at his toe, and so resuscitated. The word resuscitated evidently pleased him, for taking the guitar (after first passing it to me, in the fashion of Sir Philip Sydney, as if my need was more than his), when it came to his turn to play, struck into a *guajira*, to which, as he informed me, he had made the words and put a title, "El Resuscitao." Death had not staled the infinite variety of his arpeggios, nor had returning life altered the haunting melopy of the half-negro air, nor blurred its semitones.

When he had finished, and as he hung the instrument upon a nail, a flower fluttered down from the window where the girl had leaned, and looking at the singer critically, I saw he was a handsome fellow and "properly deliver," which fact, no doubt, the giver of the flower had seen some time ago. After some talk about the badness of the government in Spain, a theme which, I believe, if one but chanced to meet him, so to speak, off duty, the Premier would join in with much zest, we passed into the dining-room, and sitting down at a long table, without a cloth, upon rough wooden stools, enjoyed a meal of salt cod *à la Vizcaina*, pork sausages made red with saffron, and beans stewed in an oil which might have served to lubricate a waggon-wheel. The women of the house stood in the doors and round the table, as it would not have been a fitting thing for them to sit down with the men, although they joined quite freely in the conversation, which now and then was spiced as hotly as the sausages, only exclaiming "Barbaro," when the bounds were overpassed, just as a mother may reprove her son for swearing, in a half-hearted way.

Smoking as sententiously as an Indian chief, the owner of the house, a member of the Council of the Republic, sat like an idol in a josshouse, carved in walnut wood. Report averred him rich, and witty (*gracioso*), an unusual compound, and his *gracia* consisted in his knack of giving nicknames, which form of wit is thought the highest in Andorra to which man can aspire. His fellow humorists had countered heavily upon him by giving him the name of "Tio Alimentos," which he appeared

to merit, for when the company had finished their repast, he sat down solemnly at his own hospitable board and fell to work like a half-starved coyoté on a dead buffalo.

The smugglers took their leave, quite openly, with each man carrying on his back his bundle of tobacco, all smoking their own wares. They crossed the stream upon a narrow plank and slowly disappeared amongst the pine-trees, on the rough path to Spain. When they had gone, across the river floated back in the still air the long-drawn notes of the *guajira*, sung by "the resuscitated one," and taken up, when he had spent his breath, by all the rest of his compeers. At last it melted into the thin air, just like a cricket's note, but leaving still a sense of sound upon the ear. When it was quite extinguished, a window shut down in an upper room, showing the giver of the flower had been upon the watch for its last quavering notes.

It was time for them to go, for hardly had they disappeared than two or three French frontier guards, under the protection of an Andorran peasant, who, because he had a gun, appeared to think he was some kind of soldier, appeared, and asked if any one had seen *les contrebandiers*. They were assured that no one had and went their way contentedly, smoking cigars which had been purchased half an hour ago from our late fellow guests.

Mounting our horses in the dark stables, and bending down to pass the door, we struck into the street, which ran about a hundred yards between low, deep-eaved houses, and then came out upon some stony fields, planted with what in Scotland used to be called long kale. The road was bounded by low walls of rough-piled stones, and at the top of a steep natural staircase of smooth rocks there stood a high stone crucifix, with something Gothic in the carving of the Christ, who, dumpy and too much foreshortened, looked like the figures on the Gloria door of Santiago de Campostela, and yet was human and even pathetic-looking on his grey granite cross.

My guide crossed himself rather in a furtive way, explaining that he did not do so as a "clerical," but because business took him often to Andorra, where every one was "black." The reason seemed to me sufficient in itself, although perhaps the act either was one of supererogation or of interior grace, as the place we were in was far from houses and no one was in sight.

Quaint little hamlets dotted the hillsides, with little churches n proportion to ther needs, and tiny belfries formed of rough stone and innocent of mortar, the windows in their sides so sharp, they looked as if they had been built for archers in the tower to shoot down their foes.

From every village ran a mule-track to the main torrent-bed that served as a high road, showing the stones all whitened, where mules and men had passed for centuries, and still had left the way as rough and difficult to tread as when the first explorer, stumbling on his beast, had passed along the trail.

In a deep chasm far below the road the river roared and tumbled, sending up clouds of spray, which hung in a white mist upon the larches growing by its brink.

At all the cross-roads stood a Calvary, and before every church a massive crucifix cut roughly in grey stone. Another staircase of a league or so led to the village of Encamp, where we dismounted at a *venta* and drank some *aguardiente*, which turned the water in the glass a milky white, and sitting on a barrel under some bundles of salt cod-fish which dangled from the roof, exchanged a greeting with the owner of the house, a red-haired Catalán.

A pale-faced caitiff-looking man he was, who might have sat for Judas to an Italian master, and yet he looked civilised amongst the rough Andorrans, as perhaps did his prototype of old amongst the fishermen.

Whilst we discoursed on politics, and answered questions as to the health of the young Queen of Spain, the possible duration of the Ministry in France, the price of barley in La Seo de Urgél, and whether Machaquito or Bombita was the best master of his art, a crowd had gathered at the door. They stood expectantly, just as in lands more favoured men wait to buy the last edition of a newspaper, not that they think it may be interesting, but on the chance of something turning up to gratify their hopes. I hoped I answered to the full what was expected of me, and thought I did so, until I heard a man remark I was the agent of a circus which they were waiting for. Sadly I spurred my unwilling pony through the crowd, looking as like a ring-master as I was able, but in my heart conscious of failure, for to give pleasure to one's fellows should be one's chiefest aim, here in this transitory world.

By quick descents in which the ponies put their feet together and skated down the hill, just as a cow-boy's horse in the Bad Lands slips down a "slide," we cut off half a league, saving some time, and proving the proverb, that there is never a short cut without some trouble, is not quite absolute.

Settling our hats upon our heads, and brushing off the dust with which the ponies' scramble on the slide had covered all our clothes, we struggled back into the road which led through groves of ilexes and chestnut-trees and finally emerged into a

rich and fertile valley, where little fields, fenced with flat pieces of grey stone stuck close together, encircled every house. Maize and tobacco showed the richness of the soil, and as we rode along, the mule-path melted by degrees into a modern road. A milestone bore upon its face " Andorra, 9 kilometros," but as upon the road itself there was no traffic, save for the passing of a mule-team now and then, or a stout farmer riding on his nag, with an old rusty gun tied to the cantle of his saddle, it seemed a work of supererogation, and my guide cursed it as an innovation which lamed the horses, and would, in his opinion, ruin the country, in the long run, for men who lived by mules. I felt by intuition he was right, for the stout mountain pony that I rode, active and hardy as a goat on the steep trails that we had left, stumbled perpetually and fell upon his nose. I hauled him up upon his feet, and getting off found that his knees were quite undamaged, whilst my guide, sitting on his horse, looked at me pleasantly, saying with pride, " He often falls upon this portion of the road but never hurts himself."

I did not comment on the fact, knowing the horseman's grave is always open, and that the wayfarer may sometimes stumble on the road towards Andorra, even when not a fool.

The sun was sinking as we came to Las Escaldas, a little watering-place built in a gorge between the hills. The river rushes by the side of the main street, in which, hedged in by cottages with overhanging eaves, and set about with half-built little villas, stands the Bath House, in which the citizens of the Republic bathe and drink sulphuretted water of some kind, which, as I learned with pleasure, is nauseous to the taste and smells like rotten eggs.

All was in miniature and as if drawn to the scale of the Republic, of which it is the pride

Cows sauntered up and down the street, and from the mills came the click-clack of hoppers, as the enormous wooden wheels, constructed to require the greatest possible amount of water-power to set them going, slowly revolved with a dull bellowing noise.

All was Arcadian and from every side there came the noise of water which in a hundred rills ran everywhere, rills and more rills and still more rills, with water led in canes, in hollow trunks of trees, splashing down rocks and gurgling under the high-pitched little bridges, with an old millstone forming the keystone of the arch.

Burly Andorrans, who in the tranquil current of their lives could never have endured an ache or pain, but who were led to

take the cure just as a millionaire at Aix-les-Bains, to drink its nauseating waters, in case at any future time he may be ill, lounged up and down and passed the time of day.

Women conversed across the street from balconies, informing those who cared to listen, of their domestic troubles, and of their children's health. A priest went down the street, and as he walked along, from every house a little boy or girl rushed up to him and raised his fingers to their lips, catching a blessing as it were upon the wing, and rushing back again.

In order that no jot or tittle of the Arcadian scene should be lett wanting, just as I crossed the little Plaza of the town, a stout, broad-shouldered peasant passed, jogging upon his nag. His clothes were made of a two-carat kind of cloth, and on his head he wore an imitation Panama, set firmly on his brows. He sat upon his horse, a fine bay colt with four white feet and a white star upon its forehead and branded with a K, strongly and squarely, with something of the look of Colleone, on his immortal steed. On the high pommel of his old-fashioned Spanish saddle, of the kind called *albarda*, he rested his crossed hands, and as he slowly jogged along at the pace called *el paso Castellano*, his horse's tail swung to each movement, and his fore feet now and then rung against the stirrups, in his high dishing gait.

Men nodded to him and the boys all seemed his friends, and from the windows women looked shyly but approvingly as he passed slowly down the street.

"Voici le Président!" exclaimed my guide, adding for my instruction in a low tone, "pas fier le bonhomme," and as he spoke he raised his hat and was saluted gravely in return by the chief magistrate. I, too, saluted, and was saluted in return and then leaving the despot in the full glare of the fierce light which no doubt beats as fiercely on the presidential chair as on the throne, rode through the winding street, passing the time of day with the inhabitants all seated at their doors. Women sat twirling distaffs, and in the fields girls held their cows by a long cord; some combed their hair, and others seated on the ground held children on their knees, whose heads they searched as diligently as a man hunts a particle in a Greek lexicon, in spite of kicks and cries.

No one appeared to use the modern road, which took its course, remote, unfinished and possibly slow, between some water meadows; but we, knowing the traditions, so to speak, struck into the old trail.

It wound about, through a small grove of ilexes, and though

the capital was a short league away, had not been altered since the creation of the world, so that at times we skirted round huge boulders, and again dodged the spray of waterfalls, picking our way, just as one picks it in the Atlas mountains, and taking care to step into the holes made by the traffic of the ages, by the mules' passing feet.

The oak wood passed, the valley broadened out into a fertile plain, to which tobacco gave an air as of the "Vuelta de Abajo," with its brown ripening leaves. Streams flecked the mountain sides with streaks of silver, making them seem alive with movement, and at the bottom of a cliff Andorra lay, grey, ancient and an epitome in stone of what the greater part of European towns had been, in the long vanished past.

We passed the roughly built tobacco factory, stopping a moment to buy a few cigars, so to speak, at the fountain head, finding them green and pungent and with a flavour something resembling the perfume of a weasel with a strong touch of goat.

Wrapped in a coarse brown paper with the mendacious legend "Tabaco Filipino" stamped upon it in faint lettering, they served to form the universal brotherhood of man, and show one plainly that a touch of commerce, even so slight a one as this, makes everybody kin.

Ten hours of riding on the mountain trails had brought us to our Mecca, into which we passed over the steep-pitched bridge on the Valira, just as the night closed in.

The Plaza with its tall old houses, frescoed with yellow arabesques, was quite deserted, save for a pig or two which lay about, right in the middle of the square, or dodged the efforts of a boy to drive it home. On one side rose the belfry above the body of the church, just as a lighthouse rises on a shoal.

Into its doors were passing women, veiled to the eyes in black, yellow and parchment-looking, and of a type that only Spain affords.

Their only home appears to be the church, where they squat motionless upon the floor, or, kneeling on a chair, remain for hours with their eyes fixed upon a saint.

The beggars at the door all know them and long have recognised they have no alms to give, and as they pass mutter to one another, "There goes old Doña Tecla," or Doña Gertrudis, or simply, as they hold the leather curtain up, say "La Beata," in a resigned and hopeless way, knowing that the poor lady's need is probably as great as is their own, and then sink back again upon the moulding underneath the door, to wait what fate may bring.

Upon the other side was *El Commercio*, that is, the shops, which in this instance were represented by the apothecary and a large general store. I glanced inside as we passed by, and in them sat the usual *Tertulia*, that is, the gathering which in Spain repairs to shops at night to talk about the news.

I only caught a word or two, and passing by the other portion of the "Commerce" of the place, saw quiet women cheapening calicoes, and heard upon the counter the sharp ring of a large silver dollar and an expostulating voice exclaiming "No, Señor, it is not false, nor yet from Seville as you say, but sound and of the law."

One narrow winding lane led us into another lane, as winding as the last, in which our horses, though they knew the way, stumbled and slithered and now and then stood snorting at a black object on the ground which, when we passed it, proved to be a pig asleep and snoring, and stretched out at his ease. One little square led to another little square, with houses all with long flights of steps in front of them, on which their owners sat, and in response to greeting, told us "to go with God," a form of salutation which in most other lands has fallen out of fashion, perhaps because God does not manifest himself so plainly as He does in Andorra, or from some other cause.

At the *posada* door we met the owner, a stout Andorran known as "El Tio Calounes," a burly, greasy-looking man, his head bound in a black silk handkerchief with the end dangling underneath his hat, and smoking pensively.

Travellers are not too frequent in these parts, but for all that he was not anxious in the least to welcome us, but seemed put out by our arrival, till I, getting abruptly off my horse, unpacked a budget of the news of the world, quickly and volubly and so distorted as to be palatable to almost everybody. The stern Republican unbent, and after greetings faithfully given and received upon both sides, said in an uncouth dialect, "Seeing you come with François here, I thought you were from France."

This difficulty over, we soon were friends, and talked till supper-time, upon all kinds of things, such as the spread of Carlism in La Seo de Urgél, and the new bishop, who it appeared was a friend of the King's, who Tio Calounes always called Alfonsito, either to show he was a democrat or in affection, for he averred that he had heard the King was one who gave himself no airs (*no se daba tono*) and could ride well and shoot. Accomplishments of that kind being exactly what men look for in emperors and kings, I instantly agreed with him, and ventured to predict a happy and a prosperous reign for one who in his youth

had risen to the sense of his responsibilities and made his people's welfare his first care and duty, above all other things.

When at last supper came, we took it in a room lighted by a petroleum lamp, which leaked, and on whose sides, stuck in the oil that daubed them, were carcases of moths and flies, which fell into the soup. Mosquitoes hummed, and now and then a rat ran through the room and bats flew in and out, circling about above our heads like swallows round a pool.

As for the meal itself, it was a replica of the lunch at Saldeu, though perhaps even more highly flavoured, and after it we sat and smoked the national cigars, during a thunderstorm.

The bedroom which I shared with a French cattle-dealer, who was drunk and snored as loudly as a gramophone, contained two iron beds, made for the Spanish market or in Barcelona, of a thin iron piping with pictures of the Annunciation in three colours set in a varnished oval at the head. They had the highest free-board, if the term free-board rightly applies to beds, that I have ever seen in all my wanderings.

Mosquitoes and a fair sprinkling of the pterodactyl that have remained in the Republic, rendered night one long conflict, so that I heard the long-drawn cry of the *sereno*, as he called every hour.

Early next morning I was afoot and found the owner of the house still at his post, smoking and drinking coffee, which he was stirring with a knife, as he sat tilted on a chair. The town was waking and in the streets women drove goats to pasture, or led the horses down to water, or stood about the fountain in the square, waiting their turn to fill brass water-buckets, which they bore balanced on their heads. Men in the old Andorran dress, breeches and jacket of dark velveteen with sashes round their waists, red Phrygian caps upon their heads, their legs encased in woollen stockings of a grey-bluish hue, and on their feet white *alpargatas*, lounged smoking everywhere.

Under arcades, mule-drivers were packing mules, which, after the fashion of their kind the whole world over, squealed and kicked spitefully, now and then throwing off their load, just as the men were tugging at the ropes, with their feet stuck against the girths or twisting them with sticks.

The acrid reek of wood curled lazily into the sky and the dense smoke of charcoal braziers placed before the doors to "pass" as people say in Spanish, combined with the rank scent of goats and sheep, which here and there were folded in a deserted cottage, produced a pungent scent such as that which in markets in the East, blends with the morning air.

At the south corner of the town, built of grey stone to which a yellow lichen clings and flanked by turrets at each angle of the tower, rises the "Valley House." *

Built, as some commentators say, in the tenth century, though others just as strongly hold the twelfth as the true date of its foundation, it serves as Council-chamber, prison and archive, and as it looks towards the South over an ocean of tobacco-fields, with the Valira brawling underneath its walls, is the true centre of the microcosm which clusters at its gate.

For centuries, when throughout Europe liberty was dead, stifled in England by the nobles, and in Spain killed at Villalár, in Italy drugged by the Popes, and in the North chilled by the feudal system with its ideal of a humanity that commences with the baron, here it has flourished in a patriarchal way, just as a pine, which in a rich soil deteriorates and dies, springs vigorous from stones.

A woman summoned from her spinning and carrying in her hand a key ten inches long, fit for the gate of a great town or citadel, served as the janitress.

With pride she struggled with the lock, which only yielded to the united efforts of the guide and myself and of the faithful guardian of the key, and ushered us within.

In a great vaulted hall the Council meets, the members, twenty-five in number, chosen by universal suffrage, the test of voting being apparently the strength to bear a gun, assemble and debate. When they have finished their deliberations, which, as the janitress informed me, rarely exceed an hour or two in length, they dine together at great tables, set in the Council-room.

The custom seems a good one and might be followed with advantage in other Parliaments, for it promotes good feeling and cannot be a hindrance to debate, judging at least from the way jurymen despatch their business, when dinner is in sight.

The robes and the three-cornered hats of all these simple representatives were hanging upon pegs, and a rough picture done from a photograph showed them assembled at the entrance to the place and in the midst of them their overlord, the Bishop of Urgél, who seemed a pleasing-looking prelate, neither too fat nor thin.

Below the Council-chamber is the State kitchen in which great cauldrons swung on weighty chains, and in them, so the janitress averred, are cooked whole kids and sucking-pigs and trifles of that kind which keep the fire of liberty alight in the stout stomachs of the Gargantuan Archons who batten on the cheer.

* Casa del Val.

The stables where their horses and their mules, for many of the members have a long ride when they attend their parliamentary duties, are tied and munch their corn, what time their masters banquet and debate, are large and airy and perhaps rather dirtier than is a cattle-byre in the Long Island or Benbecula, but still seemed adequate enough for the rough horses and the mules I met upon the road.

A priest assured me that there is no written law in the community, but that in spite of this the folk are honest and God-fearing, and as there are no laws to break, they never break them, which piece of reasoning upon his part seemed to me quite conclusive, and taken into consideration with the fact that public functionaries have no fixed salaries, but serve their valley all for the honour and the glory of the thing, makes up a state of things almost ideal in this transitory world, that is if transitory can be applied to places like Andorra, which never can have suffered any change since God was God or the sun first commenced to shine upon the hills.

Next morning saw me early on the road, riding along and smoking, musing contentedly on this thing and on that, upon the fall of nations and of kings, creeds, principalities and powers, and why it is that fate had spared Andorra when it had eaten up Greece, Rome and Babylon, and also on the various ways in which men pass their lives struggling to do things quite impossible to do, when, after all, nothing is better than to jog along the road and to shout " Arre " loudly now and then when a mule lags behind.

The Virgin of the Seven Daggers

A Moorish Ghost Story of the Seventeenth Century

By Vernon Lee

DEDICATED, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE SPANISH LEGENDS
HE WAS WONT TO TELL ME, TO MY OLD FRIEND,
JOSE FERNANDEZ GIMENEZ.

I

In a grass-grown square of the city of Grenada, with the snows of the Sierra staring down on it all winter, and the sunshine glaring on its coloured tiles all summer, stands the yellow free-stone Church of Our Lady of the Seven Daggers. Huge garlands of pears and melons hang, carved in stone, about the cupolas and windows ; and monstrous heads with laurel wreaths and epaulets burst forth from all the arches. The roof shines barbarically, green, white and brown, above the tawny stone ; and on each of the two balconied and staircased belfries, pricked up like ears above the building's monstrous front, there sways a weather-vane, figuring a heart transfixed with seven long-hilted daggers. Inside, the church presents a superb example of the pompous, pedantic and contorted Spanish architecture of the reign of Philip IV. On colonnade is hoisted colonnade, pilasters climb upon pilasters, bases and capitals jut out, double and threefold, from the ground, in mid-air and near the ceiling ; jagged lines everywhere as of spikes for exhibiting the heads of traitors ; dizzy ledges as of mountain precipices for dashing to bits Morisco rebels ; line warring with line and curve with curve ; a place in which the mind staggers bruised and half-stunned. But the grandeur of the church is not merely terrific ; it is also gallant and ceremonious : everything on which labour can be wasted i slaboured, everything on which gold can be lavished is gilded ; columns and architraves curl like the curls of a peruke ; walls and vaultings are flowered with precious marbles and fretted with carving and gilding like a gala dress ; stone and

wood are woven like lace; stucco is whipped and clotted like pastry-cooks' cream and crust; everything is crammed with flourishes like a tirade by Calderon, or a sonnet by Gongora. A golden retablo closes the church at the end; a black and white rood screen, of jasper and alabaster, fences it in the middle; while along each aisle hang chandeliers as for a ball; and paper flowers are stacked on every altar.

Amidst all this gloomy yet festive magnificence, and surrounded, in each minor chapel, by a train of waxen Christs with bloody wounds and spangled loin-cloths, and madonnas of lesser fame weeping beady tears and carrying bewigged infants, thrones the great Madonna of the Seven Daggers.

Is she seated or standing? 'Tis impossible to decide. She seems, beneath the gilded canopy and between the twisted columns of jasper, to be slowly rising, or slowly sinking, in a solemn court curtsey, buoyed up by her vast farthingale. Her skirts bulge out in melon-shaped folds, all damasked with minute heartsease, and brocaded with silver roses; the reddish shimmer of the gold wire, the bluish shimmer of the silver floss, blending into a strange melancholy hue without a definite name. Her body is cased like a knife in its sheath, the mysterious russet and violet of the silk made less definable still by the network of seed pearl, and the veils of delicate lace which fall from head to waist. Her face, surmounting rows upon rows of pearls, is made of wax, white with black glass eyes and a tiny coral mouth; she stares steadfastly forth with a sad and ceremonious smile. Her head is crowned with a great jewelled crown; her slippered feet rest on a crescent moon, and in her right hand she holds a lace pocket-handkerchief. In her bodice, a little clearing is made among the brocade and the seed pearl, and into this are stuck seven gold-hilted knives.

Such is Our Lady of the Seven Daggers; and such her church.

One winter afternoon, more than two hundred years ago, Charles the Melancholy being King of Spain and the New World, there chanced to be kneeling in that church, already empty and dim save for the votive lamps, and more precisely on the steps before the Virgin of the Seven Daggers, a cavalier of very great birth, fortune, magnificence, and wickedness, Don Juan Gusman del Pulgar, Count of Miramor. "O great Madonna, star of the sea, tower of ivory, ungathered flower, cedar of Lebanon, Empress of Heaven"—thus prayed that devout man of quality—"look down benignly on thy knight and servant, accounted judiciously one of the greatest men of this kingdom,

in wealth and honours, fearing neither the vengeance of foes, nor the rigour of laws, yet content to stand foremost among thy slaves. Consider that I have committed every crime without faltering, both murder, perjury, blasphemy, and sacrilege, yet have I always respected thy name, nor suffered any man to give greater praise to other Madonnas, neither her of Good Counsel, nor her of Swift Help, nor our Lady of Mount Carmel, nor our Lady of St. Luke of Bologna in Italy, nor our Lady of the Slipper of Famagosta, in Cyprus, nor our Lady of the Pillar of Saragossa, great Madonnas every one, and revered throughout the world for their powers, and by most men preferred to thee; yet has thy servant, Juan Gusman del Pulgar, ever asserted, with words and blows, their infinite inferiority to thee. Give me, therefore, O Great Madonna of the Seven Daggers, O Snow Peak untrodden of the Sierras, O Sea unnavigated of the tropics, O Gold Ore unhandled by the Spaniard, O New Minted Doubloon unpocketed by the Jew, give unto me therefore, I pray thee, the promise that thou wilt save me ever from the clutches of Satan, as thou hast wrested me ever on earth from the King, Alguazils and the Holy Officer's delators, and let me never burn in eternal fire in punishment of my sins. Neither think that I ask too much, for I swear to be provided always with absolution in all rules, whether by employing my own private chaplain or using violence thereunto to any monk, priest, canon, dean, bishop, cardinal, or even the Holy Father himself. Grant me this boon, O Burning Water and Cooling Fire, O Sun that shineth at midnight, and Galaxy that resplendeth at noon,—grant me this boon, and I will assert always with my tongue and my sword, in the face of His Majesty and at the feet of my latest love, that although I have been beloved of all the fairest women of the world, high and low, both Spanish, Italian, German, French, Dutch, Flemish, Jewish, Saracen, and Gipsy, to the number of many hundreds, and by seven ladies, Dolores, Fatma, Catalina, Elvira, Violante, Azahar, and Sister Seraphita, for each of whom I broke a commandment and took several lives (the last, moreover, being a cloistered nun, and therefore a case of inexpiable sacrilege), despite all this I will maintain before all men and all the Gods of Olympus that no lady was ever so fair as our Lady of the Seven Daggers of Grenada."

The Church was filled with ineffable fragrance, exquisite music, among which Don Juan seemed to recognise the voice of Syphax, His Majesty's own soprano singer, murmured amongst the cupolas, and the Virgin of the Seven Daggers, slowly dipped

in her lace and silver brocade hoop, rising as slowly again to her full height, and inclined her white face imperceptibly towards her jewelled bosom.

The Count of Miramor clasped his hands in ecstasy to his breast; then he arose, walked quickly down the aisle, dipped his fingers in the black marble holy water stoop, threw a sequin to the beggar who pushed open the leathern curtain, put his black hat covered with black feathers on his head, dismissed a company of bravos and guitar players who awaited him in the square, and, gathering his black cloak about him, went forth, his sword tucked under his arm, in search of Baruch, the converted Jew of the Albaycin.

Don Juan Gusman del Pulgar, Count of Miramor, Grandee of the First Class, Knight of Calatrava, and of the Golden Fleece, and Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, was thirty-two and a great sinner. This cavalier was tall, of large bone, his forehead low and cheekbones high, chin somewhat receding, aquiline nose, white complexion and black hair; he wore no beard, but moustachios cut short over the lip and curled upwards at the corners leaving the mouth bare; and his hair flat, parted through the middle and falling nearly to his shoulders. His clothes when bent on business or pleasure, were most often of black satin, slashed with black. His portrait has been painted by Domingo Zurbaran of Seville.

II

All the steeples of Grenada seemed agog with bell-ringing; the big bell on the tower of the Sail clanging irregularly into the more professional tinklings and roarings, under the vigorous, but flurried pulls of the elderly damsels, duly accompanied by their well-ruffed duennas, who were ringing themselves a husband for the newly begun year, according to the traditions of the city. Green garlands decorated the white glazed balconies, and banners with the arms of Castile and Aragon, and the pomegranate of Grenada, waved or drooped alongside of the hallowed palm-branches over the carved escutcheons on the doors. From the barracks arose a practising of fifes and bugles; and from the little wineshops on the outskirts of the town a sound of guitar strumming and castagnets. The coming day was a very solemn feast for the city, being the anniversary of its liberation from the rule of the Infidels.

But although all Grenada felt festive, in anticipation of the grand bullfight of the morrow, and the grand burning of heretics and relapses in the square of Bibrambla, Don Juan Gusman

del Pulgar, Count of Miramor, was fevered with intolerable impatience, not for the following day, but for the coming and tediously lagging night.

Not, however, for the reason which had made him a thousand times before upbraid the Sun God, in true poetic style, for showing so little of the proper anxiety to hasten the happiness of one of the greatest cavaliers of Spain. The delicious heart-beating with which he had waited, sword under his cloak, for the desired rope to be lowered from a mysterious window, or the muffled figure to loom from round a corner ; the fierce joy of awaiting, with a band of gallant murderers, some inconvenient father, or brother, or husband on his evening stroll ; the rapture even, spiced with awful sacrilege, of stealing in amongst the lemon-trees of that cloistered court, after throwing the Sister Portress to tell-tale in the convent well—all, and even this, seemed to him trumpery and mawkish.

Don Juan sprang from the great bed, covered and curtained with dull, blood-coloured damask, on which he had been lying dressed, vainly courting sleep, beneath a painted hermit, black and white in his lantern-jawedness, fondling a handsome skull. He went to the balcony, and looked out of one of its glazed windows. Below a marble goddess shimmered among the myrtle hedges and the cypresses of the tiled garden, and the pet dwarf of the house played at cards with the chaplain, the chief bravo, and a thread-bare poet who was kept to make the odes and sonnets required in the course of his master's daily courtships.

"Get out of my sight, you lazy scoundrels, all of you!" cried Don Juan, with a threat and an oath alike terrible to repeat, which sent the party, bowing and scraping as they went, scattering their cards, and pursued by his lordship's jack-boots, guitar, and missal.

Don Juan stood at the window rapt in contemplation of the towers of the Alhambra, their tips still reddened by the departing sun, their bases already lost in the encroaching mists, on the hill yon side of the river.

He could just barely see it, that Tower of the Cypresses,where the magic hand held the key engraven on the doorway, about which, as a child, his nurse from the Morisco village of Andarax had told such marvellous stories of hidden treasures and slumbering infantas. He stood long at the window, his lean, white hands clasped on the rail as on the handle of his sword, gazing out with knit brows and clinched teeth, and that look which made men hug the wall and drop aside on his path.

Ah ! how different from any of his other loves ! the only one, decidedly, at all worthy of lineage as great as his, and a character

as magnanimous. Catalina, indeed, had been exquisite when she danced, and Elvira was magnificent at a banquet, and each had long possessed his heart, and had cost him, one many thousands of doubloons for a husband, and the other the death of a favourite fencing-master, killed in a fray with her relations. Violante had been a Venetian worthy of Titian, for whose sake he had been imprisoned beneath the ducal palace, escaping only by the massacre of three gaolers; for Fatma, the Sultana of the King of Fez, he had well-nigh been impaled, and for shooting the husband of Dolores he had very nearly been broken on the wheel; Azahar, who was called so because of her cheeks like white jessamine, he had carried off at the church door, out of the arms of her bridegroom; without counting that he had cut down her old father, a Grandee of the First Class—and as to Sister Seraphita—ah! she had seemed worthy of him, and Seraphita had nearly come up to his idea of an angel. But oh! what had any of these ladies cost him, compared with what he was about to risk to-night? Letting alone the chance of being roasted by the Holy Office (after all, he had already run that, and the risk of more serious burning hereafter also, in the case of Sister Seraphita) what if the business proved a swindle of that Jewish hound, Baruch?—Don Juan put his hand on his dagger and his black moustachios bristled up at the bare thought—letting alone the possibility of imposture (though who could be so bold as to venture to impose upon him?) the adventure was full of dreadful things. It was terrible, after all, to have to blaspheme the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church, and all her saints, and inconceivably odious to have to be civil to that dog of a Mahomet of theirs; also, he had not much enjoyed a previous experience of calling up devils, who had smelt most vilely of brimstone and assafœtida, besides using most impolite language; and he really could not stomach that Jew Baruch, whose trade among others consisted in procuring for the Archbishop a batch of renegade Moors, who were solemnly dressed in white and baptized afresh every year. It was odious that this fellow should even dream of obtaining the treasure buried under the Tower of the Cypresses. Then, there were the traditions of his family, descended in direct line from the Cid, and from that Fernan del Pulgar who had nailed the Ave Maria to the Mosque; and half his other ancestors were painted with their foot on a Moor's discollated head, much resembling a hairdresser's block, and their very title, Miramor, was derived from a castle which had been built in full Moorish territory to stare the Moor out of countenance.

But after all, this only made it more magnificent, more

delicious, more worthy of so magnanimous and highborn a cavalier. . . . "Ah, princess . . . more exquisite than Venus, more noble than Juno, and infinitely more agreeable than Minerva," . . . sighed Don Juan at his window. The sun had long since set, making a trail of blood along the distant river reach, among the sere spider-like poplars, turning the snows of Mulhacen a livid, bluish blood-red, and leaving all along the lower slopes of the Sierra wicked russet stains, as of the rust of blood upon marble. Darkness had come over the world, save where some illuminated court-yard, or window, suggested preparations for next day's revelry; the air was piercingly cold, as if filled with minute snow-flakes from the mountains. The joyful singing had ceased; and from a neighbouring church there came only a casual death toll, executed on a cracked and lugubrious bell. A shudder ran through Don Juan. "Holy Virgin of the Seven Daggers, take me under thy benign protection," he murmured, mechanically.

A discreet knock aroused him.

"The Jew Baruch—I mean his worship, Senor Don Bonaventura," announced the page.

III

The Tower of the Cypresses, destroyed in our times by the explosion of a powder magazine, formed part of the inner defences of the Alhambra. In the middle of its horseshoe arch was engraved a huge hand holding a flag-shaped key, which was said to be that of the subterranean and enchanted palace; and the two great cypress-trees, uniting their shadows into one tapering cone of black, were said to point, under a given position of the moon, to the exact spot where the wise King Yahya, of Cordova, had judiciously buried his jewels, his plate, and his favourite daughter many hundred years ago.

At the foot of this tower, and in the shade of the cypresses, Don Juan ordered his companion to spread out his magic paraphernalia. From a neatly packed basket, beneath which he had staggered up the steep hill-side in the moonlight, the learned Jew produced a book, a variety of lamps, some packets of frankincense, a pound of dead man's fat, the bones of a stillborn child who had been boiled by the witches, a live cock that had never crowed, a very ancient toad, and sundry other rarities, all of which he proceeded to dispose in the latest necromantic fashion, while the Count of Miramor mounted guard, sword in hand. But when the fire was laid, the lamps lit, and the first layer of ingredients had already been placed in the cauldron; nay,

when he had even borrowed Don Juan's embroidered pocket-handkerchief to envelop the cock that had never crowed, Baruch, the Jew, suddenly flung himself down before his patron, and implored him to desist from the terrible enterprise for which they had come.

"I have come hither," wailed the Jew, "lest your Lordship should possibly entertain doubts of my obligingness. I have run the risk of being burned alive in the Square of Bibrambla to-morrow morning before the bullfight; I have imperilled my eternal soul and laid out large sums of money in the purchase of the necessary ingredients, all of which are abomination in the eyes of a true Jew—I mean of a good Christian; but now I implore your lordship to desist. You will see things so terrible that to mention them is impossible; you will be suffocated by the vilest stenches, and shaken by earthquakes and whirlwinds, besides having to listen to imprecations of the most horrid sort; you will have to blaspheme our Holy Mother Church and invoke Mahomet—may he roast everlastingly in hell; you will infallibly go to hell yourself in due course; and all this for the sake of a paltry treasure of which it will be most difficult to dispose to the pawnbrokers; and of a lady, about whom, thanks to my former medical position in the harem of the Emperor of Tetuan, I may assert with confidence that she is fat, ill-favoured, stained with henna and most disagreeably redolent of camphor. . . ."

"Peace, villain!" cried Don Juan, snatching him by the throat and pulling him violently on to his feet; "prepare thy messes and thy stinks, begin thy antics, and never dream of offering advice to a cavalier like me. And, remember, one other word against her Royal Highness my bride, against the Princess whom her own father has been keeping three hundred years for my benefit, and, by the Virgin of the Seven Daggers, thou shalt be hurled into yonder precipice; which, by the way, will be a very good move, in any case, when thy services are no longer required." So saying, he snatched from Baruch's hand the paper of responses, which the necromancer had copied out from his book of magic; and began to study it by the light of a supernumerary lamp.

"Begin!" he cried. "I am ready, and thou, great Virgin of the Seven Daggers, guard me!"

"Jab, jab, jam—Credo in Grilgoth, Astaroth et Rappatun; trish, trash, trum," began Baruch in faltering tones, as he poked a flame-tipped reed under the cauldron.

"Patapol, Valde Patapol," answered Don Juan from his paper of responses.

The flame of the cauldron leaped up with a tremendous

smell of brimstone. The moon was veiled, the place was lit up crimson, and a legion of devils with the bodies of apes, the talons of eagles, and the snouts of pigs suddenly appeared in the battlements all round.

"Credo," again began Baruch; but the blasphemies he gabbled out, and which Don Juan indignantly echoed, were such as cannot possibly be recorded. A hot wind rose, whirling a desertful of burning sand that stung like gnats; the bushes were on fire, each flame turned into a demon like a huge locust or scorpion, who uttered piercing shrieks and vanished, leaving a choking atmosphere of melted tallow.

"Fal lal Polychronicon Nebuzaradon," continued Baruch.

"Leviathan! Esto nobis!" answered Don Juan.

The earth shook, the sound of millions of gongs filled the air, and a snowstorm enveloped everything like a shuddering cloud. A legion of demons, in the shape of white elephants, but with snakes for their trunks and tails, and the bosoms of fair women, executed a frantic dance round the cauldron, and holding hands, balanced on their hind legs.

At this moment the Jew uncovered the Black Cock who had never crowed before.

"Osiris! Apollo! Balshazar!" he cried, and flung the cock with superb aim into the boiling cauldron. The cock disappeared; then, rose again, shaking his wings and clawing the air, and giving a fearful, piercing crow.

"O Sultan Yahya, Sultan Yahya," answered a terrible voice from the bowels of the earth.

Again the earth shook; streams of lava bubbled from beneath the cauldron, and a flame, like a sheet of green lightning, leaped up from the fire.

As it did so, a colossal shadow appeared on the high palace wall, and the great hand, shaped like a glover's sign, engraven on the outer arch of the tower gateway, extended its candle-shaped fingers, projected a wrist, an arm to the elbow, and turned slowly in a secret lock the flag-shaped key engraven on the inside vault of the portal.

The two necromancers fell on their faces, utterly stunned.

The first to revive was Don Juan, who roughly brought the Jew back to his senses. The moon made serene daylight. There was no trace of earthquake, volcano or simoon; and the devils had disappeared without traces; only the circle of lamps was broken through, and the cauldron upset among the embers. But the great horse-shoe portals of the tower stood open; and, at the bottom of a dark corridor, there shone a speck of dim light.

"My Lord," cried Baruch, suddenly grown bold, and plucking

Don Juan by the cloak, "we must now, if you please, settle a trifling business matter. Remember that the treasure was to be mine provided the Infanta were yours. Remember also, that the smallest indiscretion on your part, such as may happen to a gay young cavalier, will result in our being burned, with to-morrow's batch of heretics and relapses, in Bibrambla to-morrow, immediately after high mass and just before people go to early dinner, on account of the bull fight."

"Business! Discretion! Bibrambla! Early dinner!" exclaimed the Count of Miramor; "thinkest thou I shall ever go back to Grenada and its frumpish women once I am married to my Infanta, or let thee handle my late father-in-law, King Yahya's treasure! Execrable renegade, take the reward of thy blasphemies." And, having rapidly run him through the body, he pushed Baruch into the precipice hard by. Then, covering his left arm with his cloak, and swinging his bare sword horizontally in his right hand, he advanced into the darkness of the tower.

IV

Don Juan Gusman del Pulgar plunged down a narrow corridor, as black as the shaft of a mine, following the little speck of reddish light which seemed to advance before him. The air was icy damp and heavy with a vague choking mustiness, which Don Juan imagined to be the smell of dead bats. Hundreds of these creatures fluttered all around; and hundreds more, apparently hanging head downwards from the low roof, grazed his face with their claws, their damp furry coats and clammy leathern wings. Underfoot, the ground was slippery with innumerable little snakes, who, instead of being crushed, just wriggled under the tread. The corridor was rendered even more gruesome by the fact that it was a strongly inclined plane, and that one seemed to be walking straight into a pit.

Suddenly, a sound mingled itself with that of his footsteps, and of the drip-drop of water from the roof, or rather detached itself as a whisper from it.

"Don Juan, Don Juan!" it murmured.

"Don Juan, Don Juan!" murmured the walls and roof a few yards further; a different voice this time.

"Don Juan Gusman del Pulgar!" a third voice took up, clearer and more plaintive than the others.

The magnanimous cavalier's blood began to run cold, and icy perspiration to clot his hair. He walked on nevertheless.

"Don Juan," repeated a fourth voice, a little buzz close to his ear.

But the bats set up a dreadful shrieking which drowned it.

He shivered as he went; it seemed to him he had recognised the voice of the jasmin-cheeked Azahar, as she called on him from her death-bed.

The reddish speck had meanwhile grown large at the bottom of the shaft, and he had understood that it was not a flame, but the light of some place beyond. Might it be hell? he thought. But he strode on nevertheless, grasping his sword and brushing away the bats with his cloak.

"Don Juan! Don Juan!" cried the voices issuing faintly from the darkness. He began to understand that they tried to detain him; and he thought he recognised the voices of Dolores and Fatma, his dead mistresses.

"Silence! you sluts!" he cried. But his knees were shaking and great drops of sweat fell from his hair on to his cheek.

The speck of light had now become quite large, and turned from red to white. He understood that it represented the exit from the gallery. But he could not understand why, as he advanced, the light, instead of being brighter, seemed filmed over and fainter.

"Juan, Juan," wailed a new voice at his ear. He stood still half a second; a sudden faintness came over him.

"Seraphita!" he murmured, "it is my little nun Seraphita." But he felt that she was trying to call him back.

"Abominable witch!" he cried. "Avaunt!"

The passage had grown narrower and narrower; so narrow that now he could barely squeeze along beneath the clammy walls, and had to bend his head lest he should hit the ceiling with its stalactites of bats.

Suddenly there was a great rustle of wings, and a long shriek. A night bird had been startled by his tread, and had whirled on before him, tearing through the veil of vagueness that dimmed the outer light. As the bird tore open its way, a stream of dazzling light entered the corridor: it was as if a curtain had suddenly been drawn.

"Too-hoo! Too-hoo!" shrieked the bird; and Don Juan, following its flight, brushed his way through the cobwebs of four centuries, and issued, blind and dizzy, into the outer world.

(*To be continued*)

Some Reminiscences

By Joseph Conrad

II

As I have said, I was unpacking my luggage after a journey from London into Ukraine. The MS. of "Almayer's Folly"—my companion already for some three years or more, and then in the ninth chapter of its age—was deposited unostentatiously on the writing-table placed between two windows. It didn't occur to me to put it away in the drawer the table was fitted with, but my eye was attracted by the good form of the same drawer's brass handles. Two candelabra with four candles each lighted up festally the room which had waited so many years for the wandering nephew. The blinds were down.

Within five hundred yards of the chair on which I sat stood the first peasant hut of the village—part of my maternal grandfather's estate, the only part remaining in the possession of a member of the family; and beyond the village in the limitless blackness of a winter's night there lay the great unfenced fields—not a flat and severe plain, but a kindly bread-giving land of low rounded ridges, all white now, with the black patches of timber nestling in the hollows. The road by which I had come ran through the village with a turn just at the five-barred gate closing the short drive. Somebody was abroad on the deep snow-track, for out of the great outside silence a quick tinkle of bells stole gradually into the stillness of the room like a tuneful whisper.

My unpacking had been watched over by the servant who had come to help me, and, for the most part, had been standing attentive but unnecessary at the door of the room. I did not want him in the least, yet I did not like to tell him to go away. He was a young fellow, certainly more than ten years younger than myself; I had not been—I won't say in that place but within sixty miles of it ever since the year '67; yet his guileless physiognomy of the open peasant type seemed strangely familiar. It was quite possible that he might have been a descendant, a son or even a grandson, of the servants whose

friendly faces had been familiar to me in my early childhood. As a matter of fact he had no such claim on my consideration. He was the product of some village near by and was there on his promotion, having learned the service in one or two houses as pantry-boy. I know this because I asked the worthy V—— next day. I might well have spared the question. I discovered before long that all the faces about the house and all the faces in the village, the grave faces with long moustaches of the heads of families, the downy faces of the young men, the faces of the little fair-haired children, the handsome, tanned, wide-browed faces of the mothers seen at the doors of the huts were as familiar to me as though I had known them all from childhood, and my childhood were a matter of the day before yesterday.

He went away—vanished quickly, seeing that all the unpacking was done. He wore a modest grey livery with heraldic buttons ; and this amused me for the moment, because for very many years I had not had anybody about me with heraldic buttons. These buttons were a sort of familiar novelty. And the heraldry was familiar also though I had not seen the emblem for many years too, except as stamped very small and faint at the head of my uncle's letters—of these messages full of wisdom, good humour and affection which had been following me all round this watery globe of ours, salt and bitter as if three-parts submerged in tears.

The tinkle of the traveller's bells, after growing louder, had faded away quickly, and the tumult of barking raised by the village dogs had calmed down at last. My uncle, lounging in the corner of a small couch, smoked his long Turkish *chibouk* in silence.

" This is an extremely nice writing-table you have got for my room," I remarked.

" It is really your property," he said, keeping his eyes on me, with an interested and wistful expression as he had done ever since I had entered the house. " Forty years ago your mother used to write at this very table. In our house in Oratow it stood in the little sitting-room which, by a tacit arrangement, was given up to the girls—I mean to your mother and her sister who died so young. It was a present to them jointly from our Uncle Nicholas B. when your mother was seventeen and your aunt two years younger. She was a very dear, delightful girl, that aunt of yours, of whom I suppose you know nothing more than the name. She did not shine so much by personal beauty and a cultivated mind, in which your mother was far superior. It was her good sense, the admirable sweetness of her nature,

her exceptional facility and ease in daily relations that endeared her to everybody. Her death was a terrible grief and a serious moral loss for us all. Had she lived she would have brought the greatest blessings to the house it would have been her lot to enter, as wife, mother and mistress of a household. She would have created round herself an atmosphere of peace and content which only those who can love unselfishly are able to evoke. Your mother—of far greater beauty, exceptionally distinguished in person, manner and intellect—had a less easy disposition. Being more brilliantly gifted she also expected more from life. At that trying time especially, we were greatly concerned about her state. Suffering in her health from the shock of her father's death (she was alone in the house with him when he died suddenly), she was torn by the inward struggle between her love for the man whom she was to marry in the end and her knowledge of her dead father's declared objection to that match. Unable to bring herself to disregard that cherished memory and that judgment she had always respected and trusted, and, on the other hand, feeling the impossibility to resist a sentiment so deep and so true, she could not have been expected to preserve her mental and moral balance. At war with herself, she could not give to others that feeling of peace which was not her own. It was only later, when united at last with the man of her choice that she developed those uncommon gifts of mind and heart which compelled the respect and admiration even of our foes. Meeting with calm fortitude the cruel trials of a life reflecting all the national and social misfortunes of the community, she realised the highest conceptions of duty as a wife, a mother and a patriot, sharing the exile of her husband and representing nobly the ideal of Polish womanhood. Our Uncle Nicholas was not a man very accessible to feelings of affection. Apart from his worship for Napoleon the Great, he loved really, I believe, only three people in the world: his mother—your great-grandmother, whom you have seen but cannot possibly remember; his brother, our father, in whose house he lived for so many years; and of all of us, his nephews and nieces grown up round him, your mother alone. The modest, lovable qualities of the youngest sister he did not seem able to see. It was I yet who felt most profoundly this unexpected stroke of death falling upon the family less than a year after I had become its head. It was terribly unexpected. Driving home one wintry afternoon to keep me company in our empty house, where I had to remain permanently administering the estate and attending to the complicated affairs—(the girls took it in

turn week and week about)—driving, as I said, from the house of the Countess Tekla Potocka, where our invalid mother was staying then to be near a doctor, they lost the road and got stuck in a snowdrift. She was alone with the coachman and old Valery, the personal servant of our late father. Impatient of delay while they were trying to dig themselves out, she jumped out of the sledge and went to look for the road herself. All this happened in '51, not ten miles from the house in which we are sitting now. The road was soon found but snow had begun to fall thickly again and they spent no less than four more hours getting home. As the hours passed both the men took off their sheepskin-lined great-coats and used all their own rugs to wrap her up against the cold, notwithstanding her protests, positive orders and even struggles, as Valery afterwards related to me. 'How could I,' he remonstrated with her, 'go to meet the blessed soul of my late master if I let any harm come to you while there's a spark of life left in my body?' When they reached home at last the poor old man was stiff and speechless from exposure, and the coachman was in not much better plight, though he had the strength to drive round to the stables himself. To my reproaches for venturing out at all in such weather, she answered characteristically that she could not bear the thought of abandoning me to my cheerless solitude. It is incomprehensible how it was that she was allowed to start. I suppose it had to be! She made light of the cough which came on next day, but shortly afterwards an inflammation of the lungs declared itself, and in three weeks she was no more! She was the first to be taken of the young generation under my care. Behold the vanity of all hopes and fears! I was the most frail at birth of all the children. For years I remained so delicate that my parents had but little hope of bringing me up; and yet I have survived five brothers and two sisters, and many of my contemporaries; I have outlived my wife and daughter too—and from all those who have had some knowledge at least of these old times you alone are left. It has been my lot to lay in an early grave many honest hearts, many brilliant promises, many hopes full of life."

He got up brusquely, sighed, and left me, saying: "We will dine in half an hour." Without moving I listened to his quick steps resounding on the waxed floor of the next room, traversing the ante-room lined with bookshelves, where he paused to put his *chibouk* in the pipe-stand before passing into the drawing-room (these were all *en suite*), where he became inaudible on the thick carpet. But I heard the door of his

study-bedroom close. He was then sixty-two years old and had been for a quarter of a century the wisest, the firmest, the most indulgent of guardians, extending over me a paternal care and affection, a moral support which I seemed to feel always near me in the most distant parts of the earth.

As to Mr. Nicholas B., sub-lieutenant of 1808, lieutenant of 1813 in the French Army, and for a short time *Officier d'Ordonnance* of Marshal Marmont; afterwards Captain in the 2nd Regiment of Mounted Rifles in the Polish Army—such as it existed up to 1830 in the reduced kingdom established by the Congress of Vienna—I must say that from all that more distant past, known to me traditionally and a little *de visu*, and called out by the words of the man just gone away, he remains the most incomplete figure. It is obvious that I must have seen him in '64, for it is certain that he would not have missed the opportunity of seeing my mother for what he must have known would be the last time. From my early boyhood to this day, if I try to call up his image, a sort of mist falls before my eyes, a mist in which I perceive vaguely only a neatly brushed head of white hair (which is exceptional in the case of the B. family, where it is the rule for men to go bald in a becoming manner, before thirty) and a thin, curved, dignified nose, a feature in strict accordance with the physical tradition of the B. family. But it is not by these fragmentary remains of perishable mortality that he lives in my memory. I knew, at a very early age, that my grand-uncle Nicholas B. was a Knight of the Legion of Honour and that he had also the Polish Cross for valour *Virtuti Militari*. The knowledge of these glorious facts inspired in me an admiring veneration; yet it is not that sentiment, strong as it was, which resumes for me the force and the significance of that personality. It is overborne by another and complex impression of awe, compassion and horror. Mr. Nicholas B. remains for me the unfortunate and miserable (but heroic) being who once upon a time had eaten a dog.

I don't know why I should have been so frightfully impressed. It is a good forty years since I first heard the tale, and the effect has not worn off yet. Of course I know what our village dogs look like—but still. . . . No! At this very day, recalling the horror and compassion of my childhood, I ask myself whether I am right in disclosing to a cold and refined world that awful episode in the family history. I ask myself—is it right?—especially as the B. family had always been honourably known in a wide country-side for the delicacy of their tastes in the matter of eating and drinking. But upon the whole, and

considering that this gastronomical degradation overtaking a gallant young officer lies really at the door of the Great Napoleon, I think that to cover it up by silence would be an exaggeration of literary restraint. Let the truth stand here. The responsibility is with the Man of St. Helena in view of his deplorable levity in the conduct of the Russian campaign. It was during the memorable retreat from Moscow that Mr. Nicholas B., in company of two brother officers—as to whose morality and natural refinement I know nothing—bagged a dog on the outskirts of a village and subsequently devoured him. As far as I can remember the weapon used was a cavalry sabre, and the issue of the sporting episode was rather more of a matter of life and death than if it had been an encounter with a tiger. A picket of Cossacks was sleeping in that village lost in the depths of the great Lithuanian forest. The three sportsmen had observed them from a hiding-place making themselves very much at home amongst the huts just before the early winter darkness set in at four o'clock. They had observed them with disgust and perhaps with despair. Late in the night the rash counsels of hunger overcame the dictates of prudence. Crawling through the snow they crept up to the fence of dry branches which generally encloses a village in that part of Lithuania. What they expected to get and in what manner, and whether this expectation was worth the risk, goodness only knows. However, these Cossack parties, in most cases wandering without an officer, were known to guard themselves badly and often not at all. In addition, the village lying at a great distance from the line of French retreat, they could not suspect the presence of stragglers from the Grand Army. The three officers had strayed away in a blizzard from the main column and had been lost for days in the woods, which explains sufficiently the terrible straits to which they were reduced. Their plan was to try and attract the attention of the peasants in that one of the huts which was nearest to the enclosure ; but as they were preparing to venture into the very jaws of the lion, so to speak, a dog (it is mighty strange that there was but one), a creature quite as formidable under the circumstances as a lion, began to bark on the other side of the fence . . .

At this stage of the narrative, which I heard many times (by request) from the lips of Captain Nicholas B.'s sister-in-law, my grandmother, I used to tremble with excitement.

The dog barked. And if he had done no more than bark three officers of the Great Napoleon's army would have perished honourably on the points of Cossacks' lances, or perchance

escaping the chase would have died decently of hunger. But before they had time to think of running away, that fatal and dishonouring dog, being carried away by the excess of his zeal, dashed out through a gap in the fence. He dashed out and died. His head, I understand, was severed at one blow from his body. I understand also that later on, within the gloomy solitudes of the snow-laden woods, when, in a sheltering hollow, a fire had been lit by the party, the condition of the quarry was discovered to be distinctly unsatisfactory. It was not thin—on the contrary, it seemed unhealthily obese; its skin showed in bare patches in an unpleasant manner. However, they had not killed that dog for the sake of the pelt. He was large. . . . He was eaten. . . . The rest is silence. . . .

A silence in which a small boy shudders and says firmly—

"I could not have eaten that dog."

And his grandmother remarks with a smile:

"Perhaps you don't know what it is to be hungry."

I have learned something of it since. Not that I have been reduced to eat dog. I have fed on the emblematical animal, which, in the language of the volatile Gauls, is called *la vache enragée;* I have lived on ancient salt junk, I know the taste of shark, of trepang, of snake, of nondescript dishes containing things without a name—but of the Lithuanian village dog—never! I wish it to be distinctly understood that it is not I but my grand-uncle Nicholas, of the Polish landed gentry, *Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur*, &c. &c., who, in his young days, had eaten the Lithuanian dog.

I wish he had not. The childish horror of the deed clings absurdly to the grizzled man. I am perfectly helpless against it. Still if he really had to, let us charitably remember that he had eaten him on active service, while bearing up bravely against the greatest military disaster of modern history, and, in a manner, for the sake of his country. He had eaten him to appease his hunger no doubt, but also for the sake of an unappeasable and patriotic desire, in the glow of a great faith that lives still, and in the pursuit of a great illusion kindled like a false beacon by a great man to lead astray the effort of a brave nation.

Pro patria!

Looked at in that light it appears a sweet and decorous meal.

And looked at in the same light my own diet of *la vache enragée* appears a fatuous and extravagant form of self-indulgence; for why should I, the son of a land which such men as these have turned up with their ploughshares and bedewed with

their blood, undertake the pursuit of fantastic meals of salt junk and hard tack upon the wide seas? On the kindest view it seems an unanswerable question. Alas! I have the conviction that there are men of unstained rectitude who are ready to murmur scornfully the word desertion. Thus may the taste of innocent adventure be made bitter to the palate. The part of the inexplicable should be allowed for in appraising the conduct of men in a world where no explanation is final. No charge of faithlessness ought to be lightly uttered. The appearances of this perishable life are deceptive like everything that falls under the judgment of our imperfect senses. The inner voice may remain true enough in its secret counsel. The fidelity to a special tradition may last through the events of an unrelated existence, following faithfully too the traced way of an inexplicable impulse.

It would take too long to explain the intimate alliance of contradictions in human nature which makes love itself wear at times the desperate shape of betrayal. And perhaps there is no possible explanation. Indulgence—as somebody said—is the most intelligent of all the virtues. I venture to think that it is one of the least common, if not the most uncommon of all. I would not imply by this that men are foolish—or even most men. Far from it. The barber and the priest, backed by the whole opinion of the village, condemned justly the conduct of the ingenious hidalgo who, sallying forth from his native place, broke the head of the muleteer, put to death a flock of inoffensive sheep, and went through very doleful experiences in a certain stable. God forbid that an unworthy churl should escape merited censure by hanging on to the stirrup-leather of the sublime *caballero*. His was a very noble, a very unselfish fantasy, fit for nothing except to raise the envy of baser mortals. But there is more than one aspect to the secret of that exalted and dangerous figure. He, too, had his frailties. After reading so many romances he desired naïvely to escape with his very body from the intolerable reality of things. He wished to meet eye to eye the valorous giant Brandabarbaran, Lord of Arabia, whose armour is made of the skin of a dragon, and whose shield, strapped to his arm, is the gate of a fortified city. O amiable and natural weakness! O blessed simplicity of a gentle heart without guile! Who would not succumb to such a consoling temptation? But all the same it was a form of self-indulgence, and the ingenious hidalgo of La Mancha was not a good citizen. The priest and the barber were not unreasonable in their strictures. Without

going so far as the old King Louis-Philippe, who used to say in his exile, "The people are never in fault"—one may admit that there must be some righteousness in the assent of a whole village. Mad! Mad! He who kept in pious meditation the ritual vigil-of-arms by the well of an inn and knelt reverently to be knighted at daybreak by the fat, sly rogue of a landlord, has come very near perfection. He rides forth, his head encircled by a halo—the patron saint of all lives spoiled or saved by the irresistible grace of imagination. But he was not a good citizen.

Perhaps that and nothing else was meant by the well-remembered exclamation of my tutor.

It was in the jolly year 1873, the very last year in which I have had a jolly holiday. There have been idle years afterwards, jolly enough in a way and not altogether without their lesson, but this year of which I speak was the year of my last school-boy holiday. There are other reasons why I should remember that year, but they are too long to state formally in this place. Moreover, they have nothing to do with that holiday. What has to do with the holiday is that before the day on which the remark was made we had seen Vienna, the Upper Danube, Munich, the Falls of the Rhine, the Lake of Constance—in fact it was a memorable holiday of travel. Of late we had been tramping slowly up the Valley of the Reuss. It was a delightful time. It was much more like a stroll than a tramp. Landing from a Lake of Lucerne steamer in Fluellen, we found ourselves at the end of the second day, with the dusk overtaking our leisurely footsteps, a little way beyond Hospenthal. This is not the day on which the remark was made: in the shadows of the deep valley and with the habitations of men left some way behind, our thoughts ran not upon the ethics of conduct but upon the simpler human problem of shelter and food. There did not seem anything of the kind in sight and we were thinking of turning back when suddenly at a bend of the road we came upon a building, ghostly in the twilight.

At that time the work on the St. Gothard Tunnel was going on, and that magnificent enterprise of burrowing was directly responsible for the presence of that unexpected building, standing all alone upon the very roots of the mountains. It was long though not big at all; it was low; it was built of boards, without ornamentation, in barrack-hut style, with the white window-frames quite flush with the yellow face of its plain front. And yet it was a hotel; it had even a name which I have forgotten. But there was no gold-laced door-keeper at its humble door. A plain but vigorous servant-girl answered our

inquiries, then a man and woman who owned the place appeared. It was clear that no travellers were expected, or perhaps even desired, in this strange hostelry, which in its severe style resembled the house which surmounts the unseaworthy-looking hulls of the toy Noah's Arks, the universal possession of European childhood. However, its roof was not hinged and it was not full to the brim of slabsided and painted animals of wood. Even the live tourist animal was nowhere in evidence. We had something to eat in a long, narrow room at one end of a long, narrow table, which, to my tired perception and to my sleepy eyes, seemed as if it would tilt up like a see-saw plank, since there was no one at the other end to balance it against our two dusty and travel-stained figures. Then we hastened upstairs to bed in a room smelling of pine planks, and I was fast asleep before my head touched the pillow.

In the morning my tutor (he was a student of the Cracow University) woke me up early, and as we were dressing remarked : "There seems to be a lot of people staying in this hotel. I have heard a noise of talking up till 11 o'clock?" This statement surprised me; I had heard no noise whatever, having slept like a top.

We went downstairs into the long and narrow dining-room with its long and narrow table. There were two rows of plates on it. At one of the many uncurtained windows stood a tall bony man with a bald head set off by bunches of black hair and with a long black beard. He glanced up from the paper he was reading and seemed genuinely astonished at our intrusion. By-and-by more men came in. Not one of them looked like a tourist. Not a single woman appeared. These men seemed to know each other with some intimacy, but I cannot say they were a very talkative lot. The bald-headed man sat down gravely at the head of the table. It all had the air of a family party. By-and-by, from one of the vigorous servant-girls in national costume, we discovered that the place was really a boarding-house for some English engineers engaged at the works of the St. Gothard Tunnel; and I could listen my fill to the sounds of the English language, as far as it is used at a breakfast-table by men who do not believe in wasting many words on the mere amenities of life.

This was my first contact with British mankind apart from the tourist kind seen in the hotels of Zurich and Lucerne—the kind which has no real existence in a workaday world. I know now that the bald-headed man spoke with a strong Scotch accent. I have met many of his kind since, both ashore and

afloat. The second engineer of the steamer *Mavis*, for instance, ought to have been his twin brother. I cannot help thinking that he really was, though for some reasons of his own he assured me that he never had a twin brother. Anyway the deliberate bald-headed Scot with the coal-black beard appeared to my boyish eyes a very romantic and mysterious person.

We slipped out unnoticed. Our mapped out route led over the Furca Pass towards the Rhône Glacier, with the further intention of following down the trend of the Häsli Valley. The sun was already declining when we found ourselves on the top of the pass, and the remark alluded to was presently uttered.

We had sat down by the side of the road to continue the argument begun half a mile or so before. I am certain it was an argument because I remember perfectly how my tutor argued and how without the power of reply I listened with my eyes fixed obstinately on the ground. A stir on the road made me look up—and then I saw my unforgettable Englishman. There are acquaintances of later years, familiars, shipmates, whom I remember less clearly. He marched rapidly towards the east (attended by a hang-dog Swiss guide) with the mien of an ardent and fearless traveller. He was clad in a knickerbocker suit, but as at the same time he wore short socks under his laced boots, for reasons which whether hygienic or conscientious were surely imaginative, his calves exposed to the public gaze and to the tonic air of high altitudes, dazzled the beholder by the splendour of their marble-like condition and their rich tone of young ivory. He was the leader of a small caravan. The light of a headlong, exalted satisfaction with the world of men and the scenery of mountains illumined his clean-cut, very red face, his short, silver-white whiskers, his innocently eager and triumphant eyes. In passing he cast a glance of kindly curiosity and a friendly gleam of big, sound, shiny teeth towards the man and the boy sitting like dusty tramps by the roadside, with a modest knapsack lying at their feet. His white calves twinkled sturdily, the uncouth Swiss guide with a surly mouth stalked like an unwilling bear at his elbow ; a small train of three mules followed in single file the lead of this inspiring enthusiast. Two ladies rode past one behind the other, but from the way they sat I saw only their calm, uniform backs, and the long ends of blue veils hanging behind far down over their identical hat-brims. His two daughters surely. An industrious luggage-mule, with unstarched ears and guarded by a slouching, sallow driver, brought up the rear. My tutor, after pausing for a look and a faint smile, resumed his earnest argument.

I tell you it was a memorable year! One does not meet such an Englishman twice in a lifetime. Was he in the mystic ordering of common events the ambassador of my future, sent out to turn the scale at a critical moment on the top of an Alpine pass, with the peaks of the Bernese Oberland for mute and solemn witnesses? His glance, his smile, the unextinguishable and comic ardour of his striving-forward appearance helped me to pull myself together. It must be stated that on that day and in the exhilarating atmosphere of that elevated spot I had been feeling utterly crushed. It was the year in which I had first spoken aloud of my desire to go to sea. At first, like those sounds that, ranging outside the scale to which men's ears are attuned remain inaudible to our sense of hearing, this declaration passed unperceived. It was as if it had not been. Later on, by trying various tones I managed to arouse here and there a surprised momentary attention—the "What was that funny noise?"—sort of inquiry. Later on it was—"Did you hear what that boy says? What an extraordinary outbreak!" Presently a wave of scandalised astonishment (it could not have been greater if I had announced an intention of entering a Carthusian monastery) ebbing out of the educational and academical town of Cracow spread itself over several provinces. It spread itself shallow but far-reaching. It stirred up a mass of remonstrance, indignation, pitying wonder, bitter irony and downright chaff. I could hardly breathe under its weight, and certainly had no words for an answer. People wondered what Mr. T. B. would do now with his worrying nephew and, I dare say, hoped kindly that he would make short work of my nonsense.

What he did was to come down all the way from Ukraine to have it out with me and to judge by himself, unprejudiced, impartial and just, taking his stand on the ground of wisdom and affection. As far as is possible for a boy whose power of expression is still unformed I opened the secret of my thoughts to him and he in return allowed me a glimpse into his mind and heart; the first glimpse of an inexhaustible and noble treasure of clear thought and warm feeling, which through life was to be mine to draw upon with a never deceived love and confidence. Practically, after several exhaustive conversations, he concluded that he would not have me later on reproach him for having spoiled my life by an unconditional opposition. But I must take time for serious reflection. And I must not only think of myself but of others; weigh the claims of affection and conscience against my own sincerity of purpose. "Think

well what it all means in the larger issues—brother," he exhorted me finally with special friendliness. "And meantime try to get the best place you can at the yearly examinations."

The scholastic year came to an end. I took a fairly good place at the exams, which for me (for certain reasons) happened to be a more difficult task than for other boys. In that respect I could enter with a good conscience upon that holiday which was like a long visit *pour prendre congé* of the mainland of old Europe I was to see so little of for the next four and twenty years. Such, however, was not the avowed purpose of that tour. It was rather, I suspect, planned in order to distract and occupy my thoughts in other directions. Nothing had been said for months of my going to sea. But my attachment to my young tutor and his influence over me were so well known that he must have received a confidential mission to talk me out of my romantic folly. It was an excellently appropriate arrangement, as neither he nor I had ever had a single glimpse of the sea in our lives. That was to come by-and-by for both of us in Venice, from the outer shore of Lido. Meantime he had taken his mission to heart so well that I began to feel crushed before we reached Zurich. He argued in railway trains, in lake steamboats, he had argued away for me the obligatory sunrise on the Righi, by Jove! Of his devotion to his unworthy pupil there can be no doubt. He had proved it already by two years of unremitting and arduous care. I could not hate him. But he had been crushing me slowly, and when he started to argue on the top of the Furca Pass he was perhaps nearer a success than either he or I imagined. I listened to him in despairing silence, feeling that ghostly, unrealised and desired sea of my dreams escape from the unnerved grip of my will.

The enthusiastic old Englishman had passed—and the argument went on. What reward could I expect from such a life at the end of my years, either in ambition, honour or conscience? An unanswerable question. But I felt no longer crushed. Then our eyes met and a genuine emotion was visible in his as well as in mine. The end came all at once. He picked up the knapsack suddenly and got on to his feet.

"You are an incorrigible, hopeless Don Quixote. That's what you are."

I was surprised. I was only fifteen and did not know what he meant exactly. But I felt vaguely flattered at the name of the immortal knight turning up in connection with my own folly, as some people would call it to my face. Alas! I don't think there was anything to be proud of. Mine was not the

stuff the protectors of forlorn damsels, the redressers of this world's wrongs are made of; and my tutor was the man to know that best. Therein, in his indignation, he was superior to the barber and the priest when he flung at me an honoured name like a reproach.

I walked behind him for full five minutes; then without looking back he stopped. The shadows of distant peaks were lengthening over the Furca Pass. When I had come up to him he turned to me and in full view of the Finster-Aarhorn with his band of giant brothers rearing their monstrous heads against a brilliant sky, put his hand on my shoulder affectionately.

"Well! That's enough. We will have no more of it."

And indeed there was no more question of my mysterious vocation between us. There was to be no more question of it at all, nowhere or with any one. We began the descent of the Furca Pass conversing merrily. Eleven years later, month for month, I stood on Tower Hill on the steps of the St. Katherine's Dockhouse, a master in the British Merchant Service. But the man who put his hand on my shoulder at the top of the Furca Pass was no longer living.

That very year of our travels he took his degree of the Philosophical Faculty—and only then his true vocation declared itself. Obedient to the call he entered at once upon the four-year course of the Medical Schools. A day came when, on the deck of a ship moored in Calcutta, I opened a letter telling me of the end of an enviable existence. He had made for himself a practice in some obscure little town of Austrian Galicia. And the letter went on to tell me how all the bereaved poor of the district, Christians and Jews alike, had mobbed the good doctor's coffin with sobs and lamentations at the very gate of the cemetery.

How short his years and how clear his vision! What greater reward in ambition, honour and conscience could he have hoped to win for himself when he bade me, on the top of the Furca Pass, to look well to the end of my opening life.

(To be continued)

The Raid

(A Volunteer's Story. 1852)

By Leo Tolstoi

VI

The troops were to set off at ten o'clock in the evening. At half-past eight I mounted my horse and rode to the general's, but as I thought both he and the adjutant would be engaged, I waited in the street, tied my horse to the fence and sat down on a projecting part of the wall, meaning to overtake the general as soon as he rode out.

The heat and glare of the sun had by now given place to the coolness of the night and the dim light of the new moon, which was beginning to set in a pale half-circle of light against the dark blue of the starry sky. Lights had begun to shine in the windows of houses and through the chinks in the shutters of the mud huts. The graceful poplars in the garden looked taller and blacker than ever standing up on the horizon against the whitewashed huts with the moonlight on their thatched roofs. Long shadows of the houses, trees and fences lay picturesquely on the shining, light, dusty road. . . . By the river the frogs kept up an unceasing noise*; in the streets I could hear hurried footsteps and talk, and the tramp of a horse; from the suburb floated the sounds of a barrel-organ, first, "The Winds do Blow," then some "Aurora Waltz."

I will not describe my musings: in the first place, because I should be ashamed to confess the gloomy images which hovered in haunting succession before my heart, while I saw nothing but gaiety and cheerfulness around me; and secondly, because they do not come into my story. I was so absorbed in my thoughts that I did not even notice that the bell had struck eleven o'clock and that the general and his suite had ridden by me. The rearguard was already at the gates of

* The frogs in the Caucasus make a noise that has no resemblance to the croaking of Russian frogs.

the fortress. I had much ado to get over the bridge in the crush of cannon, caissons, baggage and officers loudly shouting instructions.

When I had ridden out of the gates, I trotted after the troops moving silently in the darkness and stretching over almost a verst of road, and overtook the general. Above the heavy artillery and horsemen drawn out in one long line, above, over the guns, the officers and me, like a jarring discord in a slow solemn harmony, rose a German voice, shouting :

" Antichrist, give me a linstock ! " and a soldier hurriedly calling : " Shevchenko ! the lieutenant's asking for a light ! "

A great part of the sky was covered with long, dark grey clouds ; stars shone dimly here and there between them. The moon had already sunk behind the near horizon of black mountains, visible on the right, and shed a faint tremulous twilight on their peaks in sharp contrast with the impenetrable darkness wrapped about their base. The air was warm and so still that it seemed as though not one blade of grass, not one cloud was stirring. It was so dark that one could not distinguish objects quite near at hand ; at the sides of the road I seemed to see rocks, animals and strange figures of men, and I only knew they were bushes when I heard their rustling and felt the freshness of the dew with which they were covered. Before me I saw a compact heaving black mass followed by a few moving blurs ; it was the vanguard of the cavalry with the general and his suite. A similar black mass was moving in the midst of us, but it was lower than the first ; this was the infantry. So complete a silence reigned in the whole detachment that one could hear distinctly all the mingling sounds of the night, full of mysterious charm. The distant mournful howl of the jackals, sometimes like a wail of despair, sometimes like a chuckle, the shrill monotonous notes of the grasshopper, of the frog, of the quail, a vague approaching murmur, the cause of which I could not explain, and all those faintly audible night-movements of nature, impossible to interpret or define, blended into one full melodious sound which we call the silence of the night. That silence was broken by, or rather mingled with, the dull thud of horses' hoofs and the rustle of the high grass under the slowly moving detachment.

Only from time to time the rumble of a heavy gun, the jingling of bayonets, subdued talk, or the snort of a horse, was heard in the ranks.

All nature seemed filled with peace-giving power and beauty.

Is there not room enough for men to live in peace in this fair world under this infinite starry sky ? How is it that wrath,

vengeance, or the lust to kill their fellow men, can persist in the soul of man in the midst of this entrancing nature ? Everything evil in the heart of man ought, one would think, to vanish in contact with Nature, in which beauty and goodness find their most direct expression.

VII

We had been marching more than two hours. I felt shivery and began to be sleepy. The same indistinct objects rose dimly in the darkness ; at a little distance a wall of blackness with the same moving blurs ; close beside me the haunches of a white horse which paced along switching its tail and straddling its hind legs ; a back in a white Circassian coat against which a rifle in a black case and the white stock of a pistol in an embroidered cover showed up distinctly ; the glow of a cigarette lighting up a flaxen moustache, a beaver collar and a hand in a wash-leather glove.

I was bending over my horse's neck, closing my eyes, and I kept losing myself for a few minutes, till suddenly the familiar rustle and thud would arouse me ; I looked about me and it seemed as though I were standing still while the black wall facing me was moving upon me, or that that wall was standing still and I should ride against it in another moment. At one such instant of awakening that unaccountable continuous murmur, which seemed to come closer and closer, sounded more loudly than ever ; it was the sound of water. We had entered a deep ravine and were close upon a mountain stream which was at that time overflowing its banks.* The murmur grew louder, the damp grass was thicker and higher, the bushes were closer, and the horizon narrower. Here and there, against the dark background of the mountains, bright fires flared up and died down again in an instant.

" Tell me, please, what are those lights ? " I asked in a whisper of a Tatar riding beside me.

" Why, don't you know ? " he answered.

" No, I don't."

" That's the mountaineer has tied straw to a stake and will wave the fire about," he said in broken Russian.

" What's that for ? "

" That every man may know the Russian is coming. Now in the villages," he added laughing, " aie, aie, there'll be a fine upset ; every one will be dragging his belongings into hiding."

* The rivers in the Caucasus overflow their banks in July.

"What! Do they know already in the mountains that the detachment is coming?" I asked.

"Aie! aie! To be sure he knows! He always knows! Our folks are like that."

"Is Shamil, too, preparing to fight then?" I asked.

"Nay," he answered, shaking his head. "Shamil is not going to come out to fight. Shamil will send his chiefs and look through a tube from up above."

"And does he live far away?"

"No, not far. Yonder to the left it will be ten versts."

"How do you know?" I asked him. "Have you been there?"

"I have. All of us have been in the mountains."

"And have you seen Shamil?"

"Pich! Shamil is not to be seen by us. A hundred, three hundred, a thousand guards are round him. Shamil will be in the middle!" he said with an expression of servile admiration.

Glancing upwards into the sky, which had grown clearer, one could already discern a light in the east, and the Pleiades were already sinking to the horizon; but in the ravine along which we were marching it was damp and dark.

Suddenly, a little in front of us, several little lights began to glimmer, and at the same instant bullets whizzed by us with a sharp ping, and in the stillness all around us we heard shots in the distance and a loud piercing shriek. It was the enemy's advance picket. The Tatars of whom it consisted halloed, fired at random, and scattered in all directions.

All was silent. The general summoned the interpreter. A Tatar in a white Circassian coat rode up to him and, gesticulating and whispering, talked to him about something for rather a long time.

"Colonel Hasanov, give the orders that the line of scouts move into more open formation," said the general, in a quiet, drawling, but very distinct voice.

The detachment had reached the river. The black mountains of the ravine were left behind; it began to grow light. The sky, upon which the pale, dim stars were hardly visible, seemed to be higher; the red glow of dawn began gleaming in the east; a fresh penetrating breeze sprang up from the west, and a shimmering mist rose like steam over the noisy river.

VIII

The guide pointed out the ford ; the vanguard of the cavalry and the general with his suite followed. The water rose breast-high about the horses and rushed with extraordinary force between the white stones, which, in some places, were visible at the surface, and formed swirling, foaming eddies round the horses' legs. The horses, startled by the noise of the water, threw up their heads and pricked up their ears, but stepped steadily and warily over the uneven bottom against the current. Their riders lifted up their legs and their guns. The infantry soldiers, wearing literally nothing but their shirts, held their muskets above the water with their clothes and their knapsacks slung upon them. The men linked themselves arm in arm in lines of twenty, and one could see, by the strained expression of their faces, the effort with which they withstood the current. The artillery riders, with a loud shout, urged their horses into the water at a trot. The cannon and the green caissons, over which the water splashed from time to time, rumbled over the stony bottom ; but the sturdy Cossack horses, pulling all together, and churning the water into foam, with wet tails and manes struggled out on the other side.

As soon as the crossing was over the general's face suddenly showed a certain gravity and thoughtfulness. He turned his horse and with the cavalry trotted across a wide glade, shut in by woods, which stretched before us. The Cossack cavalry scouts scattered along the edge of the wood. We caught sight of a man on foot, in the wood, wearing a Circassian coat and cap ; then a second . . . and a third. One of the officers said : "There are the Tatars." Then there was a puff of smoke from behind a tree . . . a shot . . . and another. Our volleys drowned the sound of the enemy's firing. Only now and then a bullet whizzing by with a deliberate note like the sound of a bee showed that all the firing was not on our side. Then the infantry at a run, and the artillery at a quick trot, passed through the line of scouts. We heard the deep bass notes of the cannon, the metallic click of the ejected cartridges, the hissing of shells, the crack of the musketry. The cavalry, the infantry and artillery were to be seen on all sides of the glade. The smoke of the cannon, of the shells and of the muskets melted away in the greenness of the wood and mingled with the mist. Colonel Hasanov galloped up to the general and pulled his horse up sharply.

"Your Excellency," he said, raising his hand to his Circassian

cap, "give the order for the cavalry to charge; there are the flags." And he pointed with his whip to some Tatars on horseback, before whom two men were riding with red and blue rags on sticks.

"Very well, Ivan Mihailovitch," said the general.

The colonel immediately wheeled his horse round, waved his sabre in the air and shouted :

"Hurrah!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" rang out in the ranks, and the cavalry flew after him.

Everybody watched eagerly : there was one flag, then another, a third, and a fourth. . . .

The enemy did not await the attack; they vanished into the wood and opened fire from there. Bullets flew more thickly.

"Quel charmant coup d'œil!" said the general, rising lightly in the saddle, in the English fashion, on his black slender-legged horse.

"Charmant," answered the major, rolling his rs, and flicking his horse with a whip he rode up to the general. "C'est un vrai plaisir que la guerre dans un aussi beau pays," he said.

"Et surtout en bonne compagnie," added the general with an affable smile.

The major bowed.

At that moment, with a rapid unpleasant hiss, one of the enemy's balls flew by, and something was hit; the moan of a wounded man was heard in the rear. This moan impressed me so strangely that all the charm of the picturesque battle-scene was instantly lost for me; but no one but me apparently noticed it : the major seemed to be laughing with greater zest than ever; another officer finished a sentence he was uttering with perfect composure; the general looked in the opposite direction and said something in French with the serenest of smiles.

"Do you command us to answer their fire?" the officer in command of the artillery inquired, galloping up to the general.

"Yes, scare them a bit," the general assented carelessly, lighting a cigar.

The battery was drawn up and a cannonade began. The earth groaned at the sound; there was a continual flash of light, and the smoke, through which one could scarcely discern the moving figures of the gunners, blinded the eyes.

The Tatar village was shelled. Again Colonel Hasanov rode up, and at the command of the general dashed into the

village. The battle-cry rang out again, and the cavalry disappeared in the cloud of dust which it raised.

The spectacle was truly magnificent. To me, taking no part in the action, and unaccustomed to such things, one thing spoilt the impression: the movement, the excitement and the shouting all seemed to me superfluous. I could not help thinking of a man swinging his axe and hewing at the empty air.

IX

The Tatar village had been taken by our troops, and not one of the enemy was left in it, when the general with his suite, to which I had attached myself, entered it.

The long clean huts, with their flat mud roofs and picturesque chimneys, were built upon uneven rocky crags, among which flowed a little stream. Upon one side lay green gardens lighted up by the brilliant sunshine and filled with huge pear-trees and plum-trees; on the other side loomed strange shadows —the tall, perpendicular stones of the graveyard, and tall wooden posts, adorned at the top with balls and different coloured flags. (These were the tombs of the *jigits*.)

The troops stood drawn up in order by the gate. A minute later the dragoons, Cossacks and the infantry, with evident delight, scattered among the crooked by-ways and the empty village was instantly full of life again. Here a roof was being broken down; we heard the ring of an axe against hard wood as a door was smashed in; in another place a haystack was blazing, a fence and a hut were on fire and the smoke rose in dense clouds into the clear air. Here a Cossack was hauling along a sack of flour and a rug. A soldier with a gleeful face was pulling a tin pan and a rag of some sort out of a hut; another was trying with outstretched arms to capture two hens which were cackling loudly and fluttering against a fence; a third had found somewhere a huge pot of milk; he drank from it, and then with a loud laugh flung it on the ground.

The battalion with which I had come from Fort N—— was also in the village. The captain was sitting on the roof of a hut and was puffing clouds of *Sambrotalik* tobacco smoke from a short pipe with such an unconcerned air that when I caught sight of him I forgot that I was in an enemy's village and felt as though I were quite at home.

"Ah, you are here, too!" he said, observing me.

The tall figure of Lieutenant Rosenkranz darted hither and thither about the village; he was incessantly shouting commands and had the air of a man extremely worried about something. I saw him come out of a hut with a triumphant air; two soldiers followed him out, leading an old Tatar with his hands bound. The old man, whose whole attire consisted of a torn parti-coloured tunic and ragged breeches, was so decrepit that his bony arms, bound tightly behind his back, seemed to be coming off his shoulders, and his bare bent legs were scarcely able to move. His face, and even part of his shaven head, was deeply furrowed with wrinkles; his misshapen, toothless mouth surrounded by close cropped grey moustaches and beard moved incessantly as though he were chewing something; but his red, lashless eyes still had a gleam of fire and clearly expressed an old man's contempt of life.

Rosenkranz, through the interpreter, asked him why he had not gone away with the others.

"Where was I to go?" he said, looking calmly round him.

"Where the rest have gone," answered somebody.

"The *jigits* have gone to fight the Russians, but I am an old man."

"Why, aren't you afraid of the Russians?"

"What will the Russians do to me? I am an old man," he said again, glancing carelessly at the ring which had formed around him.

On the way back I saw the same old man without a cap, with his arms bound, jolting behind the saddle of a Cossack of the Line, and with the same unconcerned expression gazing about him. He was needed for the exchange of prisoners.

I clambered on to the roof and settled myself beside the captain.

"It seems there were but few of the enemy," I said to him, anxious to learn his opinion of what had just taken place.

"Enemy?" he repeated in surprise, "why, there were none at all. Do you call these the enemy? Wait till the evening and see how we get away. You'll see how they'll escort us home; how they'll spring up!" he added, pointing with his pipe to the copse which we had passed through in the morning.

"What is this?" I asked uneasily, interrupting the captain, pointing to a little group of Don Cossacks which had formed round something not far from us.

We heard in their midst something like a child's cry, and the words:

"Don't stab it! Stop . . . they'll see us. . . . Have you a knife, Evstigneitch? Give us the knife."

"They're sharing something, the rascals!" said the captain coolly.

But at that very moment, with a hot, scared face, the pretty ensign ran round the corner, and waving his arms, rushed at the Cossacks.

"Don't touch it! Don't kill it!" he screamed in a childish voice.

Seeing an officer the Cossacks gave way and set free a little white kid. The young ensign was completely taken aback, he muttered something and with a shamefaced expression stopped short before it.

Seeing the captain and me on the roof he flushed more than ever and ran lightly towards us.

"I thought they were going to kill a baby," he said with a shy smile.

X

The general with the cavalry had gone on ahead. The battalion with which I had come from Fort N—— formed the rearguard. The companies of Captain Hlopov and Lieutenant Rosenkranz were retreating together.

The captain's prediction was completely justified; as soon as we entered the copse of which he had spoken, we were continually catching glimpses, on both sides of the road, of mountaineers on horse and on foot. They came so near that I could distinctly see some of them bending down, musket in hand, running from tree to tree. The captain took off his cap and reverently made the sign of the cross. Several of the elder soldiers did the same. We heard calls in the wood, and shouts of "Iay, Giaour! Iay, Urus!" The short, dry musket-shots followed one another, and bullets came whizzing from both sides. Our men answered silently with a running fire; only from time to time one heard in the ranks exclamations such as: "Where's *he** firing from?" "It's all right for *him* in the wood!" "We ought to use the cannon!"—and so forth.

The cannon were brought into line, and after a few shots from them the enemy seemed to weaken; but a minute later,

* The pronoun "he" is used by the Caucasian soldiers as the collective term for the enemy.

at every step the troops advanced, the firing and the shouts and halloos were more incessant.

We had not gone more than six hundred yards from the village when the enemy's cannon-balls began to whistle over our heads. I saw a soldier killed by one of them . . . but why give the details of that awful scene when I would give a great deal to forget it myself ?

Lieutenant Rosenkranz kept firing his own musket. He was not silent for a moment and in a hoarse voice shouted to the soldiers, and kept galloping at full speed from one end of the line to the other. He was rather pale, which was extremely becoming to his martial countenance.

The pretty ensign was in ecstasy : his fine black eyes shone with daring ; his lips wore a faint smile ; he was continually riding up to the captain and asking his permission to dash into the wood.

" We shall beat them back," he said persuasively ; " we shall, really ! "

" No need to," the captain answered briefly ; " we have to retreat."

The captain's company took up their position at the edge of the wood, and, lying down, kept off the enemy with their fire. The captain, in his shabby coat and draggled cap, slackening the rein of his white horse, sat in silence, with his legs bent from the shortness of his stirrups. (The soldiers knew, and did their business so well that there was no need to give them instructions.) Only from time to time he raised his voice and called to men who had lifted up their heads. There was nothing martial about the captain's appearance ; but there was so much genuineness and simplicity that it made an extraordinary impression upon me.

" That's true courage," was the thought that rose instinctively within me.

He was exactly as I had always seen him, the same calm movements, the same quiet voice ; the same guileless expression on his plain but open face ; only in the unusual alertness of his glance could one detect the intentness of a man quietly absorbed in the work before him. It is easy to say " the same as always," but how many shades of difference I have observed in other people ; one tries to appear more composed than usual, another tries to be sterner, a third more cheerful ; but one could see by the captain's face that he did not understand why one should try to appear anything.

The Frenchman who said at Waterloo, " La garde meurt,

mais ne se rend pas," and other heroes, especially French ones, who have delivered themselves of memorable utterances, were brave, and their utterances really are worth remembering. But between their bravery and the bravery of the captain there was this difference : that if, on any occasion whatsoever some grand saying had stirred in my hero's soul, I am convinced that he would not have uttered it, in the first place, because he would have been afraid that in uttering the great saying he would be spoiling the great deed ; and secondly, that when a man feels that he has the strength for a great action no word whatever is needed. This, to my thinking, is the peculiar and noble characteristic of Russian courage, and, that being so, how can a Russian help a pang at the heart when he hears among our young officers hackneyed French phrases that aim at the imitation of obsolete French chivalry ?

Suddenly, on the side where the pretty ensign had been standing, was heard a shout of "hurrah!" neither loud nor unanimous. Looking in the direction of the shout I saw about thirty soldiers running laboriously over a ploughed field, with muskets in their hands and knapsacks on their backs. They kept stumbling, but still pushed on and shouted. In front of them the young ensign galloped, waving his sword.

They all vanished into the wood.

After a few minutes of shouting and musket fire a terrified horse ran out and soldiers appeared at the edge of the wood carrying the dead and the wounded ; among the latter was the young ensign. Two soldiers were holding him up under the arms. He was as white as a handkerchief and his pretty little head, on which only the faintest shadow of the martial elation of a moment before could be seen, seemed somehow fearfully sunk between his shoulders and drooping on his breast. Upon his white shirt, under his open coat, could be seen a small red spot.

"Oh, what a pity!" I said, instinctively turning away from this piteous sight.

"Of course it's a pity," said an old soldier who was standing beside me with a morose face, leaning on his musket. "He was afraid of nothing ; how can any one do so ?" he added, looking intently at the wounded boy. "Still young and foolish—and so he has paid for it."

"Why, are you afraid then ?" I asked.

"To be sure!"

XI

Four soldiers were carrying the ensign on a stretcher. A soldier from the fortress followed them, leading a thin, broken-down horse laden with two green boxes containing the surgical requisites. They were waiting for the doctor. The officers rode to the stretchers and tried to encourage and comfort the wounded boy.

"Well, brother Alanin, it will be some time before we dance with the castagnettes again," said Lieutenant Rosenkranz, going up to him with a smile.

He probably expected that these words would keep up the pretty ensign's courage; but as far as one could judge from the cold and mournful expression of the latter they did not produce the desired effect.

The captain, too, went up to him. He looked intently at the wounded boy and his usually unconcerned cool face expressed genuine sympathy.

"My dear Anatole Ivanovich," he said in a voice full of affectionate tenderness, which I should never have expected of him, "it seems it was God's will."

The wounded boy looked round; his pale face was lit up by a mournful smile.

"Yes; I didn't obey you."

"Better say it was God's will," repeated the captain.

The doctor, who had arrived, took from the assistant some bandages, a probe, and other things, and turning up his sleeves with an encouraging smile went up to the ensign.

"Well, it seems they've made a little hole in a sound place," he said jokingly, in a careless tone; "show me."

The ensign obeyed; but in the expression with which he looked at the light-hearted doctor there was both wonder and reproach which the latter did not observe. He began to probe the wound and examine it from all sides; but, losing patience, the wounded boy, with a heavy groan, pushed away his hand.

"Let me be," he said, in a voice scarcely audible. "Anyway I shall die."

With those words he sank upon his back, and five minutes later when I approached the group standing round him and asked a soldier how the ensign was, he answered me, "He's passing away."

XII

It was late when the detachment, formed into a wide column, marched, singing, up to the fortress. The sun had set behind the ridge of snow-mountains, and was shedding its last rosy light on a long filmy cloud which lingered on the clear limpid horizon. The snow-mountains were beginning to be veiled by a purple mist; only their topmost outlines stood out with marvellous clearness against the red glow of the sunset. The transparent moon, which had long been up, was beginning to turn white against the dark blue of the sky. The green of the grass and the trees was turning black and was drenched with dew.

The troops moved in dark masses with steady tramp through the luxuriant meadow. Tambourines, drums and merry songs were to be heard on all sides. The singer of the sixth company was singing at the top of his voice, and the notes of his pure deep tenor, full of strength and feeling, floated far and wide in the limpid evening air.

Translated by Constance Garnett.

Tono-Bungay

A Romance of Commerce

By H. G. Wells

BOOK THE SECOND: THE RISE OF TONO-BUNGAY

CHAPTER THE FIRST

HOW I BECAME A LONDON STUDENT AND WENT ASTRAY

§ 1

I CAME to live in London, as I shall tell you, when I was nearly twenty-two. Wimblehurst dwindles in perspective, is now in this book a little place far off, Bladesover no more than a small pinkish speck of frontage among the distant Kentish hills; the scene broadens out, becomes multitudinous and limitless, full of the sense of vast irrelevant movement. I do not remember my second coming to London as I do my first, nor my early impressions, save that an October memory of softened amber sunshine stands out, amber sunshine falling on grey house-fronts, I know not where. That, and a sense of a large tranquillity. . . .

I could fill a book, I think, with a more or less imaginary account of how I came to apprehend London, how first in one aspect and then another it grew in my mind. Each day my accumulating impressions were added to and qualified and brought into relationship with new ones, they fused inseparably with others that were purely personal and accidental. I find myself with a certain comprehensive perception of London, complex indeed, incurably indistinct in places and yet in some way a whole that began with my first visit and is still being mellowed and enriched.

London!

At first, no doubt, it was a chaos of streets and people and buildings and reasonless going to and fro. I do not remember

that I ever struggled very steadily to understand it, or explored it with any but a personal and adventurous intention. Yet in time there has grown up in me a kind of theory of London; I do think I see lines of an ordered structure out of which it has grown, detect a process that is something more than a confusion of casual accidents, though indeed it may be no more than a process of disease.

I said at the outset of my first book that I find in Bladesover the clue to all England. Well, I certainly imagine it is the clue to the structure of London. There have been no revolutions, no deliberate re-statements or abandonments of opinion in England since the days of the fine gentry, since 1688 or thereabouts, the days when Bladesover was built; there have been changes, dissolving forces, replacing forces, if you will; but then it was that the broad lines of the English system set firmly. And as I have gone to and fro in London, in certain regions constantly the thought has recurred, this is Bladesover House, this answers to Bladesover House. The fine gentry may have gone, they have indeed largely gone, I think; rich merchants may have replaced them, financial adventurers or what not. That does not matter; the shape is still Bladesover.

I am most reminded of Bladesover and Eastry by all those regions round about the West End parks, for example, estate parks each more or less in relation to a palace or group of great houses. The roads and back ways of Mayfair and all about St. James's again, albeit perhaps of a later growth in point of time, were of the very spirit and architectural texture of the Bladesover passages and yards; they had the same smells, the space, the large cleanness, and always going to and fro there one met unmistakable Olympians, and even more unmistakable valets, butlers, footmen in mufti. There were moments when I seemed to glimpse down areas the white panelling, the very chintz of my mother's room again.

I could trace out now on a map what I could call the Great-House region; passing south-westward into Belgravia, becoming diffused and sporadic westward, finding its last systematic outbreak round and about Regent's Park. The Duke of Devonshire's place in Piccadilly, in all its insolent ugliness, pleases me particularly, it is the quintessence of the thing, Apsley House is all in the manner of my theory, Park Lane has its quite typical mansions, and they run along the border of the Green Park and St. James's. And I struck out a truth one day in Cromwell Road quite suddenly, as I looked over the Natural History Museum; "By Jove!" said I, "but this is the little

assemblage of cases of stuffed birds and animals upon the Bladesover staircase grown enormous, and yonder as the corresponding thing to the Bladesover curios and porcelain is the Art Museum, and there in the little observatories in Exhibition Road is old Sir Cuthbert's Gregorian telescope that I hunted out in the storeroom and put together." And diving into the Art Museum under this inspiration, I came to a little reading-room and found, as I had inferred, old brown books!

It was really a good piece of social comparative anatomy I did that day; all these museums and libraries that are dotted over London between Piccadilly and West Kensington, and indeed the museum and library movement throughout the world sprang from the elegant leisure of the gentlemen of taste. Theirs were the first libraries, the first houses of culture; by my rat-like raids into the Bladesover saloon I became, as it were, the last dwindled representative of such a man of letters as Swift. But now these things have escaped out of the Great House altogether, and taken on a strange independent life of their own.

It is this idea of escaping parts from the seventeenth-century system of Bladesover, of proliferating and overgrowing elements from the estates, that to this day seems to me the best explanation, not simply of London, but of all England. England is a country of great Renascence landed gentlefolk who have been unconsciously outgrown and overgrown. The proper shops for Bladesover custom were still to be found in Regent Street and Bond Street in my early London days—in those days they had been but lightly touched by the American's profaning hand—and in Piccadilly. I found the doctor's house of the country village or country town up and down Harley Street, multiplied but not otherwise different, and the family solicitor (by the hundred) further eastward in the abandoned houses of a previous generation of gentlepeople, and down in Westminster, behind Palladian fronts, the public offices sheltered in large Bladesoverish rooms and looked out on St. James's Park. The Parliament Houses of Lords and gentlemen, the Parliament House that was horrified when merchants and brewers came thrusting into it a hundred years ago, stood out upon its terrace gathering the whole system together to a head.

And the more I have paralleled these things with my Bladesover-Eastry model, the more evident it has become to me that the balance is not the same, and the more evident is the presence of great new forces, blind forces of invasion, of growth. The railway termini on the north side of London have kept as remote as Eastry had kept the railway-station from Wimblehurst, they

stop on the very outskirts of the estates, but from the south, the South-Eastern railway had butted its great stupid rusty iron head of Charing Cross station—that great head that came smashing down in 1905—clean across the river, between Somerset House and Whitehall. The south side had no protecting estates. Factory chimneys smoke right over against Westminster with an air of carelessly not having permission, and the whole effect of industrial London and of all London east of Temple Bar and of the huge dingy immensity of London port, is to me of something disproportionately large, something morbidly expanded, without plan or intention, dark and sinister toward the clean, clear, social assurance of the West End. And south of this central London, south-east, south-west, far west, north-west, all round the northern hills, are similar disproportionate growths, endless streets of undistinguished houses, undistinguished industries, shabby families, second-rate shops, inexplicable people who in a once fashionable phrase do not "exist." All these aspects have suggested to my mind at times, do suggest to this day, the unorganised, abundant substance of some tumourous growth-process, a process which indeed bursts all the outlines of the affected carcass and protrudes such masses as ignoble comfortable Croydon, as tragic impoverished West Ham. To this day I ask myself will those masses ever become structural, will they indeed shape into anything new whatever, or is that cancerous image their true and ultimate diagnosis ? . . .

Moreover, together with this hypertrophy there is an immigration of elements that have never understood and never will understand the great tradition, wedges of foreign settlement embedded in the heart of this yeasty English expansion. One day I remember wandering eastward out of pure curiosity—it must have been in my early student days—and discovering a shabbily bright foreign quarter, shops displaying Hebrew placards and weird unfamiliar commodities, and a concourse of bright-eyed, eagle-nosed people talking some incomprehensible gibberish between the shops and the barrows. And soon I became quite familiar with the devious, vicious, dirtily pleasant exoticism of Soho. I found those crowded streets a vast relief from the dull grey exterior of Brompton, where I lodged and lived my daily life. In Soho, indeed, I got my first inkling of the factor of replacement that is so important in both the English and the American process.

Even in the West End, in Mayfair and the squares about Pall Mall, Ewart was presently to remind me that the face of the

old aristocratic dignity was fairer than its substance; here were actors and actresses, here moneylenders and Jews, here bold financial adventurers, and I thought of my uncle's frayed cuff as he pointed out this house in Park Lane and that. That was So-and-so's who made a corner in borax, and that palace belonged to that hero among modern adventurers, Barmentrude, who used to be an I.D.B.—an illicit diamond buyer that is to say. A city of Bladesovers, the capital of a kingdom of Bladesovers, all much shaken and many altogether in decay, parasitically occupied, insidiously replaced by alien, unsympathetic and irresponsible elements;—and withal ruling an adventitious and miscellaneous empire of a quarter of this dædal earth. Complex laws, intricate social necessities, disturbing insatiable suggestions, followed from this. Such was the world into which I had come, into which I had in some way to thrust myself and fit my problem, my temptations, my efforts, my patriotic instinct, all my moral instincts, my physical appetites, my dreams and my vanity.

London! I came up to it, young and without advisers, rather priggish, rather dangerously open-minded and very open-eyed, and with something—it is I think the common gift of imaginative youth, and I claim it unblushingly—fine in me, finer than the world and seeking fine responses. I did not want simply to live or simply to live happily or well, I wanted to serve and do and make—with some nobility. It was in me. It is in half the youth of the world.

§ 2

I had come to London as a scholar. I had taken the Vincent Bradley scholarship of the Pharmaceutical Society, but I threw this up when I found that my work of the Science and Art Department in mathematics, physics and chemistry had given me one of the minor Technical Board Scholarships at the Consolidated Technical Schools at South Kensington. This latter was in mechanics and metallurgy; and I hesitated between the two. The Vincent Bradley gave me £70 a year and quite the best start-off a pharmaceutical chemist could have; the South Kensington thing was worth about twenty-two shillings a week, and the prospects it opened were vague. But it meant far more scientific work than the former, and I was still under the impulse of that great intellectual appetite that is part of the adolescence of men of my type. Moreover it seemed to lead towards engineering, in which I imagined—I imagine to this day—my particular use was to be found. I took its greater

uncertainty as a fair risk. I came up very keen, not doubting that the really hard and steady industry that had carried me through Wimblehurst would go on still in the new surroundings.

Only from the very first it didn't. . . .

When I look back now at my Wimblehurst days, I still find myself surprised at the amount of steady grinding study, of strenuous self-discipline that I maintained throughout my apprenticeship. In many ways I think that time was the most honourable period in my life. I wish I could say with a certain mind that my motives in working so well were large and honourable too. To a certain extent they were so; there was a fine sincere curiosity, a desire for the strength and power of scientific knowledge and a passion for intellectual exercise; but I do not think those forces alone would have kept me at it so grimly and closely if Wimblehurst had not been so dull, so limited and so observant. Directly I came into the London atmosphere, tasting freedom, tasting irresponsibility and the pull of new forces altogether, my discipline fell from me like a garment. Wimblehurst to a youngster in my position offered no temptations worth counting, no interests to conflict with study, no vices—such vices as it offered were coarsely stripped of any imaginative glamour—dull drunkenness, clumsy leering, shameful lust, no social intercourse even to waste one's time, and on the other hand it would minister greatly to the self-esteem of a conspicuously industrious student. One was marked as "clever," one played up to the part, and one's little accomplishment stood out finely in one's private reckoning against the sunlit small ignorance of that agreeable place. One went with an intent rush across the market square, one took one's exercise with as dramatic a sense of an ordered day as an Oxford don, one burnt the midnight oil quite consciously at the rare, respectful, benighted passer-by. And one stood out finely in the local paper with one's unapproachable yearly harvest of certificates. Thus I was not only a genuinely keen student, but also a little of a prig and *poseur* in those days—and the latter kept the former at it, as London made clear. Moreover, Wimblehurst had given me no outlet in any other direction.

But I did not realise all this when I came to London, did not perceive how the change of atmosphere began at once to warp and distribute my energies. In the first place I became invisible. If I idled for a day, no one except my fellow students (who evidently had no awe for me) remarked it. No one saw my midnight taper; no one pointed me out as I crossed the street as an astonishing intellectual phenomenon. In the next place,

I became inconsiderable. In Wimblehurst I felt I stood for Science ; nobody there seemed to have so much as I and to have it so fully and completely. In London I walked ignorant in an immensity, and it was clear that among my fellow students from the midlands and the north I was ill-equipped and under-trained. With the utmost exertion I should only take a secondary position among them. And finally, in the third place, I was distracted by voluminous new interests ; London took hold of me, and Science, which had been the universe, shrank back to the dimensions of tiresome little formulæ compacted in a book. I came to London in late September, and it was a very different London from that great greyly overcast, smoke-stained house-wilderness of my first impressions. I reached it by Victoria and not by Cannon Street, and its centre was now in Exhibition Road. It shone, pale amber, blue-grey and tenderly spacious and fine under clear autumnal skies, a London of hugely hand-some buildings and vistas and distances, a London of gardens and labyrinthine tall museums, of old trees and remote palaces and artificial waters. I lodged near by in West Brompton at a house in a little square.

So London faced me the second time, making me forget altogether for a while the grey, drizzling city visage that had first looked upon me. I settled down and went to and fro to my lectures and laboratory ; in the beginning I worked hard, and only slowly did the curiosity that presently possessed me to know more of this huge urban province arise, the desire to find some-thing beyond mechanism that I could serve, some use other than learning. With this was a growing sense of loneliness, a desire for adventure and intercourse. I found myself in the evenings poring over a map of London I had bought, instead of copying out lecture notes—and on Sundays I made explorations, taking omnibus rides east and west and north and south, and so enlarging and broadening the sense of great swarming hinterlands of humanity with whom I had no dealings, of whom I knew nothing. . . .

The whole illimitable place teemed with suggestions of indefinite and sometimes outrageous possibility, of hidden but magnificent meanings.

It wasn't simply that I received a vast impression of space and multitude and opportunity ; intimate things also were suddenly dragged from neglected, veiled and darkened corners into an acute vividness of perception. Close at hand in the big Art Museum I came for the first time upon the beauty of nudity, which I had hitherto held to be a shameful secret, flaunted and

gloried in ; I was made aware of beauty as not only permissible but desirable and frequent, and of a thousand hitherto unsuspected rich aspects of life. One night in a real rapture, I walked round the upper gallery of the Albert Hall and listened for the first time to great music, I believe now that it was a rendering of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. . . .

My apprehension of spaces and places was reinforced by a quickened apprehension of persons. A constant stream of people passed by me, eyes met and challenged mine and passed—more and more I wanted them to stay—if I went eastward towards Piccadilly, women who seemed then to my boyish inexperience softly splendid and alluring, murmured to me as they passed. Extraordinarily life unveiled. The very hoardings clamoured strangely at one's senses and curiosities. One bought pamphlets and papers full of strange and daring ideas transcending one's boldest ; in the parks one heard men discussing the very existence of God, denying the rights of property, debating a hundred things that one dared not think about in Wimblehurst. And after the ordinary overcast day, after dull mornings, came twilight, and London lit up and became a thing of white and yellow and red jewels of light and wonderful floods of golden illumination and stupendous and unfathomable shadows—and there were no longer any mean or shabby people, but a great mysterious movement of unaccountable beings. . . .

Always I was coming on the queerest new aspects. Late one Saturday night I found myself one of a great slow-moving crowd between the blazing shops and the flaring barrows in the Harrow Road; I got into conversation with two bold-eyed girls, bought them boxes of chocolate, made the acquaintance of father and mother and various younger brothers and sisters, sat in a public-house hilariously with them all, standing and being stood drinks, and left them in the small hours at the door of " home " never to see them again. And once I was accosted on the outskirts of a Salvation Army meeting in one of the parks by a silk-hatted young man of eager and serious discourse, who argued against scepticism with me, invited me home to tea into a clean and cheerful family of brothers and sisters and friends, and there I spent the evening singing hymns to the harmonium (which reminded me of half-forgotten Chatham) and wishing all the sisters were not so obviously engaged. . . .

Then on the remote hill of this boundless city-world, I found Ewart.

§ 3

How well I remember the first morning, a bright Sunday morning in early October, when I raided in upon Ewart! I found my old schoolfellow in bed in a room over an oil-shop in a back street at the foot of Highgate Hill. His landlady, a pleasant dirty young woman with soft brown eyes, brought down his message for me to come up; and up I went. The room presented itself as ample and interesting in detail and shabby with a quite commendable shabbiness. I had an impression of brown walls—they were papered with brown paper—of a long shelf along one side of the room with dusty plaster casts and a small cheap lay figure of a horse, of a table and something of grey wax partially covered with a cloth, and of scattered drawings. There was a gas-stove in one corner and some enamelled ware that had been used for overnight cooking. The oilcloth on the floor was streaked with a peculiar white dust. Ewart himself was not in the first instance visible, but only a fourfold canvas screen at the end of the room from which shouts proceeded of "Come on!" then his wiry black hair, very much rumpled, and a staring red-brown eye and his stump of a nose came round the edge of this at a height of about three feet from the ground. "It's old Ponderevo!" he said, "the Early Bird! And he's caught the worm! By Jove, but it's cold this morning! Come round here and sit on the bed!"

I walked round, wrung his hand, and we surveyed one another.

He was lying on a small wooden fold-up bed, the scanty covering of which was supplemented by an overcoat and an elderly but still cheerful pair of check trousers, and he was wearing pyjamas of a virulent pink and green. His neck seemed longer and more stringy than it had been even in our schooldays, and his upper lip had a wiry black moustache. The rest of his ruddy, knobby countenance, his erratic hair and his general hairy leanness had not even—to my perceptions—grown.

"By Jove!" he said, "you've got quite decent-looking, Ponderevo! What do you think of me?"

"You're all right. What are you doing here?"

"Art, my son—sculpture! And incidentally——" He hesitated. "I ply a trade. Will you hand me that pipe and those smoking things? So! You can't make coffee, eh? Well, try your hand. Cast down this screen—no—fold it up and so we'll go into the other room. I'll keep in bed all the same. The fire's a gas-stove. Yes. Don't make it bang too loud as

you light it—I can't stand it this morning. You won't smoke? . . . Well, it does me good to see you again, Ponderevo. Tell me what you're doing, and how you're getting on."

He directed me in the service of his simple hospitality, and presently I came back to his bed and sat down and smiled at him there, smoking comfortably with his hands under his head, surveying me.

"How's Life's Morning, Ponderevo? By Jove, it must be nearly six years since we met! We've got moustaches. We've fleshed ourselves a bit, eh? And you——?"

I felt a pipe was becoming after all, and that lit, I gave him a favourable sketch of my career.

"Science! And you've worked like that! While I've been potting round doing odd jobs for stonemasons and people, and trying to get to sculpture. I've a sort of feeling that the chisel —— I began with painting, Ponderevo, and found I was colour-blind, colour-blind enough to stop it. I've drawn about and thought about—thought more particularly. I give myself three days a week as an art student, and the rest of the time—I've a sort of trade that keeps me. And we're still in the beginning of things, young men starting. Do you remember the old times at Goudhurst, our doll's-house island, the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, Young Holmes, and the rabbits, eh? It's surprising, if you think of it, to find we are still young. And we used to talk of what we would be, and we used to talk of love! I suppose you know all about that now, Ponderevo."

I flushed and hesitated on some vague foolish lie. "No," I said, a little ashamed of the truth. "Do you? I've been too busy."

"I'm just beginning—just as we were then. Things happen——"

He sucked at his pipe for a space and stared at the plaster cast of a flayed hand that hung on the wall.

"The fact is, Ponderevo, I'm beginning to find life a most extraordinary queer set-out; the things that pull one, the things that don't. The wants—— This business of sex. It's a net. No end to it, no way out of it, no sense in it. There are times when women take possession of me, when my mind is like a painted ceiling at Hampton Court with the pride of the flesh sprawling all over it. *Why?* . . . And then again sometimes when I have to encounter a woman, I am overwhelmed by a terror of tantalising boredom—I fly, I hide, I do anything. You've got your scientific explanations perhaps. What's Nature and the universe up to in that matter?"

"It's her way, I gather, of securing the continuity of the species."

"But it doesn't," said Ewart. "That's just it! No. I have succumbed to—dissipation—down the hill there. Euston Road way. And it was damned ugly and mean, and I hate having done it. And the continuity of the species—lord! . . . And why does Nature make a man so infernally ready for drinks? There's no sense in that anyhow." He had sat up in bed, to put this question with the greater earnestness. "And why has she given me a most violent desire towards sculpture and an equally violent desire to leave off work directly I begin it, eh? . . . Let's have some more coffee. I put it to you, these things puzzle me, Ponderevo. They dishearten me. They keep me in bed."

He had an air of having saved up these difficulties for me for some time. He sat with his chin almost touching his knees, sucking at his pipe.

"That's what I mean," he went on, "when I say life is getting on to me as extraordinary queer. I don't see my game, nor why I was invited. And I don't make anything of the world outside either. What do *you* make of it?"

"London," I began; "it's—so enormous!"

"Isn't it! And it's all up to nothing. You find chaps keeping grocers' shops—why the *devil*, Ponderevo, do they keep grocers' shops? They all do it very carefully, very steadily, very meanly. You find people running about and doing the most remarkable things—being policemen, for example, and burglars. They go about these businesses quite gravely and earnestly. I—somehow—can't go about mine. Is there any sense in it at all—anywhere?"

"There must be sense in it," I said. "We're young."

"We're young—yes. But one must inquire. The grocer's a grocer because, I suppose, he sees he comes in there. Feels that on the whole it amounts to a call. . . . But the bother is I don't see where I come in at all. Do you?"

"Where *you* come in?"

"No, where *you* come in."

"Not exactly, yet," I said. "I want to do some good in the world—something—something effectual, before I die. I have a sort of idea my scientific work—— I don't know."

"Yes," he mused. "And I've got a sort of idea my sculpture—but *how* it is to come in and *why*—I've no idea at all." He hugged his knees for a space. "That's what puzzles me, Ponderevo, no end."

He became animated. "If you will look in that cupboard,"

he said, " you will find an old respectable-looking roll on a plate and a knife somewhere and a gallipot containing butter. You give them me and I'll make my breakfast, and then if you don't mind watching me paddle about at my simple toilet I'll get up. Then we'll go for a walk and talk about this affair of life further. And about Art and Literature and anything else that crops up on the way. . . . Yes, that's the gallipot. Cockroach got in it ? Chuck him out—damned interloper. . . ."

So in the first five minutes of our talk, as I seem to remember it now, old Ewart struck the note that ran through all that morning's intercourse. . . .

To me it was a most memorable talk because it opened out quite new horizons of thought. I'd been working rather close and out of touch with Ewart's free gesticulating way. He was pessimistic that day and sceptical to the very roots of things. He made me feel clearly, what I had not felt at all before, the general adventurousness of life, particularly of life at the stage we had reached, and also the absence of definite objects, of any concerted purpose in the lives that were going on all round us. He made me feel, too, how ready I was to take up commonplace assumptions. Just as I had always imagined that somewhere in social arrangements there was certainly a Headmaster who would intervene if one went too far, so I had always had a sort of implicit belief that in our England there were somewhere people who understood what we were all, as a nation, about. That crumpled into his pit of doubt and vanished. He brought out, sharply cut and certain, the immense effect of purposelessness in London that I was already indistinctly feeling. We found ourselves at last returning through Highgate Cemetery and Waterlow Park—and Ewart was talking.

" Look at it there," he said, stopping and pointing to the great vale of London spreading wide and far. " It's like a sea—and we swim in it. And at last down we go, and then up we come—washed up here." He swung his arm to the long slopes about us, tombs and headstones in long perspectives, in limitless rows. " We're young, Ponderevo, but sooner or later our whitened memories will wash up on one of these beaches, on some such beach as this. George Ponderevo, F.R.S., Sidney Ewart, R.I.P. Look at the rows of 'em ! "

He paused. " Do you see that hand ? The hand, I mean, pointing upward, on the top of a blunted obelisk. Yes. Well, that's what I do for a living—when I'm not thinking, or drinking, or prowling, or making love, or pretending I'm trying to be a sculptor without either the money or the morals for a model.

See ? And I do those hearts afire and those pensive angel guardians with the palm of peace. Damned well I do 'em and damned cheap ! I'm a sweated victim, Ponderevo. . . ."

That was the way of it, anyhow. I drank deep of talk that day, we went into theology, into philosophy ; I had my first glimpse of Socialism. I felt as though I had been silent in a silence since I and he had parted. At the thought of Socialism Ewart's moods changed for a time to a sort of energy. "After all, all this confounded vagueness *might* be altered. If you could get men to work together. . . ."

It was a good talk that rambled through all the universe. I thought I was giving my mind refreshment, but indeed it was dissipation. All sorts of ideas, even now, carry me back as it were to a fountain-head, to Waterlow Park and my resuscitated Ewart. There stretch away south of us long garden slopes and white gravestones and the wide expanse of London, and somewhere in the picture is a red old wall, sun-warmed, and a great blaze of Michaelmas daisies set off with late golden sunflowers and a drift of mottled, blood-red, fallen leaves. It was with me that day as though I had lifted my head suddenly out of dull and immediate things and looked at life altogether. . . . But it played the very devil with the copying up of my arrears of notes to which I had vowed the latter half of that day.

After that reunion Ewart and I met much and talked much, and in our subsequent encounters his monologue was interrupted and I took my share. He had exercised me so greatly that I lay awake at nights thinking him over, and discoursed and answered him in my head as I went in the morning to the College. I am by nature a doer and only by the way a critic ; his philosophical assertion of the incalculable vagueness of life which fitted his natural indolence roused my more irritable and energetic nature to active protests. "It's all so pointless," I said, "because people are slack and because it's in the ebb of an age. But you're a Socialist. Well, let's bring that about ! And there's a purpose. There you are ! "

Ewart gave me all my first conceptions of Socialism ; in a little while I was an enthusiastic Socialist and he was a Passive Resister to the practical exposition of the theories he had taught me. "We must join some organisation," I said. "We ought to do things. . . . We ought to go and speak at street corners. People don't know." You must figure me a rather ill-dressed young man in a state of great earnestness, standing up in that shabby studio of his and saying these things, perhaps with some gesticula-

tions, and Ewart with a clay-smudged face, dressed perhaps in a flannel shirt and trousers, with a pipe in his mouth, squatting philosophically at a table, working at some chunk of clay that never got beyond suggestion.

"I wonder why one doesn't want to," he said. . . .

It was only very slowly I came to gauge Ewart's real position in the scheme of things, to understand how deliberate and complete was this detachment of his from the moral condemnation and responsibilities that played so fine a part in his talk. His was essentially the nature of an artistic appreciator; he could find interest and beauty in endless aspects of things that I marked as evil, or at least as not negotiable; and the impulse I had towards self-deception, to sustained and consistent self-devotion, disturbed and detached and pointless as it was at that time, he had indeed a sort of admiration for but no sympathy. Like many fantastic and ample talkers he was at bottom secretive, and he gave me a series of little shocks of discovery throughout our intercourse. The first of these came in the realisation that he quite seriously meant to do nothing in the world at all towards reforming the evils he laid bare in so easy and dexterous a manner. The next came in the sudden appearance of a person called "Milly"—I've forgotten her surname—whom I found in his room one evening, simply attired in a blue wrap—the rest of her costume behind the screen—smoking cigarettes and sharing a flagon of an amazingly cheap and self-assertive grocer's wine Ewart affected, called "Canary Sack." "Hullo!" said Ewart, as I came in. "This is Milly, you know. She's been being a model—she *is* a model really. . . . (Keep calm, Ponderevo!) Have some sack?"

Milly was a woman of thirty perhaps, with a broad, rather pretty face, a placid disposition, a bad accent and delightful blonde hair that waved off her head with an irrepressible variety of charm; and whenever Ewart spoke she beamed at him. Ewart was always sketching this hair of hers and embarking upon clay statuettes of her that were never finished. She was, I know now, a woman of the streets, whom Ewart had picked up in the most casual manner, and who had fallen in love with him, but my inexperience in those days was too great for me to place her then, and Ewart offered no elucidations. She came to him, he went to her, they took holidays together in the country when certainly she sustained her fair share of their expenditure. I suspect him now even of taking money from her. Odd old Ewart! It was a relationship so alien to my orderly conception of honour, to what I could imagine any friend of mine doing,

that I really hardly saw it with it there under my nose. But I see it and I think I understand it now. . . .

Before I fully grasped the discursive manner in which Ewart was committed to his particular way in life, I did, I say, as the broad constructive ideas of Socialism took hold of me, try to get him to work with me in some definite fashion as a Socialist.

"We ought to join on to other Socialists," I said. "They've got something."

"Let's go and look at some first."

After some pains we discovered the office of the Fabian Society, lurking in a cellar in Clement's Inn; and we went and interviewed a rather discouraging secretary who stood astraddle in front of a fire and questioned us severely and seemed to doubt the integrity of our intentions profoundly. He advised us to attend the next open meeting in Clifford's Inn and gave us the necessary data. We both contrived to get to the affair, and heard a discursive, gritty paper on Trusts and one of the most inconclusive discussions you can imagine. Three-quarters of the speakers seemed under some jocular obsession which took the form of pretending to be conceited. It was a sort of family joke and as strangers to the family we did not like it. . . . As we came out through the narrow passage from Clifford's Inn to the Strand, Ewart suddenly pitched upon a wizened, spectacled little man in a vast felt hat and a large orange tie.

"How many members are there in this Fabian Society of yours?" he asked.

The little man became at once defensive in his manner.

"About seven hundred," he said; "perhaps eight."

"Like—like the ones here?"

The little man gave a nervous self-satisfied laugh. "I suppose they're up to sample," he said.

The little man dropped out of our existence and we emerged upon the Strand. Ewart twisted his arm into a queerly eloquent gesture that gathered up all the tall façades of the banks, the business places, the projecting clock and towers of the Law Courts, the advertisements, the luminous signs, into one social immensity, into a capitalistic system gigantic and invincible.

"These Socialists have no sense of proportion," he said. "What can you expect of them?"

§ 4

Ewart, as the embodiment of talk, was certainly a leading factor in my conspicuous failure to go on studying. Social theory in its first crude form of Democratic Socialism gripped my

intelligence more and more powerfully. I argued in the laboratory with the man who shared my bench until we quarrelled and did not speak. And also I fell in love.

The ferment of sex had been creeping into my being like a slowly advancing tide through all my Wimblehurst days, the stimulus of London was like the rising of a wind out of the sea that brings the waves in fast and high. Ewart had his share in that. More and more acutely and unmistakably did my perception of beauty in form and sound, my desire for adventure, my desire for intercourse, converge on this central and commanding business of the individual life. I had to get me a mate.

I began to fall in love faintly with girls I passed in the street, with women who sat before me in trains, with girl fellow students, with ladies in passing carriages, with loiterers at the corners, with neat-handed waitresses in shops and tea-rooms, with pictures even of girls and women. On my rare visits to the theatre I always became exalted, and found the actresses and even the spectators about me mysterious, attractive, creatures of deep interest and desire. I had a stronger and stronger sense that among these glancing, passing multitudes there was somewhere one who was for me. And in spite of every antagonistic force in the world, there was something in my very marrow that insisted: "Stop! Look at this one! Think of her! Won't she do? This signifies—this before all things signifies! Stop! Why are you hurrying by? This may be the predestined person—before all others."

It is odd that I can't remember when first I saw Marion, who became my wife—whom I was to make wretched, who was to make me wretched, who was to pluck that fine generalised possibility of love out of my early manhood and make it a personal conflict. I became aware of her as one of a number of interesting attractive figures that moved about in my world, that glanced back at my eyes, that flitted by with a kind of averted watchfulness. I would meet her coming through the Art Museum, which was my short cut to the Brompton Road, or see her sitting, reading as I thought, in one of the bays of the Education Library. But really, as I found out afterwards, she never read. She used to come there to eat a bun in quiet. She was a very gracefully moving figure of a girl then, very plainly dressed, with dark brown hair I remember, in a knot low on her neck behind that confessed the pretty roundness of her head and harmonised with the admirable lines of ears and cheek, the grave serenity of mouth and brow.

She stood out among the other girls very distinctly because

they dressed more than she did, struck emphatic notes of colour, startled one by novelties in hats and bows and things. I've always hated the rustle, the disconcerting colour boundaries, the smart unnatural angles of women's clothes. Her plain black dress gave her a starkness . . .

I do remember though, how one afternoon I discovered the peculiar appeal of her form for me. I had been restless with my work and had finally slipped out of the laboratory and come over to the Art Museum to lounge among the pictures. I came upon her in an odd corner of the Sheepshanks gallery intently copying something from a picture that hung high. I had just been in the gallery of casts from the antique, my mind was all alive with my newly awakened sense of line, and there she stood with face upturned, her body drooping forward from the hips just a little—memorably graceful—feminine.

After that I know I sought to see her, felt a distinctive emotion at her presence, began to imagine things about her. I no longer thought of generalised womanhood or of this casual person or that. I thought of her.

An accident brought us together. I found myself one Monday morning in an omnibus staggering westward from Victoria. I was returning from a Sunday I'd spent at Wimblehurst in response to a unique freak of hospitality on the part of Mr. Mantell. She was the sole other inside passenger. And when the time came to pay her fare, she became an extremely scared, disconcerted and fumbling young woman; she had left her purse at home.

Luckily I had some money.

She looked at me with startled, troubled brown eyes; she permitted my proffered payment to the conductor with a certain ungraciousness that seemed a part of her shyness, and then, as she rose to go, she thanked me with an obvious affectation of ease.

"Thank you so much," she said in a pleasant soft voice; and then less gracefully, "Awfully kind of you, you know."

I fancy I made polite noises. But just then I wasn't disposed to be critical. I was full of the sense of her presence, her arm was stretched out over me as she moved past me, the gracious slenderness of her body was near me. The words we used didn't seem very greatly to matter. I had vague ideas of getting out with her—and I didn't.

That encounter, I have no doubt, exercised me enormously. I lay awake at night rehearsing it, and wondering about the next phase of our relationship. That took the form of the return of

my twopence. I was in the Science Library, digging something out of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," when she appeared beside me and placed on the open page an evidently premeditated thin envelope, bulgingly confessing the coins within.

"It was so very kind of you," she said, "the other day. I don't know what I should have done, Mr. ——"

I supplied my name. "I knew," I said, "you were a student here."

"Not exactly a student. I——"

"Well, anyhow, I knew you were here frequently. And I'm a student myself at the Consolidated Technical Schools."

I plunged into autobiography and questionings, and so entangled her in a conversation that got a quality of intimacy through the fact that, out of deference to our fellow readers, we were obliged to speak in undertones. And I have no doubt that in substance it was singularly banal. Indeed I have an impression that all our early conversations were incredibly banal. We met several times in a manner half-accidental, half-furtive and wholly awkward. Mentally I didn't take hold of her. I never did take hold of her mentally. Her talk, I now know all too clearly, was shallow, pretentious, evasive. Only—even to this day—I don't remember it as in any way vulgar. She was, I could see quite clearly, anxious to overstate or conceal her real social status, a little desirous to be taken for a student in the art school and a little ashamed that she wasn't. She came to the museum to "copy things," and this, I gathered, had something to do with some way of partially earning her living that I wasn't to inquire into. I told her things about myself, vain things that I felt might appeal to her, but that I learnt long afterwards made her think me "conceited." We talked of books, but there she was very much on her guard and secretive, and rather more freely of pictures. She "liked" pictures. I think from the outset I appreciated and did not for a moment resent that hers was a commonplace mind, that she was the unconscious custodian of something that had gripped my most intimate instinct, that she embodied the hope of a possibility, was the careless proprietor of a physical quality that had turned my head like strong wine. I felt I had to stick to our acquaintance, flat as it was. Presently we should get through these irrelevant exterior things and come to the reality of love beneath.

I saw her in dreams released, as it were, from herself, beautiful, worshipful, glowing. And sometimes, when we were together, we would come on silences through sheer lack of matter, and then my eyes would feast on her and the silence seemed like the drawing

back of a curtain—her superficial self. Odd, I confess. Odd, particularly, the enormous hold of certain things about her upon me, a certain slight rounded duskiness of skin, a certain perfection of modelling in her lips, her brow, a certain fine flow about the shoulders. She wasn't indeed beautiful to many people—these things are beyond explaining. She had manifest defects of form and feature, and they didn't matter at all. Her complexion was bad, but I don't think it would have mattered if it had been positively unwholesome. I had extraordinarily limited, extraordinarily painful, desires. I longed intolerably to kiss her lips.

§ 5

The affair was immensely serious and commanding to me. I don't remember that in these earlier phases I had any thought of turning back at all. It was clear to me that she regarded me with an eye entirely more critical than I had for her, that she didn't like my scholarly untidiness, my want of even the most commonplace style. "Why do you wear collars like that?" she said, and sent me in pursuit of gentlemanly neckwear. I remember when she invited me a little abruptly one day to come to tea at her home on the following Sunday and meet her father and mother and aunt, that I immediately doubted whether my hitherto unsuspected best clothes would create the impression she desired me to make on her belongings. I put off the encounter until the Sunday after, to get myself in order. I had a morning-coat made and I bought a silk hat, and had my reward in the first glance of admiration she ever gave me. I wonder how many of my sex are as preposterous. I was, you see, abandoning all my beliefs—all my conventions unasked. I was forgetting myself—immensely. And there was a conscious shame in it all. Never a word did I breathe to Ewart—to any living soul—of what was going on.

Her father and mother and aunt struck me as the dismalest of people, and her home in Walham Green was chiefly notable for its black and amber tapestry carpets and curtains and tablecloths, and the age and irrelevance of its books, mostly books with faded gilt on the covers. The windows were fortified against the intrusive eye by cheap lace curtains and an "art pot" upon an unstable octagonal table. Several framed Art School drawings of Marion's, bearing official South Kensington marks of approval, adorned the room, and there was a black and gilt piano with a hymn-book on the top of it. There were draped mirrors over all the mantels, and above the sideboard

in the dining-room in which we sat at tea was a portrait of her father, villainously truthful after the manner of such works. I couldn't see a trace of the beauty I found in her in either parent, yet she somehow contrived to be like them both.

These people pretended in a way that reminded me of the Three Great Women in my mother's room, but they had not nearly so much social knowledge and did not do it nearly so well. Also, I remarked, they did it with an eye on Marion. They had wanted to thank me, they said, for the kindness to their daughter in the matter of the 'bus fare, and so accounted for anything unusual in their invitation. They posed as simple gentlefolk, a little hostile to the rush and gadding-about of London, preferring a secluded and unpretentious quiet.

When Marion got out the white table-cloth from the side-board drawer for tea, a card bearing the word "APARTMENTS" fell to the floor. I picked it up and gave it to her before I realised from her quickened colour that I should not have seen it; that probably it had been removed from the window in honour of my coming.

Her father spoke once in a large remote way of the claims of business engagements, and it was only long afterwards I realised that he was a supernumerary clerk in the Walham Green Gas Works and otherwise a useful man at home. He was a large, loose, fattish man with unintelligent brown eyes magnified by spectacles; he wore an ill-fitting frock-coat and a paper collar, and he showed me, as his great treasure and interest, a large Bible which he had grangerised with photographs of pictures. Also he cultivated the little garden-yard behind the house, and he had a small greenhouse with tomatoes. "I wish I 'ad 'eat," he said. "One can do such a lot with 'eat. But I suppose you can't 'ave everything you want in this world."

Both he and Marion's mother treated her with a deference that struck me as the most natural thing in the world. Her own manner changed, became more authoritative and watchful, her shyness disappeared. She had taken a line of her own, I gathered, draped the mirror, got the second-hand piano, and broken her parents in. Her mother must once have been a pretty woman; she had regular features and Marion's hair without its lustre, but she was thin and careworn. The aunt, Miss Ramboat, was a large, abnormally shy person very like her brother, and I don't recall anything she said on this occasion.

To begin with there was a good deal of tension—Marion was frightfully nervous and every one was under the necessity of behaving in a mysteriously unreal fashion until I plunged,

became talkative and made a certain ease and interest. I told them of the schools, of my lodgings, of Wimblehurst and my apprenticeship days. "There's a lot of this Science about nowadays," Mr. Ramboat reflected; "but I sometimes wonder a bit what good it is?"

I was young enough to be led into what he called "a bit of a discussion," which Marion truncated before our voices became unduly raised. "I dare say," she said, "there's much to be said on both sides."

I remember Marion's mother asked me what church I attended, and that I replied evasively. After tea there was music and we sang hymns. I doubted if I had a voice when this was proposed, but that was held to be a trivial objection, and I found sitting close beside the sweep of hair from Marion's brow had many compensations. I discovered her mother sitting in the horse-hair arm-chair and regarding us sentimentally. I went for a walk with Marion towards Putney Bridge, and then there was more singing and a supper of cold bacon and pie, after which Mr. Ramboat and I smoked. During that walk, I remember, she told me the import of her sketchings and copyings in the museum. A cousin of a friend of hers, whom she spoke of as Smithie, had developed an original business in a sort of tea-gown garment which she called a Persian Robe, a plain sort of wrap with a gaily embroidered yoke, and Marion went there and worked in the busy times. In the times that weren't busy she designed novelties in yokes by an assiduous use of eyes and note-book in the museum, and went home and traced out the captured forms on the foundation material. "I don't get much," said Marion, "but it's interesting, and in the busy times we work all day. Of course the workgirls are dreadfully common, but we don't say much to them. And Smithie talks enough for ten."

I quite understood the workgirls were dreadfully common.

I don't remember that Walham Green *ménage* and the quality of these people, or the light they threw on Marion, detracted in the slightest degree at that time from the intent resolve that held me to make her mine. I didn't like them. But I took them as part of the affair. Indeed, on the whole, I think they threw her up by an effect of contrast; she was so obviously controlling them, so consciously superior to them.

More and more of my time did I give to this passion that possessed me. I began to think chiefly of ways of pleasing Marion, of acts of devotion, of treats, of sumptuous presents for her, of appeals she would understand. If at times she was

manifestly unintelligent, if her ignorance became indisputable, I told myself her simple instincts were worth all the education and intelligence in the world. And to this day I think I wasn't really wrong about her. There was, something extraordinarily fine about her, something simple and high, that flickered in and out of her ignorance and commonness and limitations like the tongue from the mouth of a snake. . . .

One night I was privileged to meet her and bring her home from an entertainment at the Birkbeck Institute. We came back on the underground railway and we travelled first-class—that being the highest class available. We were alone in the carriage, and for the first time I ventured to put my arm about her.

"You mustn't," she said feebly.

"I love you," I whispered suddenly with my heart beating wildly, drew her to me, drew all her beauty to me and kissed her cool and unresisting lips.

"Love me?" she said struggling away from me, "Don't!" and then, as the train ran into a station, "You must tell no one. . . . I don't know. . . . You shouldn't have done that. . . ."

Then two other people got in with us and terminated my wooing for a time.

When we found ourselves alone together, walking towards Battersea, she had decided to be offended. I parted from her unforgiven and terribly distressed.

When we met again, she told me I must never do "that" again.

I had dreamt that to kiss her lips was ultimate satisfaction. But it was indeed only the beginning of desires. I told her my one ambition was to marry her.

"But," she said, "you're not in a position—— What's the good of talking like that?"

I stared at her. "I mean to," I said.

"You can't," she answered. "It will be years——"

"But I love you," I insisted.

I stood not a yard from the sweet lips I had kissed, I stood within arm's-length of the inanimate beauty I desired to quicken, and I saw opening between us a gulf of years, toil, waiting, disappointments and an immense uncertainty.

"I love you," I said. "Don't you love me?"

She looked me in the face with grave irresponsive eyes.

"I don't know," she said. "I *like* you, of course. . . . One has to be sensible. . . ."

I can remember now my sense of frustration by her un-

resilient reply. I should have perceived then that for her my ardour had no quickening fire. But how was I to know? I had let myself come to want her, my imagination endowed her with infinite possibilities. I wanted her and wanted her, stupidly and instinctively. . . .

"But," I said; "Love——!"

"One has to be sensible," she replied. "I like going about with you. Can't we keep as we are?"

§ 6

Well, you begin to understand my breakdown now. I have been copious enough with these apologia. My work got more and more spiritless, my behaviour degenerated, my punctuality declined; I was more and more outclassed in the steady grind by my fellow students. Such supplies of moral energy as I still had at command shaped now in the direction of serving Marion rather than science.

I fell away dreadfully, more and more I shirked and skulked; the humped men from the north, the pale men with thin, clenched minds, the intent, hard-breathing students I found against me, fell at last from keen rivalry to moral contempt. Even a girl got above me upon one of the lists. Then indeed I made it a point of honour to show by my public disregard of every rule that I really did not even pretend to try. . . .

So one day I found myself sitting in a mood of considerable astonishment in Kensington Gardens, reflecting on a recent heated interview with the school Registrar in which I had displayed more spirit than sense. I was astonished chiefly at my stupendous falling away from all the militant ideals of unflinching study I had brought up from Wimblehurst. I had displayed myself, as the Registrar put it, "an unmitigated rotter." My failure to get marks in the written examination had only been equalled by the insufficiency of my practical work.

"I ask you," the Registrar had said, "what will become of you when your scholarship runs out?"

It certainly was an interesting question. What *was* going to become of me?

It was clear there would be nothing for me in the schools as I had once dared to hope; there seemed, indeed, scarcely anything in the world except an ill-paid assistantship in some provincial organised science school or grammar school. I knew that for that sort of work, without a degree or any qualification, one earned hardly a bare living and had little leisure to struggle

up to anything better. If only I had even as little as fifty pounds I might hold out in London and take my B.Sc. degree, and quadruple my chances! My bitterness against my uncle returned at the thought. After all, he had some of my money still, or ought to have. Why shouldn't I act within my rights, threaten to "take proceedings"? I meditated for a space on the idea, and then returned to the Science Library and wrote him a very considerable and occasionally pungent letter.

That letter to my uncle was the nadir of my failure. Its remarkable consequences which ended my student days altogether, I will tell in the next chapter.

I say "my failure." Yet there are times when I can even doubt whether that period was a failure at all, when I become defensively critical of those exacting courses I did not follow, the encyclopædic process of scientific exhaustion from which I was distracted. My mind was not inactive, even if it fed on forbidden food. I did not learn what my professors and demonstrators had resolved I should learn, but I learnt many things. My mind learnt to swing wide and to swing by itself.

After all, those other fellows who took high places in the college examinations and were the professors' model boys haven't done so amazingly. Some are professors themselves, some technical experts; not one can show things done such as I, following my own interest, have achieved. For I have built boats that smack across the water like whip-lashes, no one ever dreamt of such boats until I built them; and I have surprised three secrets, that are more than technical discoveries, in the unexpected hiding-places of Nature. I have come nearer flying than any man has done. Could I have done as much if I had had a turn for obeying those rather mediocre professors at the college who proposed to train my mind? If I had been *trained* in research—that ridiculous contradiction in terms—should I have done more than produce additions to the existing store of little papers with blunted conclusions, of which there are already too many? I see no sense in mock modesty upon this matter. Even by the standards of worldly success I am, by the side of my fellow students, no failure. I had my F.R.S. by the time I was thirty-seven, and if I am not very wealthy, poverty is as far from me as the Spanish Inquisition. Suppose I had stamped down on the head of my wandering curiosity, locked my imagination in a box just when it wanted to grow out to things, worked by So-and-so's excellent method and So-and-so's indications, where should I be now? . . .

I may be all wrong in this. It may be I should be a far more

efficient man than I am if I had cut off all those divergent expenditures of energy, plugged up my curiosity about society with some currently acceptable rubbish or other, abandoned Ewart, evaded Marion instead of pursuing her, concentrated. But I don't believe it!

However, I certainly believed it completely and was filled with remorse on that afternoon when I sat dejectedly in Kensington Gardens and reviewed, in the light of the Registrar's pertinent questions, my first two years in London.

CHAPTER THE SECOND

THE DAWN COMES, AND MY UNCLE APPEARS IN A NEW SILK HAT

§ 1

THROUGHOUT my student days I had not seen my uncle. I refrained from going to him in spite of an occasional regret that in this way I estranged myself from my Aunt Susan, and I maintained a sulky attitude of mind towards him. And I don't think that once in all that time I gave a thought to that mystic word of his that was to alter all the world for us. Yet I had not altogether forgotten it. It was with a touch of memory, dim transient perplexity if no more—why did this thing seem in some way personal?—that I read a new inscription upon the hoardings:

> THE SECRET OF VIGOUR,
> TONO-BUNGAY.

That was all. It was simple and yet in some way arresting. I found myself repeating the word after I had passed, it roused one's attention like the sound of distant guns. "Tono"—what's that? and deep, rich, unhurrying—"*Bun*—gay!"

Then came my uncle's amazing telegram, his answer to my hostile note: "*Come to me at once you are wanted three hundred a year certain tono-bungay.*"

"By Jove!" I cried, "of course!

"It's something——. A patent medicine! I wonder what he wants with me."

In his Napoleonic way my uncle had omitted to give an address. His telegram had been handed in at Farringdon Road,

and after complex meditations I replied to Ponderevo, Farringdon Road, trusting to the rarity of our surname to reach him.

"Where are you?" I asked.

His reply came promptly:

"192A, Raggett Street, E.C."

The next day I took an unsanctioned holiday after the morning's lecture. I discovered my uncle in a wonderfully new silk hat—oh, a splendid hat! with a rolling brim that went beyond the common fashion. It was decidedly too big for him—that was its only fault. It was stuck on the back of his head, and he was in a white waistcoat and shirt-sleeves. He welcomed me with a forgetfulness of my bitter satire and my hostile abstinence that was almost divine. His glasses fell off at the sight of me. His round inexpressive eyes shone brightly. He held out his plump short hand.

"Here we are, George! What did I tell you? Needn't whisper it now, my boy. Shout it—*loud!* Spread it about! Tell every one! Tono—Tono—TONO-BUNGAY!"

Raggett Street, you must understand, was a thoroughfare over which some one had distributed large quantities of cabbage stumps and leaves. It opened out of the upper end of Farringdon Street, and 192A was a shop with the plate-glass front coloured chocolate, on which several of the same bills I had read upon the hoardings had been stuck. The floor was covered by street mud that had been brought in on dirty boots, and three energetic young men of the hooligan type, in neck-wraps and caps, were packing wooden cases with papered-up bootles, amidst much straw and confusion. The counter was littered with these same swathed bottles, of a pattern then novel but now amazingly familiar in the world, the blue paper with the coruscating figure of a genially nude giant, and the printed directions of how under practically all circumstances to take Tono-Bungay. Beyond the counter on one side opened a staircase down which I seem to remember a girl descending with a further consignment of bottles, and the rest of the background was a high partition, also chocolate, with "Temporary Laboratory" inscribed upon it in white letters, and over a door that pierced it, "Office." Here I rapped, inaudible amid much hammering, and then entered unanswered to find my uncle, dressed as I have described, one hand gripping a sheaf of letters, and the other scratching his head as he dictated to one of three toiling typewriter girls. Behind him was a further partition and a door inscribed "ABSOLUTELY PRIVATE—NO ADMISSION," thereon. This partition was of wood painted

the universal chocolate, up to about eight feet from the ground, and then of glass. Through the glass I saw dimly a crowded suggestion of crucibles and glass retorts, and—by Jove !—yes !—the dear old Wimblehurst air-pump still ! It gave me quite a little thrill—that air-pump ! And beside it was the electrical machine—but something—some serious trouble—had happened to that. All these were evidently placed on a shelf just at the level to show.

"Come right into the sanctum," said my uncle, after he had finished something about "esteemed consideration," and whisked me through the door into a room that quite amazingly failed to verify the promise of that apparatus. It was papered with dingy wallpaper that had peeled in places ; it contained a fireplace, an easy-chair with a cushion, a table on which stood two or three big bottles, a number of cigar-boxes on the mantel, a whiskey Tantalus and a row of soda syphons. He shut the door after me carefully.

"Well, here we are !" he said. "Going strong ! Have a whiskey, George ? No !—wise man ! Neither will I ! You see me at it ! At it—hard !"

"Hard at what ?"

"Read it," and he thrust into my hand a label—that label that has now become one of the most familiar objects of the chemist's shop, the greenish blue rather old-fashioned bordering, the legend, the name in good black type, very clear, and the strong man all set about with lightning flashes above the double column of skilful lies in red—the label of Tono-Bungay. "It's afloat," he said, as I stood puzzling at this. "It's afloat. I'm afloat !" And suddenly he burst out singing in that throaty tenor of his—

> "I'm afloat, I'm afloat on the fierce flowing tide,
> The ocean's my home and my bark is my bride!"

"Ripping song that is, George. Not so much a bark as a solution, but still—it does ! Here we are at it ! By-the-by ! Half a mo' ! I've thought of a thing." He whisked out, leaving me to examine this nuclear spot at leisure, while his voice became dictatorial without. The den struck me as in its large grey dirty way quite unprecedented and extraordinary. The bottles were all labelled simply A, B, C, and so forth, and that dear old apparatus above, seen from this side, was even more patently "on the shelf" than when it had been used to impress Wimblehurst. I saw nothing for it but to sit down in the chair and await my uncle's explanations. I remarked a frock-coat with satin lapels behind the door ; there was a dignified umbrella

in the corner and a clothes-brush and a hat-brush stood on a side-table. My uncle returned in five minutes looking at his watch—a gold watch— "Gettin' lunch-time, George," he said. "You'd better come and have lunch with me!"

"How's Aunt Susan?" I asked.

"Exuberant. Never saw her so larky. This has bucked her up something wonderful—all this."

"All what?"

"Tono-Bungay."

"What *is* Tono-Bungay?" I asked.

My uncle hesitated. "Tell you after lunch, George," he said. "Come along!" and having locked up the sanctum after himself, he led the way along a narrow dirty pavement, lined with barrows and swept at times by avalanche-like porters bearing burthens to vans in Farringdon Street. He hailed a passing cab superbly, and the cabman was infinitely respectful. "Schäfer's," he said, and off we went side by side—and with me more and more amazed at all these things—to Schäfer's Hotel, the second of the two big places with huge lace curtain-covered windows, near the corner of Blackfriars Bridge.

I will confess I felt a magic change in our relative proportions as the two colossal, pale-blue-and-red-liveried porters of Schäfer's held open the inner doors for us with a respectful salutation that in some manner they seemed to confine wholly to my uncle. Instead of being about four inches taller, I felt at least the same size as he, and very much slenderer. Still more respectful waiters relieved him of the new hat and the dignified umbrella, and took his orders for our lunch. He gave them with a fine assurance.

He nodded to several of the waiters.

"They know me, George, already," he said. "Point me out. Live place! Eye for coming men!"

The detailed business of the lunch engaged our attention for a while, and then I leant across my plate. "And *now?*" said I.

"It's the secret of vigour. Didn't you read that label?"

"Yes, but——"

"It's selling like hot cakes."

"And what is it?" I pressed.

"Well," said my uncle, and then leant forward and spoke softly under cover of his hand, "It's nothing more or less than . . ."

But here an unfortunate scruple intervenes. After all, Tono-Bungay is still a marketable commodity and in the hands of purchasers, who bought it from—among other vendors—me. No! I am afraid I cannot give it away.)

"You see," said my uncle in a slow confidential whisper, with eyes very wide and a creased forehead, "it's nice because of the" (here he mentioned a flavouring matter and an aromatic spirit), "it's stimulating because of" (here he mentioned two very vivid tonics, one with a marked action on the kidneys). "And the" (here he mentioned two other ingredients) "makes it pretty intoxicating. Cocks their tails. Then there's" (but I touch on the essential secret). "And there you are. I got it out of an old book of recipes—all except the" (here he mentioned the more virulent substance, the one that assails the kidneys), "which is my idea. Modern touch! There you are!"

He reverted to the direction of our lunch.

Presently he was leading the way to the lounge—a sumptuous place in red morocco and yellow glazed crockery, with incredible vistas of settees and sofas and things—and there I found myself grouped with him in two excessively upholstered chairs with an earthenware Moorish table between us bearing coffee and Benedictine, and I was tasting the delights of a tenpenny cigar. My uncle smoked a similar cigar in an habituated manner, and he looked energetic and knowing and luxurious and most unexpectedly a little bounder, round the end of it. It was just a trivial flaw upon our swagger, perhaps, that we both were clear our cigars had to be "mild." He got obliquely across the spaces of his great arm-chair so as to incline confidentially to my ear, he curled up his little legs, and I, in my longer way, adopted a corresponding receptive obliquity. I felt that we should strike an unbiased observer as a couple of very deep and wily and developing and repulsive persons.

"I want to let you into this"—puff—"George," said my uncle round the end of his cigar, "for many reasons."

His voice grew lower and more cunning. He made explanations that to my inexperience did not completely explain. I retain an impression of a long credit and a share with a firm of wholesale chemists, of a credit and a prospective share with some pirate printers, of a third share for a leading magazine and newspaper proprietor.

"I played 'em off one against the other," said my uncle. I took his point in an instant. He had gone to each of them in turn and said the others had come in.

"I put up four hundred pounds," said my uncle, "myself and my all. And you know——"

He assumed a brisk confidence. "I hadn't five hundred pence. At least——"

For a moment he really was just a little embarrassed. "I *did*," he said, "produce capital. You see, there was that trust affair of yours—I ought, I suppose—in strict legality—to have put that straight first. Zzzz. . . .

"It was a bold thing to do," said my uncle, shifting the venue from the region of honour to the region of courage. And then with a characteristic outburst of piety, "Thank God it's all come right!

"And now, I suppose, you ask where do *you* come in? Well, fact is I've always believed in you, George. You've got—it's a sort of dismal grit. Bark your shins, rouse you, and you'll go! You'd rush any position you had a mind to rush. I know a bit about character, George—trust me. You've got——" He clenched his hands and thrust them out suddenly, and at the same time said, with explosive violence, "Wooosh! Yes. You have! The way you put away that Latin at Wimblehurst; I've never forgotten it. Wo-oo-oo-osh! Your science and all that! Wo-oo-oo-osh! I know my limitations. There's things I can do, and" (he spoke in a whisper, as though this was the first hint of his life's secret) "there's things I can't. Well, I can create this business, but I can't make it go. I'm too voluminous—I'm a boiler-over, not a simmering stick-at-it. *You* keep on *hotting up and hotting up.* Papin's digester. That's you, steady and long and piling up—then, wo-oo-oo-oo-osh. Come in and stiffen these niggers. Teach them that wo-oo-oo-osh. There you are! That's what I'm after. You! Nobody else believes you're more than a boy. Come right in with me and be a man. Eh, George? Think of the fun of it—a thing on the go—a Real Live Thing! Wooshing it up! Making it buzz and spin! Whoo-oo-oo." He made alluring expanding circles in the air with his hand. "Eh?"

His proposal, sinking to confidential undertones again, took more definite shape. I was to give all my time and energy to developing and organising. "You shan't write a single advertisement or give a single assurance," he declared. "I can do all that." And the telegram was no flourish; I was to have three hundred a year. Three hundred a year. ("That's nothing," said my uncle, "the thing to freeze on to, when the time comes, is your tenth of the vendor's share.")

Three hundred a year certain, anyhow! It was an enormous income to me. For a moment I was altogether staggered. Could there be that much money in the whole concern? I looked about me at the sumptuous furniture of Schäfer's Hotel. No doubt there were many such incomes.

My head was spinning with unwonted Benedictine and Burgundy.

"Let me go back and look at the game again," I said. "Let me see upstairs and round about."

I did.

"What do you think of it all?" my uncle asked at last.

"Well, for one thing," I said, "why don't you have those girls working in a decently ventilated room? Apart from any other consideration, they'd work twice as briskly. And they ought to cover the corks before labelling round the bottle——"

"Why?" said my uncle.

"Because—they sometimes make a mucker of the cork job. and then the label's wasted."

"Come and change it, George," said my uncle, with sudden fervour. "Come here and make a machine of it. You can. Make it all slick, and then make it woosh. I know you can. Oh! I know you can."

§ 2

I seem to remember very quick changes of mind after that lunch. The muzzy exaltation of the unaccustomed stimulants gave way very rapidly to a mood of pellucid and impartial clairvoyance which is one of my habitual mental states. It is intermittent; it leaves me for weeks together, I know, but back it comes at last like justice on circuit, and calls up all my impressions, all my illusions, all my wilful and passionate proceedings. We came downstairs again into that inner room which pretended to be a scientific laboratory through its high glass lights, and indeed was a lurking-place. My uncle pressed a cigarette on me, and I took it and stood before the empty fireplace while he propped his umbrella in the corner, deposited the new silk hat that was a little too big for him on the table, blew copiously and produced a second cigar.

It came into my head that he had shrunken very much in size since the Wimblehurst days, that the cannon-ball he had swallowed was rather more evident and shameless than it had been, his skin less fresh and the nose between his glasses, which still didn't quite fit, much redder. And just then he seemed much laxer in his muscles and not quite as alertly quick in his movements. But he evidently wasn't aware of the degenerative nature of his changes as he sat there, looking suddenly quite little under my eyes.

"Well, George!" he said, quite happily unconscious of my silent criticism, "what do you think of it all?"

"Well," I said; "in the first place—it's a damned swindle!"

"Tut! tut!" said my uncle. "It's as straight as—— It's fair trading!"

"So much the worse for trading," I said.

"It's the sort of thing everybody does. After all, there's no harm in the stuff—and it may do good. It might do a lot of good—giving people confidence, f'rinstance, against an epidemic. See? Why not? I don't see where your swindle comes in."

"H'm," I said. "It's a thing you either see or don't see."

"I'd like to know what sort of trading isn't a swindle in its way. Everybody who does a large advertised trade is selling something common on the strength of saying it's uncommon. Look at Chickson—they made him a baronet. Look at Lord Radmore, who did it on lying about the alkali in soap! Rippin' ads those were of his too!"

"You don't mean to say you think doing this stuff up in bottles and swearing it's the quintessence of strength and making poor devils buy it at that, is straight?"

"Why not, George? How do we know it mayn't be the quintessence to them so far as they're concerned?"

"Oh!" I said, and shrugged my shoulders.

"There's Faith. You put Faith in 'em. . . . I grant our labels are a bit emphatic. Christian Science, really. No good setting people against the medicine. Tell me a solitary trade nowadays that hasn't to be—emphatic. It's the modern way! Everybody understands it—everybody allows for it."

"But the world would be no worse and rather better if all this stuff of yours was run down a conduit into the Thames."

"Don't see that, George, at all. 'Mong other things, all our people would be out of work. Unemployed! I grant you Tono-Bungay *may* be—not *quite* so good a find for the world as Peruvian bark, but the point is, George—it *makes trade!* And the world lives on trade. Commerce! A romantic exchange of commodities and property. Romance. 'Magination. See? You must look at these things in a broad light. Look at the wood—and forget the trees! And hang it, George! we got to do these things! There's no way unless you do. What do *you* mean to do—anyhow?"

"There's ways of living," I said, "without either fraud or lying."

"You're a bit stiff, George. There's no fraud in this affair, I'll bet my hat! But what do you propose to do? Go as

chemist to some one who *is* running a business, and draw a salary without a share like I offer you? Much sense in that! It comes out of the swindle—as you call it—just the same."

"Some businesses are straight and quiet, anyhow; supply a sound article that is really needed, don't shout advertisements."

"No, George. There you're behind the times. The last of that sort was sold up 'bout five years ago."

"Well, there's scientific research."

"And who pays for that? Who put up that big City and Guilds place at South Kensington? Enterprising business men! They fancy they'll have a bit of science going on, they want a handy Expert ever and again, and there you are! And what do you get for research when you've done it? Just a bare living, and no outlook. They just keep you to make discoveries, and if they fancy they'll use 'em, they do."

"One can teach."

"How much a year, George? How much a year? I suppose you must respect Carlyle! Well—you take Carlyle's test—solvency. (Lord! what a book that French Revolution of his is!) See what the world pays teachers and discoverers, and what it pays business men! That shows the ones it really wants. There's a justice in these big things, George, over and above the apparent injustice. I tell you it wants trade. It's Trade that makes the world go round! Argosies! Venice! Empire!"

My uncle suddenly rose to his feet.

"You think it over, George. You think it over! And come up on Sunday to the new place—we got rooms in Gower Street now—and see your aunt. She's often asked for you, George—often and often, and thrown it up at me about the bit of property—though I've always said and always will, that twenty-five shillings in the pound is what I'll pay you and interest up to the nail. And think it over. It isn't me I ask you to help. It's yourself. It's your Aunt Susan. It's the whole concern. It's the commerce of your country. And we want you badly. I tell you straight, I know my limitations. You could take this place, you could make it go! I can see you at it—looking rather sour. Woosh is the word, George."

And he smiled endearingly.

"I got to dictate a letter," he said, ending the smile and vanished into the outer room.

§ 3

I didn't succumb without a struggle to my uncle's allurements. Indeed, I held out for a week while I contemplated life and my prospects. It was a crowded and muddled contemplation. It invaded even my sleep.

My interview with the Registrar, my talk with my uncle, my abrupt discovery of the hopeless futility of my passion for Marion, had combined to bring me to a sense of crisis. What was I going to do with life ? "

I remember certain phases of my indecisions very well.

I remember going home from our talk. I went down Farringdon Street to the Embankment because I thought to go home by Holborn and Oxford Street would be too crowded for thinking. . . . That piece of Embankment from Blackfriars to Westminster still reminds me of that momentous hesitation.

You know, from first to last, I saw the business with my eyes open, I saw its ethical and moral values quite clearly. Never for a moment do I remember myself faltering from my persuasion that the sale of Tono-Bungay was a thoroughly dishonest proceeding. The stuff was, I perceived, a mischievous trash, slightly stimulating, aromatic and attractive, likely to become a bad habit and train people in the habitual use of stronger tonics and insidiously dangerous to people with defective kidneys. It would cost about sevenpence the large bottle to make, including bottling, and we were to sell it at half a crown *plus* the cost of the patent medicine stamp. A thing that I will confess deterred me from the outset far more than the sense of dishonesty in this affair was the supreme silliness of the whole concern. I still clung to the idea that the world of men was or should be a sane and just organisation, and the idea that I should set myself gravely, just at the fine springtime of my life, to developing a monstrous bottling and packing warehouse, bottling rubbish for the consumption of foolish, credulous and depressed people, had in it a touch of insanity. My early beliefs still clung to me. I felt assured that somewhere there must be a hitch in the fine prospect of ease and wealth under such conditions ; that somewhere, a little overgrown perhaps, but still traceable, lay a neglected, wasted path of use and honour for me.

My inclination to refuse the whole thing increased rather than diminished at first as I went along the Embankment. In my uncle's presence there had been a sort of glamour that had prevented an outright refusal. It was a revival of affection for

him I felt in his presence I think, in part, and in part an instinctive feeling that I must consider him as my host. But much more was it a curious persuasion he had the knack of inspiring—a persuasion not so much of his integrity and capacity as of the reciprocal and yielding foolishness of the world. One felt that he was silly and wild, but in some way silly and wild after the fashion of the universe. After all, one must live somehow. I astonished him and myself by temporising.

"No," said I, "I'll think it over!"

And as I went along the Embankment, the first effect was all against my uncle. He shrank—for a little while he continued to shrink—in perspective until he was only a very small shabby little man in a dirty back street, sending off a few hundred bottles of rubbish to foolish buyers. The great buildings on the right of us, the Inns and the School Board place—as it was then—Somerset House, the big hotels, the great bridges, Westminster's outlines ahead, had an effect of grey largeness that reduced him to the proportions of a busy blackbeetle in a crack in the floor.

And then my eye caught the advertisements on the south side of "Sorber's Food," of "Cracknell's Ferric Wine," very bright and prosperous signs, illuminated at night, and I realised how astonishingly they looked at home there, how evidently part they were in the whole thing.

I saw a man come charging out of Palace Yard—the policeman touched his helmet to him—with a hat and a bearing astonishingly like my uncle's. After all—didn't Cracknell himself sit in the House? . . .

Tono-Bungay shouted at me from a hoarding near Adelphi Terrace, I saw it afar off near Carfax Street, it cried out again upon me in Kensington High Street and burst into a perfect clamour, six or seven times I saw it as I drew near my diggings. It certainly had an air of being something more than a dream. . . .

Yes, I thought it over—thoroughly enough. . . . Trade rules the world. Wealth rather than trade! The thing was true, and true too was my uncle's proposition that the quickest way to get wealth is to sell the cheapest thing possible in the dearest bottle. He was frightfully right after all. *Pecunia non olet*—a Roman emperor said that. Perhaps my great heroes in Plutarch were no more than such men, fine now only because they are distant; perhaps after all this Socialism to which I had been drawn was only a foolish dream, only the more foolish because all its promises were conditionally true. Morris and

these others played with it wittingly ; it gave a zest, a touch of substance to their æsthetic pleasures. Never would there be good faith enough to bring such things about. They knew it ; every one except a few young fools knew it. As I crossed the corner of St. James's Park wrapped in thought, I dodged back just in time to escape a prancing pair of greys. A stout, common-looking woman, very magnificently dressed, regarded me from the carriage with a scornful eye. " No doubt," thought I, " a pill-vendor's wife. . . ."

Running through all my thoughts, surging out like a refrain, was my uncle's master-stroke, his admirable touch of praise : " Make it all slick—and then make it Woosh. I know you can ! Oh ! I *know* you can ! "

§ 4

Ewart as a moral influence was unsatisfactory. I had made up my mind to put the whole thing before him, partly to see how he took it, and partly to hear how it sounded when it was said. I asked him to come and eat with me in an Italian place near Panton Street where one could get a curious, interesting, glutting sort of dinner for eighteen-pence. He came with a disconcerting black eye that he wouldn't explain. " Not so much a black eye," he said, " as the aftermath of a purple patch. . . . What's your difficulty ? "

" I'll tell you with the salad," I said.

But as a matter of fact I didn't tell him. I threw out that I was doubtful whether I ought to go into trade or stick to teaching in view of my deepening Socialist proclivities ; and he, warming with the unaccustomed generosity of a sixteen-penny Chianti, ran on from that without any further inquiry as to my trouble.

His utterances roved wide and loose.

" The reality of life, my dear Ponderevo," I remember him saying very impressively, and punctuating with the nut-crackers as he spoke, " is Chromatic Conflict . . . and Form. Get hold of that, and let all these other questions go. The Socialist will tell you one sort of colour and shape is right, the Individualist another. What does it all amount to ? What *does* it all amount to ? *Nothing !* I have no advice to give any one, none—except to avoid regrets. Be yourself—seek after such beautiful things as your own sense determines to be beautiful. And don't mind the headache in the morning. . . . For what, after all, *is* a morning, Ponderevo ? It isn't like the upper part of a day ! "

He paused impressively.

"What Rot!" I cried, after a confused attempt to apprehend him.

"Isn't it! And it's my bedrock wisdom in the matter! Take it or leave it, my dear George; take it or leave it. . . ." He put down the nut-crackers out of my reach and lugged a greasy-looking note-book from his pocket. "I'm going to steal this mustard-pot," he said.

I made noises of remonstrance.

"Only as a matter of design. I've got to do an old beast's tomb. Wholesale grocer. I'll put it on his corners—four mustard-pots. I dare say he'd be glad of a mustard-plaster now to cool him, poor devil, where he is. But anyhow—here goes!"

§ 5

It came to me in the small hours that the real moral touchstone for this great doubting of mind was Marion. I lay composing statements of my problem and imagined myself delivering them to her—and she, goddess-like and beautiful, giving her fine, simply worded judgment.

"You see, it's just to give oneself over to the Capitalistic System," I imagined myself saying in good Socialist jargon; "it's surrendering all one's beliefs. We *may* succeed, we *may* grow rich, but where would the satisfaction be?"

Then she would say, "No! That wouldn't be right."

"But the alternative is to wait!"

Then suddenly she would become a goddess. She would turn upon me frankly and nobly, with shining eyes, with arms held out. "No," she would say, "we love one another. Nothing ignoble shall ever touch us. We love one another. Why wait to tell each other that, dear? What does it matter that we are poor and may keep poor? . . ."

But indeed the conversation didn't go at all in that direction. At the sight of her my nocturnal eloquence became preposterous and all the moral values altered altogether. I had waited for her outside the door of the Persian robe establishment in Kensington High Street and walked home with her thence. I remember how she emerged into the warm evening light and that she wore a brown straw hat that made her, for once, not only beautiful but pretty.

"I like that hat," I said by way of opening; and she smiled her rare delightful smile at me.

"I love you," I said in an undertone, as we jostled closer on the pavement.

She shook her head forbiddingly, but still smiled. Then—

"Be sensible!"

The High Street pavement is too narrow and crowded for conversation and we were some way westward before we spoke again.

"Look here," I said; "I want you, Marion. Don't you understand? I want you."

"Now!" she cried warningly.

I do not know if the reader will understand how a passionate love, an immense admiration and desire, can be shot with a gleam of positive hatred. Such a gleam there was in me at the serene self-complacency of that "*Now!*" It vanished almost before I felt it. I found no warning in it of the antagonisms latent between us.

"Marion," I said, "this isn't a trifling matter to me. I love you. I would die to get you. . . . Don't you care?"

"But what is the good?"

"You don't care," I cried. "You don't care a rap!"

"You know I care," she answered. "If I didn't—if I didn't like you very much, should I let you come and meet me—go about with you?"

"Well then," I said, "promise to marry me!"

"If I do, what difference will it make?"

We were separated by two men carrying a ladder who drove between us unawares.

"Marion," I said when we got together again. "I tell you I want you to marry me."

"We can't."

"Why not?"

"We can't marry—in the street."

"We could take our chance!"

"I wish you wouldn't go on talking like this. What *is* the good?"

She suddenly gave way to gloom. "It's no good marrying," she said. "One's only miserable. I've seen other girls. When one's alone one has a little pocket-money anyhow, one can go about a little. But think of being married, and no money, and perhaps children—you can't be sure. . . ."

She poured out this concentrated philosophy of her class and type in jerky uncompleted sentences, with knitted brows, with discontented eyes towards the westward glow—forgetful, it seemed, for a moment even of me.

"Look here, Marion," I said abruptly, "what would you marry on?"

"What *is* the good?" she began.

"Would you marry on three hundred a year?"

She looked at me for a moment. "That's six pounds a week, she said. "One could manage on that easily. Smithie's brother—— No, he only gets two hundred and fifty. He married a typewriting girl."

"Will you marry me if I get three hundred a year?"

She looked at me again, with a curious gleam of hope.

"*If!*" she said.

I held out my hand and looked her in the eyes. "It's a bargain," I said.

She hesitated and touched my hand for an instant. "It's silly," she remarked as she did so. "It means really we're——" She paused.

"Yes?" said I.

"Engaged. You'll have to wait years. What good can it do you?"

"Not so many years," I answered.

For a moment she brooded.

Then she glanced at me with a smile, half-sweet, half-wistful, that has stuck in my memory for ever.

"I like you," she said. "I shall like to be engaged to you."

And, faint on the threshold of hearing, I caught her ventured "dear!" It's odd that in writing this down my memory passes over all that intervened and I feel it all again, and once again I am Marion's boyish lover taking great joy in such rare and little things.

§ 6

At last I went to the address my uncle had given me in Gower Street, and found my Aunt Susan waiting tea for him.

Directly I came into the room I appreciated the change in outlook that the achievement of Tono-Bungay had made almost as vividly as when I saw my uncle's new hat. The furniture of the room struck upon my eye as almost stately. The chairs and sofa were covered with chintz which gave it a dim remote flavour of Bladesover; the mantel, the cornice, the gas-pendant were larger and finer than the sort of thing I had grown accustomed to in London. And I was shown in by a real housemaid with real tails to her cap, and great quantities of reddish hair. There was my aunt too, looking bright and pretty, in a blue-patterned tea-wrap with bows that seemed to me the quintessence of fashion. She was sitting in a chair by the open

window, with quite a pile of yellow-labelled books on the occasional table beside her. Before the large, paper-decorated fireplace stood a three-tiered cake-stand displaying assorted cakes, and a tray, with all the tea equipage except the teapot, was on the large central table. The carpet was thick, and a spice of adventure was given it by a number of dyed sheep-skin mats.

"Hel-*lo!*" said my aunt as I appeared. "It's George!"

"Shall I serve the tea now, mem?" said the real housemaid, surveying our greetings coldly.

"Not till Mr. Ponderevo comes, Meggie," said my aunt, and grimaced with extraordinary swiftness and virulence as the housemaid turned her back.

"Meggie, she calls herself," said my aunt, as the door closed, and left me to infer a certain want of sympathy.

"You're looking very jolly, aunt," said I.

"What do you think of all this old Business he's got?" asked my aunt.

"Seems a promising thing," I said.

"I suppose there is a business somewhere?"

"Haven't you seen it?"

"'Fraid I'd say something *at* it, George, if I did. So he won't let me. It came on quite suddenly. Brooding he was and writing letters and sizzling something awful—like a chestnut going to pop. Then he come home one day saying Tono-Bungay till I thought he was clean off his onion, and singing—what was it?"

"'I'm afloat, I'm afloat,'" I guessed.

"The very thing. You've heard him. And saying our fortunes were made. Took me out to the Ho'born Restaurant, George—dinner, and we had champagne, stuff that blows up the back of your nose and makes you go *So*, and he said at last he'd got things worthy of me—and we moved here next day. It's a swell house, George. Three pounds a week for the rooms. And he says the Business'll stand it."

She looked at me doubtfully.

"Either do that or smash," I said profoundly.

We discussed the question for a moment mutely with our eyes. My aunt slapped the pile of books from Mudie's.

"I've been having such a Go of reading, George. You never did!"

"What do you think of the business?" I asked.

"Well, they've let him have money," she said, and thought and raised her eyebrows.

"It's been a time," she went on. "The flapping about! Me sidding doing nothing and him on the go like a rocket. He's done wonders. But he wants you, George—he wants you. Sometimes he's full of hope—talks of when we're going to have a carriage and be in society—makes it seem so natural and topsy-turvy, I hardly know whether my old heels aren't up here listening to him, and my old head on the floor. . . . Then he gets depressed. Says he wants restraint. Says he can make a splash but can't keep on. Says if you don't come in, everything will smash—— But you *are* coming in?"

She paused and looked at me.

"Well——"

"You don't say you won't come in!"

"But look here, aunt," I said, "do you understand quite? . . . It's a quack medicine. It's trash."

"There's no law against selling quack medicine that I know of," said my aunt. She thought for a minute and became unusually grave. "It's our only chance, George," she said. "If it doesn't go . . ."

There came the slamming of a door, and a loud bellowing from the next apartment through the folding-doors. "Here—er Shee *Rulk* lies *Poo* Tom Bo—oling."

"Silly old Concertina! Hark at him, George!" She raised her voice. "Don't sing that, you old Walrus you! Sing 'I'm afloat!'"

One leaf of the folding-doors opened and my uncle appeared.

"Hullo, George! Come along at last? Gossome tea-cake, Susan?

"Thought it over, George?" he said abruptly.

"Yes," said I.

"Coming in?"

I paused for a last moment, and nodded yes.

"Ah!" he cried. "Why couldn't you say that a weke ago?"

"I've had false ideas about the world," I said. . . . "Oh! they don't matter now! Yes, I'll come, I'll take my chance with you, I won't hesitate again."

And I didn't. I stuck to that resolution for seven long years.

CHAPTER THE THIRD

HOW WE MADE TONO-BUNGAY HUM

§ I

So I made my peace with my uncle and we set out upon this bright enterprise of selling slightly injurious rubbish at one-and-three-halfpence and two-and-nine a bottle, including the Government stamp. We made Tono-Bungay hum! It brought us wealth, influence, respect, the confidence of endless people. All that my uncle promised me proved truth and understatement; Tono-Bungay carried me to freedoms and powers that no life of scientific research, no passionate service of humanity could ever have given me. . . .

It was my uncle's genius that did it. No doubt he needed me—I was, I will admit, his indispensable right hand; but his was the brain to conceive. He wrote every advertisement; some of them even he sketched. You must remember that his were the days before the *Times* took to enterprise and the vociferous hawking of that antiquated Encyclopædia. That alluring, button-holeing, let-me-just-tell-you-quite-soberly-something-you-ought-to-know style of newspaper advertisement, with every now and then a convulsive jump of some attractive phrase into capitals, was then almost a novelty. "Many people who are MODERATELY well think they are QUITE well," was one of his early efforts. The jerks in capitals were, "DO NOT NEED DRUGS OR MEDICINE," and "SIMPLY A PROPER REGIMEN TO GET YOU IN TONE." One was warned against the chemist or druggist who pushed "much advertised nostrums" on one's attention. That trash did more harm than good. The thing needed was regimen—and Tono-Bungay!

Very early, too, was that bright little quarter column, at least it was usually a quarter column, in the evening papers; "HILARITY—TONO-BUNGAY. Like Mountain Air in the Veins." The penetrating trio of questions: "Are you bored with your Business? Are you bored with your Dinner? Are you bored with your Wife?"—that too was in our Gower Street days. Both these we had in our first campaign when we worked London south, central, and west; and then, too, we had our first poster—the HEALTH, BEAUTY AND STRENGTH one. That was his design. The second one is about eighteen months later, the germ of the well-known "Fog" poster; the third was designed for an influenza epidemic, but never issued.

These things were only incidentally in my department. I

had to polish them up for the artist and arrange the business of printing and distribution, and after my uncle had had a violent and needless quarrel with the advertisement manager of the *Daily Regulator* about the amount of display given to one of his happy thoughts, I also took up the negotiation of advertisements for the press.

We discussed and worked out distribution together—first in the drawing-room floor in Gower Street with my aunt sometimes helping very shrewdly, and then, with a steadily improving type of cigar and older and older whiskey, in his snuggery at their first house, the one in Beckenham. Often we worked far into the night—sometimes until dawn at that.

We really worked infernally hard, and, I recall, we worked with a very decided enthusiasm, not simply on my uncle's part but mine. It was a game, an absurd but absurdly interesting game, and the points were scored in cases of bottles. People think a happy notion is enough to make a man rich, that fortunes can be made without toil. It's a dream, as every millionaire (except one or two lucky gamblers) can testify ; I doubt if J. D. Rockefeller, in the early days of Standard Oil, worked harder than we did. We worked far into the night—and we also worked all day. We made a rule to be always dropping in at the factory unannounced to keep things right—for at first we could afford no properly responsible underlings—and we travelled London, pretending to be our own representatives and making all sorts of special arrangements.

But none of this was my special work, and as soon as we could get other men in, I dropped the travelling, though my uncle found it particularly interesting and kept it up for years. "Does me good, George, to see the chaps behind their counters like I was once," he explained. My special and distinctive duty was to give Tono-Bungay substance and an outward and visible bottle, to translate my uncle's great imaginings into the creation of case after case of labelled bottles of nonsense, and the punctual discharge of them by railway, road and steamer towards their ultimate goal in the Great Stomach of the People. By all modern standards the business was, as my uncle would say, "absolutely *bonâ fide*." We sold our stuff and got the money, and spent the money honestly in lies and clamour to sell more stuff. Section by section we spread it over the whole of the British Isles ; first working the middle-class London suburbs, then the outer suburbs, then the home counties, then going (with new bills and a more pious style of "ad") into Wales, a great field always for a new patent-medicine, and then into

Lancashire. My uncle had in his inner office a big map of England, and as we took up fresh sections of the local press and our consignments invaded new areas, flags for advertisements and pink underlines for orders showed our progress.

"The romance of modern commerce, George!" my uncle would say, rubbing his hands together and drawing in air through his teeth. "The romance of modern commerce, eh? Conquest. Province by province. Like sogers."

We subjugated England and Wales; we rolled over the Cheviots with a special adaptation containing eleven per cent. of absolute alcohol: "Tono-Bungay. Thistle Brand." We also had the Fog poster adapted to a kilted Briton in a misty Highland scene.

Under the shadow of our great leading line we were presently taking subsidiary specialities into action; "Tono-Bungay Hair Stimulant" was our first supplement. Then came "Concentrated Tono-Bungay" for the eyes. That didn't go, but we had a considerable success with the Hair Stimulant. We broached the subject, I remember, in a little catechism beginning: "Why does the hair fall out? Because the follicles are fagged. What are the follicles? . . ." So it went on to the climax that the Hair Stimulant contained all "The essential principles of that most reviving tonic, Tono-Bungay, together with an emollient and nutritious oil derived from crude Neat's Foot Oil by a process of refinement, separation and deodorisation. . . . It will be manifest to any one of scientific attainments that in Neat's Foot Oil derived from the hoofs and horns of beasts, we must necessarily have a *natural* skin and hair lubricant."

And we also did admirable things with our next subsidiaries, "Tono-Bungay Lozenges," and "Tono-Bungay Chocolate." These we urged upon the public for their extraordinary nutritive and recuperative value in cases of fatigue and strain. We gave them posters and illustrated advertisements showing climbers hanging from marvellously vertical cliffs, cyclist champions upon the track, mounted messengers engaged in Aix-to-Ghent rides, soldiers lying out in action under a hot sun. "You can GO for twenty-four hours," we declared, "on Tono-Bungay Chocolate." We didn't say whether you could return on the same commodity. We also showed a dreadfully barristerish barrister, wig, side-whiskers, teeth, a horribly life-like portrait of all existing barristers, talking at a table, and beneath, this legend: "A Four Hours' Speech on Tono-Bungay Lozenges, and as fresh as when he began." That brought in regiments of school-teachers, revivalist ministers, politicians and the like.

I really do believe there was an element of "kick" in the strychnine in these lozenges, especially in those made according to our earlier formula. For we altered all our formulæ—invariably weakening them enormously as sales got ahead.

In a little while—so it seems to me now—we were employing travellers and opening up Great Britain at the rate of a hundred square miles a day. All the organisation throughout was sketched in a crude, entangled, half-inspired fashion by my uncle, and all of it had to be worked out into a practicable scheme of quantities and expenditure by me. We had a lot of trouble finding our travellers ; in the end at least half of them were Irish-Americans, a wonderful breed for selling medicine. We had still more trouble over our factory manager, because of the secrets of the inner room, and in the end we got a very capable woman, Mrs. Hampton Diggs, who had formerly managed a large millinery workroom, whom we could trust to keep everything in good working order without finding out anything that wasn't put exactly under her loyal and energetic nose. She conceived a high opinion of Tono-Bungay and took it in all forms and large quantities so long as I knew her. It didn't seem to do her any harm. And she kept the girls going quite wonderfully.

My uncle's last addition to the Tono-Bungay group was the "Tono-Bungay Mouthwash." The reader has probably read a hundred times that inspiring inquiry of his, "You are Young Yet, but are you Sure Nothing has Aged your Gums ?"

And after that we took over the agency for three or four good American lines that worked in with our own, and could be handled with it : "Texan Embrocation" and "23—to clear the system" were the chief. . . .

I set down these bare facts. To me they are all linked with the figure of my uncle. In some of the old seventeenth- and early eighteenth-century prayer-books at Bladesover there used to be illustrations with long scrolls coming out of the mouths of the wood-cut figures. I wish I could write all this last chapter on a scroll coming out of the head of my uncle, show it all the time as unfolding and pouring out from a short, fattening, small-legged man with stiff-cropped hair, disobedient glasses on a perky little nose, and a round stare behind them. I wish I could show you him breathing hard and a little through his nose as his pen scrabbled out some absurd inspiration for a poster or a picture page, and make you hear his voice, charged with solemn import like the voice of a squeaky prophet, saying, "George ! list'n ! I got an ideer. I got a notion, George !"

I should put myself into the same picture. The best setting

for us, I think, would be the Beckenham snuggery, because there we worked hardest. It would be the lamplit room of the early nineties, and the clock upon the mantel would indicate midnight or later. We would be sitting on either side of the fire, I with a pipe, my uncle with cigar or cigarette. There would be glasses standing inside the brass fender. Our expressions would be very grave. My uncle used to sit right back in his arm-chair; his toes always turned in when he was sitting down and his legs had a way of looking curved, as though they hadn't bones or joints but were stuffed with sawdust.

"George, whad'yer think of T.-B. for sea-sickness?" he would say.

"No good that I can imagine."

"Oom! No harm *trying*, George. We can but try."

I would suck my pipe. "Hard to get at. Unless we sold our stuff specially at the docks. Might do a special at Cook's office, or in the Continental Bradshaw."

"It 'ud give 'em confidence, George."

He would Zzzz, with his glasses reflecting the red of the glowing coals.

"No good hiding our light under a Bushel," he would remark. . . .

I never really determined whether my uncle regarded Tono-Bungay as a fraud, or whether he didn't come to believe in it in a kind of way by the mere reiteration of his own assertions. I think that his average attitude was one of kindly, almost parental, toleration. I remember saying on one occasion, "But you don't suppose this stuff ever did a human being the slightest good at all?" and how his face assumed a look of protest, as of one reproving harshness and dogmatism.

"You've a hard nature, George," he said. "You're too ready to run things down. How can one *tell?* How can one venture to *tell?* . . ."

I suppose any creative and developing game would have interested me in those years. At any rate, I know I put as much zeal into this Tono-Bungay as any young lieutenant could have done who suddenly found himself in command of a ship. It was extraordinarily interesting to me to figure out the advantage accruing from this shortening of the process or that, and to weigh it against the capital cost of the alteration. I made a sort of machine for sticking on the labels, that I patented; to this day there is a little trickle of royalties to me from that. I also contrived to have our mixture made concentrated, got the bottles, which all came sliding down a guarded slant-way,

nearly filled with distilled water at one tap, and dripped our magic ingredients in at the next. This was an immense economy of space for the inner sanctum. For the bottling we needed special taps, and these, too, I invented and patented.

We had a sort of endless band of bottles sliding along an inclined glass trough made slippery with running water. At one end a girl held them up to the light, put aside any that were imperfect and placed the others in the trough, the filling was automatic ; at the other end a girl slipped in the cork and drove it home with a little mallet. Each tank, the little one for the vivifying ingredients and the big one for distilled water, had a level indicator, and inside I had a float arrangement that stopped the slide whenever either had sunk too low. Another girl stood ready with my machine to label the corked bottles and hand them to the three packers, who slipped them into their outer papers and put them, with a pad of corrugated paper between each pair, into a little groove from which they could be made to slide neatly into position in our standard packing-case. It sounds wild, I know, but I believe I was the first man in the City of London to pack patent medicines through the side of the packing-case, to discover there was a better way in than by the lid. Our cases packed themselves, practically ; had only to be put into position on a little wheeled tray, and when full pulled to the lift that dropped them to the men downstairs, who padded up the free space and nailed on top and side. Our girls, moreover, packed with corrugated paper and matchbox-wood box partitions when everybody else was using expensive young men to pack through the top of the box with straw,—many breakages and much waste and confusion.

§ 2

As I look back at them now, those energetic years seem all compacted to a year or so ; from the days of our first hazardous beginning in Farringdon Street with barely a thousand pounds' worth of stuff or credit all told—and that got by something perilously like snatching—to the days when my uncle went to the public on behalf of himself and me (one-tenth share) and our silent partners, the drug wholesalers and the printing people and the owner of that group of magazines and newspapers, to ask with honest confidence for £150,000. Those silent partners were remarkably sorry, I know, that they had not taken larger shares and given us longer credit when the subscriptions came pouring in. My uncle had a clear half to play with (including the one-tenth understood to be mine).

£150,000—think of it !—for the goodwill in a string of lies and a trade in bottles of mitigated water ! Do you realise the madness of the world that sanctions such a thing ? Perhaps you don't. At times use and wont certainly blinded me. If it had not been for Ewart, I don't think I should have had an inkling of the wonderfulness of this development of my fortunes ; I should have grown accustomed to it, fallen in with all its delusions as completely as my uncle presently did. He was immensely proud of the flotation. "They've never been given such value," he said, "for a dozen years." But Ewart, with his gesticulating hairy hands and bony wrists, is single-handed chorus to all this as it plays itself over again in my memory, and he kept my fundamental absurdity illuminated for me during all this astonishing time.

"It's just on all fours with the rest of things," he remarked ; "only more so. You needn't think you're anything out of the way."

I remember one disquisition very distinctly. It was just after Ewart had been to Paris on a mysterious expedition to "rough in" some work for a rising American sculptor. This young man had a commission for an allegorical figure of Truth (draped, of course) for his State Capitol, and he needed help. Ewart had returned with his hair cut *en brosse* and with his costume completely translated into French. He wore, I remember, a bicycling suit of purplish brown, baggy beyond imagining —the only creditable thing about it was that it had evidently not been made for him—a voluminous black tie, a decadent soft felt hat and several French expletives of a sinister description. "Silly clothes, aren't they ?" he said at the sight of my startled eye. "I don't know why I got 'm. They seemed all right over there." He had come down to our Raggett Street place to discuss a benevolent project of mine for a poster by him, and he scattered remarkable discourse over the heads (I hope it was over the heads) of our bottlers.

"What I like about it all, Ponderevo, is its poetry. . . . That's where we get the pull of the animals. No animal would ever run a factory like this. Think ! . . . One remembers the Beaver, of course. He might very possibly bottle things, but would he stick a label round 'em and sell 'em ? The Beaver is a dreamy fool, I'll admit, him and his dams, but after all, there's a sort of protection about 'em, a kind of muddy practicality ! They prevent things getting at him. And it's not your poetry only. It's the poetry of the customer too. Poet answering to poet—soul to soul. Health, Strength and Beauty—in a bottle—the magic philtre ! Like a fairy tale. . . .

"Think of the people to whom your bottles of footle go!" ("I'm calling it footle, Ponderevo, out of praise," he said in parenthesis.)

"Think of the little clerks and jaded women and overworked people. People overstrained with wanting to do, people overstrained with wanting to be. . . . People, in fact, overstrained. . . . The real trouble of life, Ponderevo, isn't that we exist—that's a vulgar error; the real trouble is that we *don't* really exist and we want to. That's what this—in the highest sense—muck stands for! The hunger to be—for once—really alive—to the finger-tips! . . .

"Nobody wants to do and be the things people are—nobody. *You* don't want to preside over this—this bottling; *I* don't want to wear these beastly clothes and be led about by you, nobody wants to keep on sticking labels on silly bottles at so many farthings a gross. That isn't existing! That's—sus—*substratum*. None of us want to be what we are, or to do what we do. Except as a sort of basis. What do we want? *You* know. *I* know. Nobody confesses. What we all want to be is something perpetually young and beautiful—young Joves—young Joves, Ponderevo"—his voice became loud, harsh and declamatory—"pursuing coy half-willing nymphs through everlasting forests. . . ."

There was a just perceptible listening hang in the work about us.

"Come downstairs," I interrupted, "we can talk better there."

"I can talk better here," he answered.

He was just going on, but fortunately the implacable face of Mrs. Hampton Diggs appeared down the aisle of bottling machines.

"All right," he said, "I'll come. . . ."

In the little sanctum below, my uncle was taking a digestive pause after his lunch and by no means alert. His presence sent Ewart back to the theme of modern commerce over the excellent cigar my uncle gave him. He behaved with the elaborate deference due to a business magnate from an unknown man.

"What I was pointing out to your nephew, sir," said Ewart, putting both elbows on the table, "was the poetry of commerce. He doesn't, you know, seem to see it at all."

My uncle nodded brightly. "Whad I tell 'im," he said round his cigar.

"We are artists. You and I, sir, can talk, if you will permit

me, as one artist to another. It's advertisement has—done it. Advertisement has revolutionised trade and industry; it is going to revolutionise the world. The old merchant used to tote about commodities; the new one creates values. Doesn't need to tote. He takes something that isn't worth anything, or something that isn't particularly worth anything—and makes it worth something. He takes mustard that is just like anybody else's mustard, and he goes about saying, shouting, singing, chalking on walls, writing inside people's books, putting it everywhere, 'Smith's Mustard is the Best.' And behold it *is* the Best!"

"True," said my uncle chubbily and with a dreamy sense of mysticism; "true!"

"It's just like an artist; he takes a lump of white marble on the verge of a lime-kiln, he chips it about, he makes—he makes a monument to himself—and others—a monument the world will not willingly let die. Talking of mustard, sir, I was at Clapham Junction the other day, and all the banks are overgrown with horseradish that's got loose from a garden somewhere. You know what horseradish is—grows like wildfire—spreads—spreads. I stood at the end of the platform looking at the stuff and thinking about it. 'Like fame,' I thought, 'rank and wild where it isn't wanted. Why don't the really good things in life grow like horseradish?' I thought. My mind went off in a peculiar way it does from that to the idea that mustard costs a penny a tin—I bought some the other day for a ham I had. It came into my head that it would be ripping good business to use horseradish to adulterate mustard. I had a sort of idea that I could plunge into business on that, get rich and come back to my own proper monumental art again. And then I said, 'But *why* adulterate? I don't like the idea of adulteration.'"

"Shabby," said my uncle, nodding his head. "Bound to get found out!"

"And totally unnecessary too! Why not do up a mixture—three-quarters pounded horseradish and a quarter mustard—give it a fancy name—and sell it at twice the mustard price. See. I very nearly started the business straight away, only something happened. My train came along."

"Jolly good ideer," said my uncle. He looked at me. "That really *is* an ideer, George," he said.

"Take shavin's, again! You know that poem of Longfellow's, sir, that sounds exactly like the first declension. What is it?—'man's a maker men say!'"

My uncle nodded and gurgled some quotation that died away.

"Jolly good poem, George," he said in an aside to me.

"Well, it's about a carpenter and a poetic Victorian child, you know, and some shavin's. The child made no end out of the shavin's. So might you. Powder em. They might be anything. Soak 'em in jipper—Xylo-tobacco! Powder 'em and get a little tar and turpentinous smell in—wood-packing for hot baths—a Certain Cure for the Scourge of Influenza! There's all these patent grain foods—what Americans call cereals. I believe I'm right, sir, in saying they're sawdust."

"No!" said my uncle, removing his cigar; "as far as I can find out it's really grain—spoilt grain. . . . I've been going into that."

"Well, there you are!" said Ewart. "Say it's spoilt grain. It carried out my case just as well. Your modern commerce is no more buying and selling than—sculpture. It's mercy—it's salvation. It's rescue work! It takes all sorts of fallen commodities by the hand and raises them. Cana isn't in it. "You turn water—into Tono-Bungay."

"Tono-Bungay's all right," said my uncle, suddenly grave. "We aren't talking of Tono-Bungay."

"Your nephew, sir, is hard; he wants everything to go to a sort of predestinated end; he's a Calvinist of Commerce. Offer him a dustbin full of stuff; he calls it refuse—passes by on the other side. Now, *you*, sir—you'd make cinders respect themselves."

My uncle regarded him dubiously for a moment. But there was a touch of appreciation in his eye.

"Might make 'em into a sort of sanitary brick," he reflected over his cigar end.

"Or a friable biscuit. Why *not?* You might advertise: 'Why are Birds so Bright? Because they digest their food perfectly! Why do they digest their food so perfectly? Because they have a gizzard! Why hasn't man a gizzard? Because he can buy Ponderevo's Ashpit Triturating, Friable Biscuit—Which is Better.'"

He delivered the last words in a shout with his hairy hand flourished in the air. . . .

"Damn clever fellow," said my uncle, after he had gone. "I know a man when I see one. He'll do. Bit drunk, I should say. But that only makes some chaps brighter. If he *wants* to do that poster, he can. Zzzz. That ideer of his about the horseradish. There's something in that, George. I'm going to think over that. . . ."

I may say at once that my poster project came to nothing in

the end, though Ewart devoted an interesting week to the matter. He let his unfortunate disposition to irony run away with him. He produced a picture of two Beavers with a subtle likeness, he said, to myself and my uncle—the likeness to my uncle certainly wasn't half bad—and they were bottling rows and rows of Tono-Bungay, with the legend "Modern Commerce." It certainly wouldn't have sold a case, though he urged it on me one cheerful evening on the ground that it would "arouse curiosity." In addition he produced a quite shocking study of my uncle, excessively and needlessly nude but, so far as I was able to judge, an admirable likeness, engaged in feats of strength of a Gargantuan type before an audience of deboshed and shattered ladies. The legend, "Health, Beauty, Strength" below, gave a needed point to his parody. This he hung up in the studio over the oil-shop, with a flap of brown paper by way of a curtain over it to accentuate its libellous offence.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH

MARION

§ 1

As I look back on those days in which we built up the great Tono-Bungay property out of human hope and a credit for bottles and rent and printing, I see my life as it were arranged in two parallel columns of unequal width, a wider, more diffused, eventful and various one which continually broadens out, the business side of my life, and a narrow, darker and darkling one shot ever and again with a gleam of happiness, my home life with Marion. For of course I married Marion.

I didn't, as a matter of fact, marry her until a year after Tono-Bungay was thoroughly afloat, and then only after conflicts and discussions of a quite strenuous sort. By that time I was twenty-four. It seems the next thing to childhood now. We were both in certain directions unusually ignorant and simple; we were temperamentally antagonistic, and we hadn't—I don't think we were capable of—an idea in common. She was young and extraordinarily conventional—she seemed never to have an idea of her own but always the idea of her class—and I was young and sceptical, enterprising and passionate; the two links that held us together were the intense appeal her physical beauty had for me, and her appreciation of her importance in my thoughts. There can be no doubt of my passion for her. In

her I had discovered woman desired. The nights I have lain awake on account of her, writhing, biting my wrists in a fever of longing ! . . .

I have told how I got myself a silk hat and black coat to please her on Sunday—to the derision of some of my fellow students who chanced to meet me—and how we became engaged. But that was only the beginning of our differences. To her that meant the beginning of a not unpleasant little secrecy, an occasional use of verbal endearments, perhaps even kisses. It was something to go on indefinitely, interfering in no way with her gossiping spells of work at Smithie's. To me it was a pledge to come together into the utmost intimacy of soul and body so soon as we could contrive it. . . .

I don't know if it will strike the reader that I am setting out to discuss my queer unwise love relationship and my bungle of a marriage with excessive solemnity. But to me it seems to reach out to vastly wider issues than our little personal affair. I've thought over my life. In these last few years I've tried to get at least a little wisdom out of it. And in particular I've thought over this part of my life. I'm enormously impressed by the ignorant, unguided way in which we two entangled ourselves with each other. It seems to me the queerest thing in all this network of misunderstandings and misstatements and faulty and ramshackle conventions which makes up our social order as the individual meets it, that we should have come together so accidentally and so blindly. Because we were no more than samples of the common fate. Love is not only the cardinal fact in the individual life, but the most important concern of the community; after all, the way in which the young people of this generation pair off determines the fate of the nation ; all the other affairs of the State are subsidiary to that. And we leave it to flushed and blundering youth to stumble on its own significance, with nothing to guide it but shocked looks and sentimental twaddle and base whisperings and cant-smeared examples.

I have tried to indicate something of my own sexual development in the preceding chapter. Nobody was ever frank and decent with me in this relation ; nobody, no book, ever came and said to me thus and thus is the world made and so-and-so is necessary. Everything came obscurely, indefinitely, perplexingly ; and all I knew of law or convention in the matter had the form of threatenings and prohibitions. Except through the furtive, shameful talk of my coevals at Goudhurst and Wimblehurst, I was not even warned against quite horrible dangers.

My ideas were made partly of instinct, partly of a romantic imagination, partly woven out of a medley of scraps of suggestion that came to me haphazard. I had read widely and confusedly : "Vathek," Shelley, Tom Paine, Plutarch, Carlyle, Haeckel, William Morris, the Bible, the *Freethinker*, the *Clarion*, "The Woman Who Did"—I mention the ingredients that come first to mind. All sorts of ideas were jumbled up in me and never a lucid explanation. But it was evident to me that the world regarded Shelley, for example, as a very heroic as well as beautiful person ; and that to defy convention and succumb magnificently to passion was the proper thing to do to gain the respect and affection of all decent people.

And the make-up of Marion's mind in the matter was an equally irrational affair. Her training had been one not simply of silences but suppressions. An enormous force of suggestion had so shaped her that the intense natural fastidiousness of girlhood had developed into an absolute perversion of instinct.

For all that is cardinal in this essential business of life she had one inseparable epithet—"horrid." Without any such training she would have been a shy lover, but now she was an impossible one. For the rest she had derived, I suppose, partly from the sort of fiction she got from the Public Library, and partly from the workroom talk at Smithie's. So far as the former origin went, she had an idea of love as a state of worship and service on the part of the man, and of condescension on the part of the woman. There was nothing "horrid" about it in any fiction she had read. The man gave presents, did services, sought to be in every way delightful. The woman "went out" with him, smiled at him, was kissed by him in decorous secrecy, and if he chanced to offend, denied her countenance and presence. Usually she did something "for his good" to him, made him go to church, made him give up smoking or gambling, smartened him up. Quite at the end of the story came a marriage, and after that the interest ceased.

That was the tenor of Marion's fiction ; but I think the work-table conversation at Smithie's did something to modify that. At Smithie's it was recognised, I think, that a "fellow" was a possession to be desired ; that it was better to be engaged to a fellow than not ; that fellows had to be kept—they might be mislaid, they might even be stolen. There was a case of stealing at Smithie's, and many tears.

Smithie I met before we were married, and afterwards she became a frequent visitor to our house at Ealing. She was a thin, bright-eyed, hawk-nosed girl of thirty odd, with prominent

teeth, a high-pitched, eager voice, and a disposition to be urgently smart in her dress. Her hats were startling and various but invariably disconcerting, and she talked in a rapid, nervous flow that was hilarious rather than witty, and broken by little screams of "Oh my *dear!*" and "You never did!" She was the first woman I ever met who used scent. Poor old Smithie! What a harmless, kindly soul she really was, and how heartily I detested her! Out of the profits on the Persian robes she supported a sister's family of three children, she "helped" a worthless brother and overflowed in help even to her workgirls, but that didn't weigh with me in those youthfully narrow times. It was one of the intense minor irritations of my married life that Smithie's whirlwind chatter seemed to me to have far more influence with Marion than anything I had to say. Before all things I coveted her grip upon Marion's inaccessible mind.

In the workroom at Smithie's, I gathered, they always spoke of me demurely as "A Certain Person." I was rumoured to be dreadfully "clever," and there were doubts—not altogether without justification—of the sweetness of my temper.

§ 2

Well, these general explanations will enable the reader to understand the distressful times we two had together when presently I began to feel on a footing with Marion and to fumble conversationally for the mind and the wonderful passion I felt, obstinately and stupidly, must be in her. I think she thought me the maddest of sane men; "clever," in fact, which at Smithie's was, I suppose, the next thing to insanity, a word intimating incomprehensible and incalculable motives. . . .

She could be shocked at anything, she misunderstood everything, and her weapon was a sulky silence that knitted her brows, spoilt her mouth and robbed her face of beauty. "Well, if we can't agree, I don't see why you should go on talking," she used to say. That would always enrage me beyond measure. Or, "I'm afraid I'm not clever enough to understand that."

Silly little people! I see it all now, but then I was no older than she, and I couldn't see anything but that Marion, for some inexplicable reason, wouldn't come alive.

We would contrive semi-surreptitious walks on Sunday, and part speechless with the anger of indefinable offences. Poor Marion! The things I tried to put before her, my fermenting ideas about theology, about Socialism, about æsthetics—the very words appalled her, gave her the faint chill of approaching

impropriety, the terror of a very present intellectual impossibility. Then by an enormous effort I would suppress myself for a time, and continue a talk that made her happy, about Smithie's brother, about the new girl who had come to the workroom, about the house we would presently live in. But there we differed a little. I wanted to be accessible to St. Paul's or Cannon Street Station, and she had set her mind quite resolutely upon Ealing. . . . It wasn't by any means quarrelling all the time, you understand. She liked me to play the lover "nicely"; she liked the effect of going about—we had lunches, we went to Earl's Court, to Kew, to theatres and concerts, but not often to concerts because, though Marion "liked" music, she didn't like "too much of it," to picture shows—and there was a nonsensical sort of baby-talk I picked up—I forget where now—that became a mighty peacemaker.

Her worst offence for me was an occasional excursion into the Smithie style of dressing, debased West Kensington. For she had no sense at all of her own beauty. She had no comprehension whatever of beauty of the body, and she could slash her beautiful lines to rags with hat-brims and trimmings. Thank Heaven a natural refinement, a natural timidity and her extremely slender purse kept her from the real Smithie efflorescence! Poor, simple, beautiful, kindly, limited Marion! Now that I am forty-five, I can look back at her with all my old admiration and none of my old bitterness, with a new affection and not a scrap of passion, and take her part against the equally stupid, drivingly energetic, sensuous, intellectual sprawl I used to be. I was a young beast for her to have married—a young beast. With her it was my business to understand and control—and I exacted fellowship. . . .

(To be continued)

THE MONTH

EDITORIAL: *THE FUNCTIONS OF THE ARTS IN THE REPUBLIC—II. Drama.* **ROSSETTIANA:** *"A Glimpse of Rossetti and Morris at Kelmscott," by* THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON; *A Letter from GEORGE MEREDITH on Cheyne Walk.* **POLITICAL AND DIPLOMATIC:** PROSPECTS OF PARLIAMENTS—(i) C. W., *At Home: Current Legislation; The Small Holdings Act and Produce Salesmen;* (ii) D. S., *Russia;* (iii) M. EUSTACHE DE LOREY, *Persia.* E. ROTERODAMUS, *"The Dutch Succession, with Genealogical Table";* A. M., *"A Complete Actuarial Scheme for Insuring John Doe against all the Vicissitudes of Life" (continued)* ✻ ✻ **REVIEWS:** *A Fourteenth Century Life of Christ, reviewed by* FREDERIC CHAPMAN; *History of English Prosody, by PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY, reviewed by* E. R. **COMMUNICATIONS:** *The Marketing of Small Produce.*

EDITORIAL

The Functions of the Arts in the Republic

II. The Drama

But if Mr. Henry James, in his splendid aloofness, presents these tenuous aspects of modern life, there is another aspect of work, which is called "fiction," in which it may convey the subtlest speculations of metaphysical or the most doctrinaire of social philosophies. It is obvious that the author, being the creator of his characters, may, if he will, create himself. So long as he creates his own character so as to be interesting and to fit into the scheme of the work, he may let this portion of himself preach whatever doctrines he desires. In his own pages he may stroll in and out amongst the figures, he may moralise upon their actions; he may, by his own actions, modify their psychological workings. The only limits to this form of propagandising is set by the interest of the reader, the only restriction upon the author-character is that of his conscience. If he act indeed as a *deus ex machinâ* solving all problems set by the story, then the book must be regarded as a mere Utopia. But if the author, regarding himself as benevolent but meddlesome, fine yet malicious, generous but naturally unsound (or even supposing he psychologise himself as a villain, if he represent himself as marring fine destinies and making evil fortunes), then indeed this propagandist author will be giving us a rendering of modern life as exact as could be desired. He will be attempting to give us the world as he sees it—a world all the more interesting to the measure of his personal value. He, too, will *constater*, not colour, the life of which he treats.

It is, however, to the drama rather than to the novel that we must go for examples of this particular form of the rendering of life. It would perhaps be too daring at this juncture to say that the play of *Hamlet* reproduces intimately the story of

Dr. Socrate, or that Mr. Barrie's professor, of *The Professor's Love Story*, very exactly resembles M. Bergeret. Yet upon the whole it is to the theatre of Mr. Barrie and Mr. Shaw that we must go to find the only forms of art which England has to show as a off-set to the works of the author of *Crainquebille*. Mr. Barrie is nearly always with us, shedding his gentle, his touching or fantastic beams, but Mr. Shaw for too long has coruscated only in the remoter planetary regions. Mr. Barrie is "running" at the Duke of York's. Mr. Shaw at the moment of writing may be seen at Dublin in "turn" after "turn."

Indeed a person from another world seeking to estimate the level of intellectual appreciation in England to-day, if he should go as we ourselves do almost nightly to what are called "places of entertainment" in London, would be overwhelmed by the fact that in this proud, wealthy and materially polished civilisation there was visible—outside the theatres that produced the works of the two writers I have named—no trace, no scintilla, no shadow of a trace of the desire to have any kind of thought awakened. Even in the matter of entertainment the theatre is absolutely lacking in any form of novelty. It is true that at the New Theatre a play called *Bellamy the Magnificent* presented us with a sinister form of morality, but as much might be said for the Ballet at the Empire, where Mr. Farren, by robbing a drunken tramp, escapes magnificently from the consequences of a former theft and shows us, in a dance shared by Miss Beatrice Collier, an expression of passion that might very fitly be styled a true lyric.

Indeed it is to the music-halls that we must go nowadays for any form of pulse-stirring—for any form of any consummate expression of an art. That any man who is at all a man of the world could go to a theatre is not only grotesque but unthinkable; that he should go to a music-hall may be lamentable but it is at least to be understood. For the programme at almost every music-hall in London contains at least one "turn" that is worth considering in moments of idleness. Thus at the Empire at the present moment the dance to which we have referred will repay you for sitting some time in a stall, and the little Cossack dance of Mlle. Kyasht is worth another twenty minutes. At the Alhambra, too, Mlle. Britta, if she is not Miss Genée, contrives to put poetry and emotion into her face and limbs. And even at the outlying halls—at the Shoreditch Empire itself, for instance—it is pleasant to be amongst simple people who enjoy

themselves, and the reception accorded to various performers will cast lights, sinister, tragic, depressing or inspiriting, but lurid enough, upon the circumstances and the psychology of the very poor.

This would be the common-sense view of the man of the world; but we are not saying that we applaud this state of things; we are merely recording an aspect sufficiently lamentable. Many circumstances contribute to bring this about. Thus it is obvious that all our first-class theatres are too large for any subtlety of acting. Except from the front row of the stalls it is impossible to observe the facial play of any actor who does not grossly overact. This of itself debars any rendering of modern life from the stage, for English social contacts of to-day are a matter of repressed emotions. We do not, that is to say, violently contort our countenances when we conduct our illicit love affairs, hear that our banks have failed or that our wives have been picking pockets. We do and hear all these things, but we do them sitting down with expressions of languor or with such minute starts and inflections of the voice that they would be totally invisible and inaudible from the amphitheatre of almost any modern theatre. It is impossible, in fact, to represent upon the stage of to-day any English man or woman of gentle or of middle-class origin.

The scene nearest to realism of this sort which can be witnessed in London at the time of writing is to be found in the third act of *What Every Woman Knows*, at the Duke of York's Theatre. Here—for a short period whilst Miss Lillah M'Carthy and Mr. du Maurier sit perfectly still, and the wife, conscious like them of their passion, puts domestic questions of the most commonplace kind to members of her family—for a brief moment we are in the presence of real life.

But perhaps realism and the drama have at most periods of the world's history been entirely at variance. It is certain that neither Mr. Barrie nor Mr. Shaw come with any frequency at all near to the life we live to-day. Regarded philosophically each of Mr. Shaw's plays resolves itself into a variety entertainment in which character after character does his brilliant verbal "turn" and then retires into the background. It would be too extreme to say that this is the sole characteristic of Mr. Barrie, for his chief, his distinguishing note is the tenderness, the justness, of his sentimentality

And sentimentalism is as legitimate a medium as are realism, pessimism or cynicism. The first business of the author is to interest; his instrument wherewith he interests us is his exaggeration. If that be true to himself, if he be an artist of sufficient attraction, it will convince us of the reality of the story that he tells. Subtlety of speech is impossible upon the stage, for you cannot turn back the leaf to read the speech before the last, and whilst you are reflecting upon the hidden meaning of one speech you will miss the significance of three more. For subtlety Mr. Barrie substitutes quaintnesses and appeals to the emotions. For subtlety Mr. Shaw substitutes half-truths in startling aspects. How Mr. Shaw would come off if it were considered bad taste to laugh in theatres, so that speech after speech was uttered without the break and the pause for the inevitable Shavian laughter, we hardly dare to speculate. But whereas Mr. Barrie for the time being convinces us, Mr. Shaw hardly ever does this. His speakers overspeak, his actors overact, and we are delighted. But a touch of realism will disturb our delight.

This was curiously illustrated the other day at the performance of *Arms and the Man* at the Coronet. Here Mr. Barker's Bluntschli of the first act and Miss Auriol Lee's Raina throughout the play were very much more realistic than those of the performers in the cast at the Savoy—very much more realistic but how much less convincing! Mr. Barker was begrimed and panted like a man who really had been pursued by Balkan irregular troops. The consequence was that the *aplomb* of his philosophy of war became almost entirely incredible, for it is human nature to believe that a man who cannot get his breath will not be able to collect his thoughts, whereas we may believe that a man who has just emerged from a paper-chase "off" need not be extremely out of breath

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But both Mr. Shaw, who gives us real speeches producing an effective unreality, and Mr. Barrie, who gives us speeches in one evening more sentimental than any collection of real characters could utter in the course of a year—who convinces us in fact by a very unreal means—both Mr. Shaw and Mr. Barrie do render some service to the Republic. The one quickens our emotions, the other our thoughts. And it is possible that the drama cannot do more than this, for are not to think and to feel the converse of necessary qualities of a proper man?

(To be continued)

CARICATURE OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI BY FORD MADOX BROWN

ROSSETTIANA

A Glimpse of Rossetti and Morris at Kelmscott

By Theodore Watts-Dunton

On another page of this Review will be found a poem by D. G. Rossetti, never before published. The editor of the English Review tells me that its appearance in print at this time of day demands a few words of explanation, and assuredly it does. Rossetti has been dead twenty-six years. The poem has been in my possession ever since it was finished in 1882. Why has it been kept in abeyance so long? What right had I to withhold from the public a poem by Rossetti for all this time? In 1886 Mr. William Michael Rossetti published, in two volumes, the collected edition of his brother's works. In his preface he said:

> There are two poems by my brother, unpublished as yet, which I am unable to include among his collected works. One of these is a grotesque ballad about a Dutchman, begun at a very early date, and finished in his last illness. The other is a brace of sonnets, interesting in subject, and as being the very last thing that he wrote. These works were presented as a gift of love and gratitude to a friend, with whom it remains to publish them at his own discretion.

Now it is well known that the friend alluded to is he to whom "Ballads and Sonnets" was thus dedicated: "To Theodore Watts, the Friend whom my verse won for me, these few more pages are affectionately inscribed."

And it is equally well known, for the fact has been recorded several times in print, that Rossetti gave these poems to me on his death-bed to be included in a projected joint miscellany by him and me. Many causes have conspired to delay the publication of the poem. In mentioning them I shall have to enter into details of a somewhat personal kind. But I have no fear of being charged with egotism by those frank and generous souls for whose opinion alone I care a straw.

I had promised Rossetti that I would write his biography, unless his brother, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, should undertake it. It was the special wish of the dear brother to whom Rossetti owed so much, and also of his sister Christina, that I should undertake the biography. Indeed it was arranged that Mr.

W. M. Rossetti and I should bring out two volumes, one consisting of a life of the poet to be written by me, and the other consisting of the family letters to be edited and annotated by Mr. W. M. Rossetti. But, as Mr. A. C. Benson, in his admirable monograph on Rossetti, says, "There is such a thing as knowing a man too well to be his biographer." I could not bring myself to the task. If I had done so, I should have produced the longest biography in the world, so burdened was I with reminiscences of him. After the lapse of several years the biography had to be written by his brother instead of me. My only consolation for having missed the opportunity of being Rossetti's biographer is that the work has been so admirably done by his brother. It is one of the sweetest, noblest things in our literature.

After I abandoned the biography another cause of delay in publishing the poem presented itself. I still cherished the hope of giving reminiscences of my intercourse with Rossetti at Herne Bay, at Kelmscott Manor, and at Bognor—places where Rossetti resided at various times, and where Mr. W. M. Rossetti did not often go. In such reminiscences a place could have been found for the introduction of the posthumous poems. Full as Mr. W. M. Rossetti's Life is, I felt that without an account of Rossetti's most important sojourns in these three retreats, the story would in a certain sense be imperfect.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in his beautiful description of his brother's last moments, mentions the fact of Rossetti's strange revival of interest in this poem when he was, as one might say, on his death-bed, and he makes the following comments upon it :

> I have always considered that his taking up on his death-bed that extremely grim and uncanny though partly bantering theme of "Jan Van Hunks"—a fatal smoking duel with the devil, who trundles soul and body off to hell—furnished a strong attestation of the resolute spirit in which my brother contemplated his own end, rapidly approaching, and (by himself still more than by any others) clearly foreseen; for a man who is in a panic as to his own prospects in any future world would be apt to drop any such subject like a hot coal.

In his latest hours, during which I was constantly with him, there was nothing that he loved to talk about so much as the projected miscellany of prose and verse by himself and me, before mentioned, upon which he had set his heart. The very form of the volume was the subject of pleasant discussion. It was to have a frontispiece, the design of the Sphinx.

The whole group of incidents recorded by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in his account of his brother's last illness and death, takes me back thirty-six years, when the miscellany was first projected.

On the evening when I was first introduced to Rossetti, in his studio at Cheyne Walk, by Dr. Gordon Hake, he invited us both to spend a week or two at Kelmscott, whither he was returning on the following morning. We went to Kelmscott Manor, which he had taken jointly with William Morris. It was a delightful place. I will not presume to describe it, for it has been thus depicted by one of the joint occupants of the house—William Morris himself:

> The raised way led us into a little field bounded by a backwater of the river on one side; on the right hand we could see a cluster of small houses and barns, new and old, and before us a grey stone barn and a wall partly overgrown with ivy, over which a few grey gables showed. The village road ended in the shallow of the aforesaid backwater. We crossed the road, and again almost without my will my hand raised the latch of a door in the wall, and we stood presently on a stone path which led up to the old house to which fate in the shape of Dick had so strangely brought me in this new world of men. My companion gave a sigh of pleased surprise and enjoyment; nor did I wonder, for the garden between the wall and the house was redolent of the June flowers, and the roses were rolling over one another with that delicious super-abundance of small well-tended gardens which at first sight takes away all thought from the beholder save that of beauty. The blackbirds were singing their loudest, the doves were cooing on the roof-ridge, the rooks in the high elm-trees beyond were garrulous among the young leaves, and the swifts wheeled whining about the gables. And the house itself was a fit guardian for all the beauty of this heart of summer. Once again Ellen echoed my thoughts as she said: "Yes, friend, this is what I came out for to see; this many-gabled old house built by the simple country-folk of the long-past time, regardless of all the turmoil that was going on in cities and courts, is lovely still amidst all the beauty which these latter days have created; and I do not wonder at our friends tending it carefully and making much of it. It seems to me as if it had waited for these happy days, and held in it the gathered crumbs of happiness of the confused and turbulent past." She led me up close to the house and laid her shapely sun-browned hand and arm on the lichened wall as if to embrace it, and cried out, "O me! O me! How I love the earth, and the seasons, and weather, and all things that deal with it, and all that grows out of it—as this has done!"

And on that occasion and on many another occasion, when I used to go down to Kelmscott Manor, the feeling would come to me—"How I love the earth, and the seasons, and weather, and all things that deal with it, and all that grows out of it."

Rossetti came with his "Holloa!" to meet us at the door in the wall, and made us feel at once at home. That "Holloa!" of his I have previously, on many occasions, described. It was the very voice of heartiness and goodwill, and never sounded so full of welcome as at Kelmscott. I shall never forget that first visit to the Manor House. During all the time he was in splendid spirits, subject only occasionally to fits of depression, doing beautiful work, retouching old pictures, though not always improving them.

Rossetti was extremely fond of a walk over the fields and on

the banks of the Thames by the river, with Dr. Hake, George Hake, an extremely clever young man fresh from Oxford, and myself. I cannot give a better idea of this walk than by quoting from a sonnet of Dr. Hake's, not because it is a powerful one, or quite representative of this fine poet, but because it recalls to my mind those happy days. For this reason I prize it more than any sonnet ever written. It brings back to me two of the most lovable men that ever lived—Dr. Gordon Hake and Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

How often did we trace the nestling Thames
From humblest waters on his course of might,
Down where the weir the bursting current stems—
There sat till evening grew to balmy night,
Veiling the weir whose roar recalled the strand
Where we had listened to the wave-lipped sea,
That seemed to utter plaudits while we planned
Triumphal labours of the day to be.
The words were his: "Such love can never die";
The grief was ours when he no more was nigh.

We used to while away the evenings in the quaint old tapestried chamber that served for studio, which I have fully described in my essay, "Rossetti and Charles Wells," in "The World's Classics," sometimes by story-telling, sometimes by discussing plots for poems and subjects for pictures, sometimes by Rossetti's reading out Dumas' romances to us all. He was a beautiful reader of French. These evenings he used to call "The Kelmscott Nights Entertainments." Those who want to read a full account of these evenings, and, indeed, of the life at Kelmscott Manor, should turn to certain articles in *Notes and Queries*, by Dr. Gordon Hake's eldest son, Mr. Thomas Hake, who was much at Kelmscott and knew intimately both Rossetti and William Morris.

From the first I was a constant visitor at Kelmscott Manor, both as a guest of Rossetti, during his stays there, and as a guest of Morris during *his* stays. I used to run down without notice, whensoever I chose, and always found a welcome whichever of the illustrious joint tenants was at the moment there. As to Rossetti, his seclusion at Kelmscott Manor was such that, as he said, he had seen just a dozen people in two years. These included a visit from his mother and Christina, and also a memorable one from his brother William and his wife.

At that time I had not, as far as I remember, published anything either in prose or verse, except a paper upon *Hamlet*. But I had written a good deal as Rossetti knew, and of this writing he thought so well that to my great astonishment he suggested

that we should bring out a joint book, a miscellany of verse and prose. This anomaly of a joint book by a man whose position was so great in the artistic and literary world, and a man absolutely unknown to the outside public, touched me deeply. I told him that I would not consent to it, knowing as I did the world's cynicism about the relations between eminent men and obscure men. Moreover, I felt that the project was merely the outcome of his vast generosity. I am never tired of iterating, and reiterating, that Rossetti could, and did, take as deep an interest in another man's work as in his own. It was this that made all his friends love him. He wanted to do me good by associating my name with his own. As was the way with him, the more objections I raised the more determined he was that the thing should be done. He would not be put off, and he began jotting down in his notebook many a subject which he was to take up as his share of the joint work. I cannot resist giving here an anecdote connected with the project, as it enables me to bring in William Morris, another delightful man.

On the very next day, after it was decided that the joint book was some day to be published, Rossetti and I were walking in the fields when he told me that Morris was coming down for a day's fishing with George Hake, a notable angler, and that "Mouse," the Icelandic pony, whose permanent home was Kelmscott, was to be sent to the Lechlade railway station to meet him. This was my first sight of William Morris.

"You are now going to be introduced to my fellow partner," said Rossetti, "and I shall tell him about our joint undertaking, just to hear what Top will say."

At that time I only knew of the famous firm, Morris, Marshall, Falkner and Company, by name, and I asked Rossetti for an explanation, which he gave in his usual incisive way.

"Well," said he, "one evening a lot of us were together, and we got talking about the way in which artists did all kinds of things in olden times, designed every kind of decoration and most kinds of furniture, and some one suggested—as a lark more than anything else—that we should each put down five pounds and form a company. Fivers were blossoms of a rare growth among us in those days, and I won't swear that the table rustled with fivers. Anyhow the firm was formed, but of course there was no deed or anything of that kind. In fact, it was a mere playing at business, and Topsy" (he always spoke of Morris as "Topsy" or "Top") "was elected manager, not because we ever dreamed that he would turn out a man of business, but because he was the only one among us who had both time and money to spare. We

had no idea whatever of commercial success, but it has succeeded almost in our own despite. Top's very eccentricities and independent attitude towards his patrons seem to have drawn patrons round him.

And then he told me of Morris's interview with a certain eminent churchman, which convulsed me with laughter.

"Here comes the manager," said he. "You must mind your p's and q's with him; he is a wonderfully stand-off chap and generally takes against people."

"What is he like?" I said.

"Like?" said Rossetti, meditatively. "You know the portrait of Francis I. Well, take that portrait as the basis of what you would call your 'mental image' of the manager's face, soften down the nose a bit, and give him the rose-bloom colour of an English farmer, and there you have Top."

"What about King Francis's eyes? A poet must have eyes," I said.

"Well, Topsy's are not quite so small as Francis's, but they are very little—blue-grey—but they see everything."

And then I saw, coming towards us, on a rough, long-haired, mouse-coloured pony so diminutive that he well deserved the name of "Mouse," the figure of a man in a wideawake—a figure so broad and square that the breeze at his back seemed to be using him as a sail, and blowing both him and the pony towards us.

When Rossetti introduced me, the "manager" greeted him with a "H'm! I thought you were alone." This did not seem promising.

But the ice was soon broken by Rossetti.

"Let me introduce you to my new partner, Top," said he.

Morris evidently thought that this was a joking reference to the firm, which was rather burdened with partners.

"Partner! Don't you think there are too many partners already?

"A literary partner, I mean," said Rossetti. And then he told him about our project.

I don't know why, but this set me laughing. That involuntary laugh of mine seemed to be a link between us. And then the charm of William Morris began, and grew upon me, day by day, until he died. The shy manager astonished Rossetti by at once fraternising with me, and inviting me, a stranger, to join the fishing with George Hake, which I did. I have described this day's anglin in my obituary notice of William Morris in the *Athenæum*.

This project of the joint book got wind, and as the book never was published it was the cause of some vexation to me, for I always detest explanations. But why *was* the project never carried out? What was the cause of its failure? One cause was very fantastic to be sure: it is characteristic of Rossetti's method of work. He was wonderfully influenced by the mere name for a poem or picture, as is seen by the name "Blessed Damozel," &c.

Many years before my friendship with him, Rossetti had designed a picture to be called *Michael Scott's Wooing*, and the subject, or rather the mere *name* of the subject, had a peculiar fascination for him, and for years he had also wished to write a poem to be called "Michael Scott's Wooing." Like Coleridge, he had the singular habit of "cartooning," as he used to say, a poem in prose. It is difficult to imagine a poem thus written, but so it was with two of the greatest poets of the nineteenth century. He had "cartooned" many ideas for it, but had never been able to satisfy himself. I have a letter of his in which he asks me to allow him to make use of a certain story that I had told him which he intended to use as the subject of a poem to be called "Michael Scott's Wooing." This poem was to form the *pièce de résistance* of our volume. It was a story a Welsh gipsy girl had told to me as a "quite true fack"—a story touching another Romany girl, whose wraith, having been spirited away in the night from the "camping-place" by the incantations of a wicked lover, had been seen rushing towards Lake Ogwen in the moonlight, "while all the while that 'ere same chavi wur asleep an' a-sobbin' in her daddy's livin'-waggin'." Rossetti was greatly struck by this story, and immediately adapted it to "Michael Scott's Wooing." Even the metre of the ballad was decided upon. But unfortunately for poetic art, I not long afterwards came upon a story by the Ettrick Shepherd, called "Mary Burnet," and discovered that either my gipsy friend's "quite true fack" was a Romanised version of Hogg's story, or both she and Hogg had drawn from some old Scottish legend. The story having once appeared in print, Rossetti felt that he could not use it, and was greatly disappointed. His mind was full of a long ballad upon the subject, which ballad he felt that he was prevented from writing.

When Mr. W. M. Rossetti brought out the collected edition of his brother's works, I was much amused to see in print the cartoon of this story adapted to "Michael Scott's Wooing." Mr. W. M. Rossetti had found it in one of his brother's black note-books and naturally assumed that it was a prose sketch of his

brother's own. It was an adaptation of the gipsy's story, and here it is :

"Michael Scott and a friend, both young and dissolute, are returning from a carouse, by moonlight, along a wild sea-coast during a ground-swell. As they come within view of a small house on the rocky shore, his companion taunts Michael Scott as to his known passion for the maiden Janet, who dwells there with her father, and as to the failure of the snares he has laid for her. Scott is goaded to great irritation, and as they near the point of the sands overlooked by the cottage, he turns round on his friend and declares that the maiden shall come out to him then and there at his summons. The friend still taunts and banters him, saying that wine has heated his brain; but Scott stands quite still, muttering, and regarding the cottage with a gesture of command. After he has done so for some time, the door opens softly, and Janet comes running down the rock. As she approaches, she nearly rushes into Michael Scott's arms, but instead swerves aside, runs swiftly by him, and plunges into the surging waves. With a shriek Michael plunges after her, and strikes out this side and that, and lashes his way among the billows, between the rising and sinking breakers; but all in vain—no sign appears of her. After some time spent in this way he returns almost exhausted to the sands, and passing without answer by his appalled and questioning friend he climbs the rock to the door of the cottage, which is now closed. Janet's father answers his loud knocking, and to him he says, 'Slay me, for your daughter has drowned herself this hour in yonder sea, and by my means.' The father at first suspects some stratagem, but finally deems him mad, and says, 'You rave—my daughter is at rest in her bed.' 'Go seek her there,' answers Michael Scott. The father goes up to his daughter's chamber, and returning very pale, signs to Michael to follow him. Together they climb the stair, and find Janet half-lying and half-kneeling, turned violently round, as if, in the act of rising from her bed, she had again thrown herself backward and clasped the feet of a crucifix at her bed-head; so she lies dead. Michael Scott rushes from the house, and returning maddened to the sea-shore, is with difficulty restrained from suicide by his friend. At last he stands like a stone for a while, and then, as if repeating an inner whisper, he describes the maiden's last struggle with her heart. He says how she loved him but would not sin; how, hearing in her sleep his appeal from the shore, she almost yielded, and the embodied image of her longing came rushing out to him; but how, in the last instant, she turned back for refuge

to Christ, and her soul was wrung from her by the struggle of her heart. 'And as I speak,' he says, 'the fiend who whispers this concerning her says also in my ear how surely I am lost.'"

Speaking of this "cartoon" Mr. W. M. Rossetti says:

> The present project of a poem, or perhaps rather of a prose story, is entirely different in its incidents from any of the designs which he made of "Michael Scott's Wooing"—so far, at least, as my knowledge of them extends. From the character of the handwriting I judge this skeleton-narrative to be two or three years later than "The Orchard Pit," &c.

And, as a matter of fact, the prose cartoon for the poem in question was effected, as Mr. W. M. Rossetti infers, two years later than the cartoon of "The Orchard Pit."

The result of it all was that Rossetti had got nothing, except the unfinished poem of "Jan Van Hunks" as his contribution to the joint book, while my portion was all written.

But now came another serious obstacle to the project. Rossetti suddenly left Kelmscott and went to Cheyne Walk, and there underwent a dangerous operation. Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in his Life of his brother, quotes from my "Recollections of Christina Rossetti" in the *Nineteenth Century*, the following account of this illness:

"The aggravated symptoms necessitating the operation were apt to come on suddenly. Marshall therefore left instructions with the housekeeper that, should Rossetti seem to be suffering from an accession of illness, she was to take a cab and go at once to him at Savile Row. The symptoms did come on quite suddenly; but, as Rossetti was determined that he would undergo no operation save in my presence, the housekeeper, obeying his commands (which were always given with a Napoleonic imperiousness), came to me at Putney, instead of going straight to the doctor. On reaching Cheyne Walk, and seeing (as I thought) that a serious rupture of internal blood-vessels had taken place, I went to Marshall, and at once, and fortunately found him in. My description of the state of things alarmed him. We called for a chloroformist and drove off to Cheyne Walk as fast as possible. The operation was performed with all Marshall's usual skill, but afterwards Rossetti fell into a state of the greatest weakness. I sent for his unfailing friend, Madox Brown, to consult with Marshall, who advised that Rossetti should be taken to the seaside. Herne Bay, as being near to London, was the place selected, and thither he was taken by Brown—or rather to a little place called Hunter's Forestall. In a very little time Mrs. Rossetti, Christina, and myself, went down

to Herne Bay, and found Gabriel in a lamentable state of depression."

But he had never ceased making plans for poems and stories to be included in the joint book.

Returning now to the last days at Birchington. "The Family Letters of Christina Rossetti," just published by her brother, recalls these days vividly to my mind. In the preface to the Letters there is this note: "1882, April 9. Death of Dante Gabriel at Birchington-on-Sea, near Margate, after Mrs. Rossetti and Christina had been nursing him for several weeks." The devotion of these dear ladies was a thing to see—a thing never to be forgotten. But I cannot dwell upon it; it is too sacred.

One day, during this time, Rossetti said to me: "I have never abandoned the project of the joint book. I intend that the book shall come out, and I am now finishing the comic poem that I partly wrote years ago."

"'Jan Van Hunks?'" I said.

"Yes."

As the idea interested him intensely, I encouraged it in order to keep up his spirits, and it did so wonderfully. Leyland used to say that it kept him alive for days. Mr. W. M. Rossetti gives the following extract from his mother's diary:

> March 28, Tuesday.—Mr. Watts came down; Gabriel rallied marvellously.

"This," says Mr. W. M. Rossetti, "is the last cheerful item which it is allowed me to record concerning my brother; I am glad that it stands associated with the name of Theodore Watts."

And very soon the poem was all written out in his beautiful handwriting from the first line to the last. It is not for me to criticise this poem. Need I say that whatsoever its merits and whatsoever its defects, it is one of my most treasured possessions?

With regard to the other unpublished poems referred to by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, if I ever write my reminiscences of Herne Bay, Kelmscott Manor, and Bognor, I shall perhaps find an opportunity of publishing all three poems. But,

> Time driveth onward fast,
> And in a little while our lips are dumb

A Note on Cheyne Walk

To the Editor of The English Review.

Dear Sir,—Gossip is hard to deal with. Some years back a little book on Chelsea came to me, wherein I saw it stated that I had left Rossetti's house because of the appearance of ham and eggs on his breakfast plate: "it was too much for one." The publication was obscure, the instance given absurd, and I let it pass, as I do usually with newspaper tattle. These reviewers do not reflect on their chance of wounding. What I must have said to some friend was that Rossetti's habits were ominous for his health, and I mentioned the plate of thick ham and fried eggs, taken at once on the descent from his bedroom. I ventured to speak to him of the walk of at least a mile before this trying meal. But he disliked physical exercise, and he was wilful, though he could join in a laugh at his ways. The main point is that he came down with a head full of his work, and, not to be disturbed during the day, he chose a dish that would sustain him through it. The system could not continue for long, of which I had the sorrowful prognostic. Devotion to his work in contempt of our nature killed him. On no other subject have I spoken of this dear fellow but with the affection I felt—sometimes playfully with regard to his peculiar habits, I daresay, never in the gossip's manner.—Yours faithfully.

George Meredith.

Box Hill,
Dorking.

POLITICAL AND DIPLOMATIC

The Prospects of Parliaments at Home and Abroad

I. AT HOME

The rejection of the Licensing Bill by the House of Lords, the collapse of the Education compromise, and, above all, the utter indifference with which the fate of both these Bills was received by the country, are fine symptoms of the decay into which our Parliamentary system seems to be falling. It is not so much that oratory has died as that the reign of to-day belongs to the permanent official; it is not so much that the Personality has ceased to be a factor in the House of Commons as that the Cabinet ring, the true oligarchy, has been born. Our rulers are now no longer debaters: either they are irremovable experts, or we are under the sway of a removable jury. Apparently the attitude of the country towards Parliament becomes one of greater and greater indifference. After all, we seem to hear the electors say, what is the good of an Education Bill when by a mere Departmental Order—say one decreeing that in the interests of hygiene every school must provide six feet of hanging space for each child's clothes—when such a Departmental Order would ruin and close every Church school in England?

The country, in fact, appears to be of opinion that the powers of legislation are at an end. It is as if the voter had made up his mind that we do not need new laws. At the last General Election he displayed a profound distrust for the Conservative innovations. He has displayed little if any enthusiasm for Liberal Legislation.

Of Bills before the House or of Bills that have passed into law—indeed we might say of all the legislation that has been promoted by the present Government—three measures only have a national character. These are the Small Holdings Bill that is in operation, and the two dealing respectively with the Planning of Towns and the Port of London. At the moment of writing the Licensing Bill has been rejected by the House of Lords; the Education Bill has disappeared; the Towns Planning Bill is under discussion. But neither of the contentious enactments could be with any certainty styled of importance to the

future of the nation. If we stood for any party it would be for one non-existent that we might well call the Republican. The term, however, is impossible, for though most educated men are aware of the meaning of the word *Respublica*—surely the most sacred of all words—there is little hope that the word "Republican" can denote anything else than the chopping off of kings' heads. So that the shadowy party which we represent must needs fall back on the name of National—a name, surely, as unsatisfactory as could well be found.

For indeed we may say of the British nation that it has one great and one bewildering characteristic. Each of its units —every Englishman—seems entirely to forget the State save when, annually, he seeks to evade the payments due from him to his mother and country. You can hardly imagine any Englishman uttering the last great words of Othello; you can hardly imagine any Englishman expecting the State to do him a service. As regards the two great parties—the Tories and the Socialists—of whom some reverence for the Republic might be expected, it is safe to say that, in the one the high feeling for the State has died out, in the other it has gone under before the pressure of opportunism, of party. Yet the ideal of each might be expressed in the same words:

A trained, an enlightened, governing class: a proletariat with the assurance of health, of work, of contentment and of the proper conditions of life and its enjoyments.

Both parties would unite in saying: "Other classes should be subjected remorselessly to pressure until in the fulness of time they disappear, leaving us the Perfect Republic. In the Perfect Republic there will be none but those who produce living in harmony with those who administer."

This is an announcement of policy to which neither the philosophic Tory nor the real Socialist would object. To the philosophic Whig it would be anathema. Unfortunately the philosophic Whig is dead; there is no Tory left to us; the real Socialist is as yet unknown. We have instead the party system—a system which has presented us with the situation charming to a cynic—of a Liberal party put into power to insure an inaction of the most Conservative kind. So at least an unkind speaker has characterised the action of the electorate at the last General Election. The nation, he said, put the Liberal Government into power in order that it might do nothing whilst the voter had time to ponder upon Tariff Reform. We do not, of course, wish to adopt this utterance. It is a point of view like another. he main point is that the Government, whether

on account of the House of Lords or for other reasons, has achieved very little, and the country manifests a contentment that is expressed in an utter indifference to the doings of the House of Commons.

The Small Holdings Act has had no time to be on its trial. It is a piece of legislation that no one very seriously resents, not even any considerable majority of land-owners. There is, however, one point to which attention has not been directed, a point upon which the success or the failure of the small holder must depend. This is the question of the marketing of produce in small parcels. Under the present system, if it be not impossible, it is extraordinarily difficult for a small holder to pay his way. It is extraordinarily difficult even if the salesmen in the large markets be honest. Moreover, it is almost impossible for the small holder to have any reasonable security of price. Thus, in a case which is reported to us, a small grower sent his first consignment of potatoes—18 cwt.—and received in return the sum of 18*s.* 6*d.* For his next consignment to the same salesman—one of 27 cwt.—he received ten half-penny stamps. The account from the salesman ran as follows :

	s.	*d.*
Price received for 21 cwt. of potatoes sold (being 27 cwt. less 6 cwt. of pickings as blighted and less agent's commission)	19	4
Railway charges	18	11
Balance		5

The producer, therefore, made charges of dishonesty against the salesmen, but upon our pressing him to take the case into court he refused to do so, although we offered him the services of a detective and offered to pay his legal expenses. We have indeed made a similar offer to a large number of small growers, each of whom made accusations of dishonesty against his salesman. In each case the offer has been refused. We arrive then at the definite fact that the small producer is confronted by serious difficulties in the marketing of his produce, and that he finds it difficult to be assured of the honesty of his agents.*

For the moment we can do no more than refer to the Port of London and the Towns Planning Bills—to refer to them with the gravity that is due to measures likely to affect for ever the commercial supremacy and the physical health of the country. For, for good or ill, we English have elected to become a nation

* In order to cast light on the question as to whether the salesmen of small produce return honest accounts to the producers, we append two letters from writers intimately acquainted with different branches of the subject. *See* p. 377.

of town-dwellers, and the centre of all our towns is the town of London.

The mainstay of London is its port. Yet how few of us have ever seen the words "Port of London," and how much fewer are those who realise that this great harbour is growing antiquated in its methods of dealing with cargoes, is growing too shallow in its waterways, is hampered by high charges. How many people realise that our most important industry is that of the carriage of goods by sea, and how many realise that of all harbours the greatest is the Port of London? And how many realise or even begin to realise that this greatness is being threatened by Amsterdam and by the Free Cities of Hamburg and Bremen?

It is in the hope of spreading this realisation that we touch for the moment, only perfunctorily, upon this crucial measure. It is in the hope that the body of educated attention in this country—disregarding those Academicisms of the party system, the Licensing and Education Bills—will settle itself seriously to the task of watching the debates upon these two measures fraught with the fate of our Republic.

But, indeed, duties of the National party would not end with the careful attention to parliamentary debates remorselessly cut short by the closure of an oligarchical Cabinet. It should centre itself more closely and more vigilantly than ever upon the proceedings of the permanent officials, who will afterwards administer the Acts, and upon the committees who will modify their workings; for if the effect of the committees who will ultimately administer the Port of London should be to raise the tonnage dues as much as the Metropolitan Water Board has raised the water rates, the effects upon the nation would be more disastrous than the loss of many fleets, and if the Town Planning Bill should result in increasing facilities for municipal jobbery, the effect upon our towns would be more fatal than that of many pestilences.

Germany has its town-planning law, and very efficiently it works. But in every German town the mayor is a Government official; in the larger towns there are several mayors and sub-mayors, each officers of the State. It is too much to hope that we shall at a bound in England attain to having the State represented upon every municipal council, or to that public spirit and pride of place that in each of the inhabitants of any town in France so efficiently supplies the lack of State supervision. But we have an efficient, a clean-handed, and, upon the whole, an impartial judiciary. It might be possible

to make the Recorder of the town its autocrat as far as town planning is concerned. Or it would be better still if the National party were in a position to insist that the final authority, the Central Government, should be one so strong and endowed with powers so minatory and so punitive that municipal corruption, in this particular at least, should become impossible. A National party, in fact, ignoring all factitious legislation—ignoring indeed the very existence of the House of Commons—should devote a sedulous, a meticulous and an ardent scrutiny to the actual workings of such non-party legislation as contrives to scrape through the Houses of Parliament when a Liberal Government is in power, and to all the enactments of the Conservatives. It should devote itself neither to promoting nor to opposing the cause of Tariff Reform. But should the country, familiarised with the idea, no longer fear or grow educated up to a system of Protection, the National party should be for ever on the watch to prevent any possibility of the corruption that might so easily follow in its train. Tariff Reform is, however, an extreme case which we use merely as an illustration with the careful comment that we neither oppose nor desire to promote this change.

C. W.

II. RUSSIA

You ask me for my opinion upon the prospects of the Parliament in Russia. I can only say that the following is the state of things at present:

Glancing through the last numbers of the Russian newspapers I came upon the following short notice :

'By order of his Imperial Majesty, Professor G. L. Tiraspolsky has been sent abroad for a year, to England, Norway and Sweden, for the purpose of investigating the conditions of technical education in those countries."

This small item of information recalled to my mind a long series of reminiscences. The clever, energetic southern face of my friend, Tiraspolsky, arose before me, wearing the anxious worried look which he had carried up and down the Nevsky Prospect in a perpetual hurried trot for a period of nearly three years. The story of his three years' peregrinations reflects in itself, as do numberless other dramatic stories from Russia, the whole intricate tangle of political tragedy in the Russian Empire.

Tiraspolsky had been, for several years, one of the most prominent professors in the Polytechnic of Tomsk, the capital of Western Siberia, when the revolutionary storm of October 1905 arose. Like every other enlightened Russian, Tiraspolsky was in sympathy with the constitutional aspirations of the nation, and took no pains to conceal this fact. Thus it happened that he was asked to preside at a meeting of protestation held against the deliberate roasting alive of 600 human beings in a public building in the town of Tomsk. This crowd of enthusiasts had gathered to express their joy at the granting by the Tsar of the famous October Manifesto, and the administration of the town had found no better means of checking their demonstrativeness than surrounding the building in which they had assembled by troops, thus preventing every possibility of escape, and then permitting a band of hired hooligans to set fire to the building.

The Lord President of the law courts of Tomsk, Witte, the cousin of the then Premier, Count Witte, the Attorney-General of Tomsk, and many other prominent citizens joined with Tiraspolsky in the protest against this monstrous iniquity. And a couple of months later, when the reactionary forces, thanks to such methods as those described above, had emerged triumphant all over Russia, Tiraspolsky, Witte and nearly every citizen of any standing in Tomsk were expelled from the town

and the surrounding provinces by the Governor of Tomsk. They all came to St. Petersburg, and their stories, which they related to me personally, were a fresh illustration of the deep-rooted disease from which Russia is now suffering. I should call it " multiplied Government."

Ostensibly Russia is governed by its Ministry. But every Russian knows that his fate lies, not only in the hands of the Central Government, but also in those of the local Governors and Governors-General; the secret and common police, and, added to these, of the Union of Russian Men—each of which force acts almost independently of the central powers, and entirely independently of one another.

As a professor, Tiraspolsky depended upon the Minister of Education, a member of the Russian Cabinet. His appointment, like that of every other professor, was signed by the Tsar upon the special report made to him by the Minister of Education, and his dismissal could only be effected by the same process. As a citizen of Tomsk, Professor Tiraspolsky's fate lay with the local Governor-General, who also receives his power direct from the Tsar. Thus, the Governor of Tomsk was empowered to arrest or exile Tiraspolsky, but not to dismiss him from his professorship without the consent of the Minister of Education sanctioned by the Tsar. The Minister of Education was empowered to retain him in his professorship. But neither he nor the Premier with his whole Cabinet were able to reinstate him in Tomsk. In St. Petersburg, Tiraspolsky was accorded a most friendly reception from the Ministers of Education and the Interior. He was known to be a brilliant professor, and nobody could be found adequately to replace him in his Chair. The Ministry also knew that Tiraspolsky was not a politician, therefore he was informed that his salary as professor would be continued, as usual, until brighter times.

A year passed,but the dawn of brighter times was still deferred. Tiraspolsky was still drawing his salary from the Central Government, and still forbidden by the Governor-General of Tomsk to resume his Chair.

One day in St. Petersburg, while returning from an audience with the Minister of Education, Tiraspolsky was arrested and thrown into prison. It appeared that Baron Nolken, the Governor of Tomsk, not being able to obtain the dismissal of Tiraspolsky from the Central Government, had started proceedings against him for having presided over the meeting in Tomsk in October 1905. Tiraspolsky, being exiled from Tomsk, had heard nothing of these proceedings, and even had he heard would have been

unable to appear before the magistrate in Tomsk. And Nolken had denounced him to the secret police in St. Petersburg as hiding from a prosecution. For over two months he lay in prison. The Central Government continued to pay him his professorial salary, but was unable to release him, because Baron Nolken held his power from the Tsar direct.

When Tiraspolsky had at last succeeded in proving that there was no case against him—that he had no intention of hiding—his address being perfectly well known both to the Governor of Tomsk, to the Central Government, and to the St. Petersburg secret police, he was released. The Cabinet then gathered and held a special deliberation upon his case. A telegram was sent by the Premier, Stolypine, to Baron Nolken requesting him to allow Tiraspolsky to return to Tomsk. The telegram ran :

"I have no objection to Professor Tiraspolsky's resumption of his professorial duties.—(Signed) STOLYPINE."

The answer came back, brief and to the point :

"I have.—(Signed) NOLKEN."

Three years have now passed since the professor's exile from Tomsk. His post is still his, and the Central Government still continues to pay his salary. This payment and reception of money for nothing becoming irksome both to Tiraspolsky and to the Minister of Education, they laid their heads together and hit upon a bright idea.

"You shall go abroad," said the Minister to the professor, "upon an official scientific mission for the Government. Your salary shall be paid for that."

So the Tsar, who empowered Baron Nolken to defy the Central Government, has now signed the report of the Central Government which defies Baron Nolken.

This is only one small incident—a drop in the troubled sea of Russian life. But in every corner of the Empire we find facsimiles of this situation.

In Odessa the Prefect Grigorieff, appointed by the Ministry, fought for a long time against the murderous attacks upon Jews by the gangs of the Union of Russian Men, which entirely paralysed the life of that great commercial centre. But these onslaughts were encouraged by Baron Kaulbars, the military commandant of the town, appointed by the Tsar. When at last Grigorieff in despair came to St. Petersburg and reported to his chief, Stolypine, that either the dual government in Odessa must cease or he himself must resign, Stolypine advised him to explain the situation personally to the Tsar. When Grigorieff arrived for the audience he was met by the Tsar

dressed in the national Russian shirt affected by the Union of Russian Men, and decorated with the latter's badge. Grigorieff immediately understood that his report was out of place and handed in his resignation. Nowitzky, a general of *Gendarmes*, was appointed in his place, and went to Odessa with rosy expectations and a strict injunction from the Premier to "re-establish order." But not long after he had started upon his work of pacification he was obliged to telegraph to Stolypine :

"Impossible for the police to fight against secret unions which are led by persons who guarantee the members' impunity for crime." Nowitzky soon succumbed before his impossible task.

In Moscow, in the Baltic Provinces, in Poland, in the Caucasus, and in innumerable other towns and places of importance or of no importance, Governors or Governors-General with exceptional powers rule their territories directly under the Tsar, and independently of the Central Government and of each other. A Governor, say, of Tambov expels from his province to the neighbouring province, say of Veronesh or Penza, hundreds of persons who, for one reason or another, he may consider undesirable, while the Governors of Veronesh or Penza return the compliment by the wholesale export of their "undesirables" into the province of Tambov. Prominent citizens of Siberian towns arrive as exiles in European Russia, and every European province of Russia performs a similar dumping into Siberia upon its own account. This constant interchange of "undesirables" has continued for years, and every day thousands of persons are torn from their families and deprived of their trades and occupations, while thousands of families are left without support. The imbroglio which ensues from such a state of things may easily escape the casual eye of a foreigner upon a short visit to Russia ; but Russians feel it bitterly and at every step they take. It is not that power is divided between two sets of people. The fact is that this multiplicity has penetrated into every branch of the administration, down to the smallest wheel of the ruling machinery. So that not only are the citizens ignorant of what laws or rules they must observe, but every official is constantly at sea as to whose orders he is to obey. The natural result of this constantly increasing imbroglio is that even the Conservative nobles who look to the Government as their only protector against the discontented masses begin to feel pangs of anxiety.

M. Krassovsky, a prominent Conservative leader in the State Council (the Russian House of Lords), well presented the situation the other day to an interviewer of the *Retch :*

"In other countries, that which is not forbidden by law is permitted," he said. "But with us it is the contrary. Here everything which is not permitted by some special law or regulation is forbidden. All social life is paralysed by such a system of prohibition. In the provinces you can't move a step without some special permission. And when you apply for permission you find that the local authorities have not an idea of what they are permitted to permit or obliged to prohibit. They only know that if they should permit something which might prove displeasing it means an end of them. So that a refusal is, in all cases, safer; it can only mean at the worst a reprimand. They act accordingly."

They act accordigly. Every policeman, every *gendarme*, every political spy or provocator acts according to his own discretion. And each of them has but one fear: that the Union of Russian Men, which works under the highest patronage and the branches of which are spread all over Russia, should denounce him in St. Petersburg as a conniver with revolutionists, Jews, Poles, or what not. And in order to be safe from these denunciations which reach the highest ear in St. Petersburg he has but one policy—that of blind, ruthless, savage oppression. No independent man can retain office on the administration under such conditions. Thus it has come to such a pass that after a long sifting of the *personnel* wielding greater or lesser power, the civil and political police are filled with persons ejected from every other path of life as opprobrious characters. The participation of members of the secret and common police in various murders, robberies and criminal plots has become of daily occurrence. It is not an easy task in Russia to bring this complicity of the powers to light. Every province, except the northern deserts, being ruled not by ordinary but "exceptional" laws, under various states of complete or minor siege, the Governors have the possibility to give full play to their arbitrary inclinations and to stop every attempt at the disclosure of their illegal acts. Even so, the iniquities of the administration which have been brought to light are so numerous that it would take volumes to report them. One instance, however, would be sufficient to give some idea of the state into which the Russian administration has fallen.

In Moscow, the biggest commercial centre of Russia, with a population of almost a million and a half, unlimited powers were given, and are still in the hands of the Governor-General, Herschelmann, whose immediate assistant with powers almost as limitless was General Reinbot, the Prefect of the town. Their unlimited powers were given to them for the purpose of crushing

the revolutionary parties and of cleansing the great and ancient capital from the stain of murder, robbery and expropriation. Outrages of all kinds had for long been terrorising the population of Moscow. It seemed that the daring of the robbers was boundless, and the imprisonments and executions for some mysterious reasons were entirely ineffectual in restraining it. About a year ago, however, a lucky occurrence helped to throw some light upon this enigma. The murder and robbery of a rich landowner by a band of "revolutionary expropriators" took place. The estates of the victim where the outrage was committed lie upon the confines of the neighbouring provinces of Moscow and Riazan. The Moscow secret and common police were panting with their exertions to capture the murderers, but could not discover the smallest trace of them. The Riazan detectives added their efforts, but all in vain. One day, however, a Riazan detective, acting upon his own initiative, followed up a clue, and passing from trace to trace arrived one night in Moscow and discovered the very house in which the brigands were in the act of sharing their booty. He hastened to the central offices of the Moscow secret police for help, and reported his discovery to the official on duty. The latter, in apparent amazement, listened to his story, and then hurriedly left the office. As it remained completely unguarded the astonished detective awoke another official, Stephanoff, and went with him to the scene of his discovery.

"But that is the house of the official you have just been speaking to," exclaimed Stephanoff in surprise, when they arrived.

They rang the bell and were admitted by the host himself.

"Look here," he said, "you need not trouble any more about this. Here's your share. The chief has had his."

The incredulous visitors suggested that he should go with them to the chief. He readily agreed to this. They all three drove to the house of the chief of secret police, M. Moisseinko, who immediately confirmed the statements of his subordinate, adding :

"You had better hold your tongues. General Reinbot has had his part too."

Stephanoff, however, proved to be of a tough character. He reported the whole matter next morning to General Reinbot, who immediately dismissed him for his pains, and denounced him to the judicial authorities as guilty of bribery. But Stephanoff went to St. Petersburg, told the whole story to Stolypine and succeeded in proving the truth of his statements. A cursory inquiry established the complicity of the Moscow

administration in such a number of almost incredible crimes that even the Court became alarmed. A special Senator, M. Garine, was appointed by the Tsar and given wide powers to inquire into the doings of Reinbot and his subordinates ; Reinbot and Moisseinko being eventually dismissed from their posts. It has taken M. Garine a whole year to unravel the fabulous crimes of the Moscow police. The other day he presented his report to the Tsar, upon the strength of which criminal proceedings have now been started against General Reinbot. Garine's powers have been further extended by the Tsar, enabling him to dismiss and prosecute the members of the Moscow administration at his own discretion. He is now in Moscow continuing his investigations. But the facts already stated in his report are startling enough. Garine discovered that the whole population of Moscow had been regularly taxed for the personal profit of Reinbot and his subordinates ; while Liberal newspapers, educational and other societies had been ruthlessly suppressed and thousands of independent citizens thrown into prison ; ill-famed houses of every kind had sprung up like mushrooms in the very centre of the city even at a distance of three minutes' walk from the palace of the Governor-General. The proprietors of these houses had paid contributions of thousands of pounds to Reinbot and his police, but they had themselves amassed large fortunes under mighty patronage. A house in the village of Perovo, a few versts from Moscow, was found to be the seat of a highly organised band of brigands, and the chief warehouse of their stolen booty. This band worked under the guidance and patronage of members of the Moscow secret police. Forty great robberies and murders by armed bands were directly traced to this house. The local village policeman, who, unaware of the high patronage of the criminals, began to question the owner of the house, was found murdered in the neighbouring forest, and his successor met the same fate for the same reason. Since then the local police and the peasants had not dared to interfere. Corpses, however, continued to be discovered in the neighbouring fields. They were those of members of the band who had transgressed in some way against the severe discipline imposed upon them. While common thieves were frequently hanged by the Moscow police, this privileged house continued its work entirely unmolested, holding up trains, ransacking shops, and committing murders. Senator Garine also discovered that a regular school had been organised in the house for the training of bands in attacks upon trains. With the aid of police and railway officials, empty trains were run upon the lines adjoining

Moscow and sham attacks perpetrated upon them. Shots were fired, carriages burst open by dynamite, &c. &c.

Such are a few of the almost incredible facts disclosed by M. Garine. And while, for the last three years, murderers, robbers, and ill-famed houses were paying their dues to Reinbot and his assistants, martial law has continued to flourish under pretext of the necessity of fighting the revolution and assuring the peace of the town.

f such a state of things can prevail in Moscow, the second capital of Russia, it is easy to imagine what goes on in remoter provinces. The complicity in crimes of the local administrations has been discovered by various lucky accidents to have been common in Kief, Vilna, Minsk, Baku, Tiflis, Ekaterinaslav, Odessa, Kharkoff, Turkestan, &c. Some officials have been handed over to the judicial authorities, others dismissed, but the majority simply shifted to some other town, their dismissal being considered impossible in view of their former services. Tsikhotsky, for instance, the former police-*meister* of Kief, was, in 1905, the organiser of the sanguinary *pogrom* in that town, When, later on, his complicity in various crimes gained publicity, the Central Government found it impossible to dismiss this influential member of the Union of Russian Men. He was therefore transferred to Tiflis, the capital of the Caucasus, to the same post, that of police-*meister*, which he had formerly held in Kief. In Tiflis he speedily organised and placed himself at the head of the same system of robbery and corruption which he had established in Kief. But the other day he found it expedient to commit suicide, because the Viceroy of the Caucasus, Count Vorontzof-Dashkof, who happens to be an honest man, refused any longer to countenance his criminal activity.

The multiplicity of power, accompanied by corruption, poisons not only the civil administration; it paralyses the Ministries of War, of Marine, of Ways and Communications, Foreign Affairs, &c. The rivalries of Generals Smyrnoff and Stoessel in the besieged Port Arthur won world-wide notoriety, thanks to the famous trial last year. Both these Generals held their power direct from the Tsar, and therefore acted independently of, and in opposition to, one another, thus hastening the fall of the fortress. The rivalry during the Far-Eastern War of General Kuropatkine and Admiral Alexeieff, also both dependent directly upon the Tsar and answerable only to him, was a valuable asset upon the side of the Japanese. Count Witte complained bitterly to a friend of mine how his activity

when Premier was constantly frustrated by Durnovo, the then Minister of the Interior, who was privileged to report independently to the Tsar. The present Premier, Stolypine, is practically void of any power of reforming the State because his every step in that direction is immediately denounced to the Tsar by irresponsbile members of the Union of Russian Men, such as Dubrovine, Father Vostorgoff, Count Konovnitzen, &c., who constitute a kind of unofficial government, and enjoy the privilege of private audiences with Nicholas II., the honorary Head of the Union.

Many complaints have been made, and are still being made, in the British press concerning the so-called "insincerity" of the Russian foreign policy in the *entente cordiale* with England. I saw M. de Hartwig * about three years ago on the day of his departure from St. Petersburg to his new post of Ambassador in Teheran. He spoke to me in glowing terms about his intended co-operation in Persia with the then newly appointed British Ambassador, Spring Rice :

"'He is an old friend of mine," said de Hartwig, "and I have no doubt that we shall be able to work together with perfect straightforwardness."

A few days ago M. de Hartwig was recalled, as it seems under the pressure of Sir Edward Grey, and returned to St. Petersburg. This is how he explained the cause of his failure in Persia to a representative of the *Novoye Vremia :*

"What is the situation of Russia in Persia?" inquired Professor A. Pilenko.

"Our weak point in Persia," replied de Hartwig, "is the multiplicity of Russian powers there. Before my arrival in Teheran three Russian Ambassadors practically were at work there; one sent by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; the second a military one, the chief of the Cossack brigade (Colonel Liakhoff); and the third a financial agent. While, three years ago, accepting the ambassadorial post I put the condition that this multiplicity of power should cease. The Government promised me that steps should be taken in this direction. And in fact I succeeded in curbing the powers of the financial agent, and he now works in solidarity with the Embassy."

"And Liakhoff?"

"Colonel Liakhoff was not under my authority. He is under the competence of the staff of the Caucasian army. Therefore his instructions were often in contradiction with mine. I shall now insist that Liakhoff shall be placed directly under the

* *See also* M. E. de Lorey's article on Persia, p. 351.—Ed. E.R.

authority of our Minister of War. Then, I hope, our contradictory policy in Persia will cease."

However, de Hartwig further admitted that Liakhoff used also to receive direct orders from the Russian Minister of War, who reports directly to the Tsar. But Colonel Liakhoff is now the darling of the Union of Russian Men, and it may safely be prophesied that Russian "insincerity" in Persia will continue in the future as before.

Far be it from me to declare that all Russian officials are corrupt, or leagued with criminals or *pogromists*. There are some honest and well-meaning men among them, such as General Soukhomlinoff, the Governor-General of Kief, thanks to whose efforts there has been no recurrence of *pogroms* in Kief during the last three years; or Count Vorontzoff-Dashkoff, the Viceroy of the Caucasus. Neither do I believe that the Premier, Stolypine, or the Minister of Finance, Kokovtseff have ever been guilty of corruption. But however praiseworthy their sentiments may be, their policy can be no other than one of blind coercion.

On August 13, 1900, a few weeks after the dispersal of the first Duma by Stolypine and his appointment to the Premiership, I visited him in his villa on the Aptecarsky Island, and had a two-hours' conversation with him about his political programme. He then very much regretted the stringent coercive measures which he had adopted upon the dissolution of the Duma.

"But," he said, "these measures are only the prelude to a policy of reform. . . . Authority must show its creative force, which is the guarantee of success."

"What is your creative programme?" I asked.

"We make no secret of the general lines of our policy,' he said. "In the first place we shall endeavour to consolidate the principles laid down in the Manifesto of October 30, and to extend civic liberties. Our most important work, however, will be the regulation of the agrarian question. In this will lie the chief creative force of the Government."

Then he spoke to me of the Jews in the most sympathetic terms, confessing that their treatment is unjust and their lot unbearable. And he promised, if not their complete emancipation, at least the abolition of various restrictions regarding them. He declared that the Constitutional Democratic Party was not yet registered as lawful by the Government, only because of a technical hindrance which would soon be removed. He showed me a map of Russia hanging upon the wall of his study on which all the southern and central provinces were painted in

various colours, while only the uninhabited northern regions were white.

"These various colours," he said, "represent the various kinds of exceptional laws applied to these districts. The country left uncoloured is governed by ordinary law. My aim is to have the whole of Russia white."

More than two years have passed since then, and not one of Stolypine's promises have been realised. On the contrary, he, during the whole of this period, has been drifting further and further along the path of coercion and reaction. The members of the Constitutional Democratic Party have been declared revolutionists and outlaws, and ejected from every post they have hitherto occupied. The Jewish legal status, far from being improved, is worse than ever, and new restrictions are showered upon them every day. Court-martials have been established all over the country, and the numbers of persons condemned to death have reached appalling figures. Civic liberties have been reduced to nothing, and the Manifesto of October 30 has proved a dead letter. Exceptional law has been extended to further localities than those marked upon Stolypine's map, and arbitrary rule has become supreme. By extreme pressure judicial authorities have been made tools in the hands of the Government. Not one single branch of the administration has been reformed, unless mere changes of name, uniforms, or epaulettes can be called reforms. And the new agrarian law issued by a Tsar's Ukase of November 9, 1906, has proved to be nothing but a forcible transformation of communal land-ownership into private property, a transformation which is bringing strife and ruin into every village in Russia.

"Tell the whole world," writes a peasant in the *Petersburg Gazette*, in a letter addressed to the peasant members of the Duma, "tell the whole world how, in every village, thanks to the law of November 9, brother has risen against brother, son against father, the father against his family, separate peasants against the commune; how everything here has become knotted and entangled, creating endless strife, animosity and litigation. Tell it that the commune, with a stone upon its heart, must submit to those in power, and yield up pieces of its land to people who have no right to it, and that, thanks to this law, our children will be without land.

"We peasants here see that with the law of November 9 has come the end of our family and communal life, because it destroys the family as well as the commune. It is the end of the peasant's allotment and the peasant's home. Our land will

float away from us upon the great waves into the clutches of the land-grabbers. From some of us it will be torn by poverty; from others by want of thrift."

It is not from want of clear sight that Stolypine is thrusting the country towards final ruin. He actually prepared some Bills guaranteeing some limited kinds of civic liberty. But the Union of Russian Men complained of these to the Tsar, and Stolypine, to preserve his post, was forced to cast them aside and to replace them by Bills of an entirely reactionary character. He also worked out a project for ameliorating the condition of the Jews. But the Tsar, influenced by the Union of Russian Men, is a bitter enemy of the Jews; and Stolypine, again to save his post, was forced to abandon this project also and to issue new restrictions. In the second Duma, Stolypine, in his Ministerial Declaration, developed a programme, though a very moderate one, of reform. In the third Duma he poses already as an autocratic bureaucrat *par excellence*, with a programme entirely borrowed from the columns of the Black Hundred newspapers. Under other circumstances Stolypine might have proved a statesman of prominence. In his present condition, surrounded by the intrigues of the Union of Russian Men, Stolypine has been reduced to the one and only task for which, after all, he cares more than for any other: that of preserving his Premiership. This he can accomplish only by pleasing the Tsar. And he can please the Tsar in one way only: by showing himself as implacable an enemy of the constitutional movement as the maddest fanatic in the ranks of the Union of Russian Men. Every other man in his place would inevitably be forced into the same course of action unless he could reconcile himself to resignation. And Stolypine does not want to resign.

Thus Russia, more than ever, is divided into two irreconcilable camps. On one side the nation, reduced temporarily to sullen silence by gallows and prison; on the other side the Court, the bureaucrats and the greater landowners. And the wise man who will build the bridge between the camps has not, as yet, been born.

D. S.

III. PERSIA

By Eustache de Lorey

Late of the French Legation in Teheran

Depuis quelques années, la France en Perse se contente de regarder plutôt que d'agir, ses intérêts commerciaux, peu considérables, ne la poussant pas à aborder un rôle politique actif; et elle se flatte surtout de l'influence tout morale qu'elle exerce sur les classes éclairées. Sa mission archéologique dans l'Arabistan n'a d'autre but, malgré ce qu'en ont pu dire certaines gazettes de l'Inde, que les fouilles à la recherche d'un passé qui touche presque à la légende. Le semblant de forteresse qu'elle a érigé sur une colline de l'ancienne Suse ne sert vraiment qu'à protéger, contre les incursions des tribus pillardes arabes des environs, ses archéologues. Car c'est là que M. et Mme. Dieulafoy d'abord, et M. de Morgan à leur suite, ont découvert sur les périodes les plus reculées de l'Empire élamite de précieux documents.

A peine vaut-il de mentionner qu'en 1898 un Chargé d'Affaires français, non sans initiative, fit presque aboutir un emprunt; tentative d'ailleurs réprimée par M. Delcassé pour ce qu'il la trouvait inutile, jugeant que nous n'avions rien à gagner à nous immiscer dans les affaires de l'Est-Moyen, et qu'il était préférable de laisser à nos bons alliés les Russes les négotiations, les tracas et les avantages de cet emprunt—quoiqu'en pensât le Grand Vizir d'alors qui devait tant aux Russes et qui se fût senti plus libre si les garanties que réclamaient les prêteurs avaient été dans d'autres mains que dans celles de ses protecteurs et maîtres.

Cette influence morale de la France s'avère le résultat, surtout de la coutume et de la mode. En effet, si un Persan parle une langue européenne, c'est le français qui lui sera familier; le français, langue des relations internationales entre la Perse et les états de l'Europe; la langue aussi, employée aux cours de l'Ecole Polytechnique de Téhéran (une imitation de notre Ecole Polytechnique), à l'Ecole des Sciences Politiques, à l'Ecole des Sciences, à l'École d'Agriculture; langue qui est enseignée dans soixante autres écoles particulieres de la capitale, sans compter celles des provinces, et même à l'Ecole Allemande; langue parlée encore, naturellement, par les docteurs français qui se sont succédés auprès des Chahs et des grands dignitaires, et par ceux répandus dans toute la Perse.

Non seulement la nouvelle génération instruite connait notre langue, mais elle possède encore notre littérature et notre histoire. Et c'est ainsi seulement que la France, sans le vouloir, simplement par ses actes et ses leçons, influença d'une manière définitive les Persans épris d'idées modernes.

Ce qu'ils sentaient confusément depuis plusieurs années, l'histoire de la Révolution française le formula pour eux inoubliablement, et cette histoire guida les Nationalistes, éclaira leurs pensées troubles, décida en somme un mouvement qui leur ouvrait des horizons nouveaux et plus clairs. Mais ils commirent la faute d'oublier l'histoire des siècles qui précédérent notre révolution, de ne pas voir l'enchaînement des faits et de croire qu'un mouvement semblable réussirait en Perse ; peut-être refusérent-ils de comprendre que leur peuple n'était ni mûr pour une telle convulsion ni prêt à y prendre part avec la persévérance nécessaire.

Certes la France verrait avec satisfaction nos amis les Anglais et nos alliés lès Russes aider la Perse à se réorganiser. Ce pays, plein de richesses naturelles inexploitées, vaut bien une révolution, comme en sont dignes les Persans, intelligents, sympathiques quoiqu'on puisse dire et malgré leurs évidents défauts. Semer dans la terre d'Iran serait se préparer une belle récolte, et, en dehors des avantages, le geste serait beau.

L'Angleterre est sans doute favorable à la régénération de la Perse. Son amour de la liberté et de la civilisation suffirait à lui faire négliger des intérêts plus égoïstes. Mais le gouvernement russe nourrit-il les mêmes sentiments à l'endroit des Nationalistes persans ? Il y a quelques années ce gouvernement favorisait tout ce qu'il jugeait susceptible d'avancer la décadence persane et voyait d'un bon œil les faiblesses et les extravagances du Chah et de sa cour. Son influence était prépondérante non seulement dans cette partie du pays qui constitue sa zone d'influence reconnue, mais encore dans le domaine anglais, sur lequel il empiétait commercialement, introduisant un tarif douanier préjudiciable aux commerçants britanniques.

L'Angleterre, heureusement, s'est ressaisie et, en trois années, a regagné la plupart du terrain perdu. Sa diplomatie habile a conçu et réalisé la Convention, grâce à laquelle les deux ennemis d'antan marchent maintenant la main dans la main. Cette collaboration anglo-russe, qui eut semblé naguère une pure utopie, donnera-t-elle d'autres résultats que de permettre à ces deux grandes nations de vaquer à des occupations d'un ordre plus vital et plus important pour elles ?

En attendant, un des effets et non des moindres de la Convention a été d'empêcher entre l'Angleterre et la Russie des complications que n'auraient pas manqué d'amener les révolutions actuelles ; car la Russie serait sans doute intervenue militairement pour pacifier l'Azerbeidjan, où ses nationaux, qui y ont de grands intérêts financiers, subirent des pertes considérables.

Cependant, en dépit des représentations anglo-russes, le Chah s'obstine, réactionnaire endurci, et refuse, d'ailleurs avec des formes et à l'aide de stratagèmes, de convoquer le Parlement. Tel jadis Artaxerce, en vue de créer l'unité dans les sectes religieuses, convoqua un Medjliss des Mages de toutes les parties du royaume et réduisit petit à petit leur nombre de 80,000 à 7, qu'il lui était aisé de tenir en main—l'actuel Chah vient de créer un Conseil d'Etat composé de quarante membres par lui choisis dans l'aristocratie conservative et à qui il se propose de confier la tâche de faire une nouvelle loi électorale. Ainsi les portes du Parlement ne s'ouvraient-elles que devant des gens jugés dignes, par lui, d'y figurer. Doit-on reconnaître dans ce subtil arrangement l'influence occulte et insidieuse de la Russie ? comme le croient les Nationalistes persans, qui prétendent que la Russie joue un double rôle et qu'elle a recours à deux politiques : celle qu'elle montre dans sa collaboration avec l'Angleterre, celle qu'elle cache dans sa collaboration avec le Chah. Les Nationalistes, qui d'ailleurs se trompent peut-être, affirment que si le Chah n'était pas appuyé en sous main par la Russie, il n'aurait jamais osé ce qu'il a osé faire. Et le coup d'état de juin dernier est considéré par les Persans comme une victoire russe sur l'Angleterre. Car pour eux le Parlement, la liberté, les réformes, symbolisent l'Angleterre ; le Chah et son entourage réactionnaire symbolisent la Russie. Ainsi l'Angleterre l'emportait-elle tant que le parti libéral gagnait du terrain ; ainsi la Russie reprit-elle, en même temps que le Chah, sa suprématie.

Malgré qu'une transformation de la Perse ne manquerait pas de produire dans l'Inde des bouleversements redoutables pour la domination anglaise, il apparait évident que l'Angleterre, se montrant en cela fort désinteressée, n'a pas caché ses sentiments favorables à la Révolution. Dautre part, la Russie a pu difficilement dissimuler sa sympathie pour la Réaction. De cela, le gouvernement russe semble vouloir rendre responsable son ministre à Téhéran, M. de Hartwig, lequel vient d'être rappelé à Pétersbourg—destitué disent certains—pour y rendre compte de sa mission.

M. de Hartwig s'est excusé en se retranchant derrière un prétendu manque d'entente existant entre les trois influences

russes : celle du diplomate, du militaire et du financier. Lorsqu'on lui confia le poste, il fut entendu que seul il avait tous pouvoirs ; mais il se rendit vite compte, prétend-il, de l'inanité de cette promesse ; car si M. Chempchal se soumit, il n'en fut pas de même du Colonel Liakhoff. Son refus, M. de Hartwig l'explique par le fait que le Colonel Liakhoff n'était pas son subordonné, dépendant de l'Etat-major du District Militaire Caucasien. C'est pourquoi il se proposait d'insister pour qu'il fut placé sous le contrôle direct du Département Militaire Central. L'explication semble au moins insuffisante si l'on songe que le dit District Militaire Caucasien dépend du Ministère de la Guerre, et qu'il était aisé à M. de Hartwig de faire transmettre ses instructions par la voie de ce Ministère.

Aussi bien, M. de Hartwig semblait personnellement n'avoir guère de sympathie pour le Parlement, ainsi qu'il le prouva en l'incident de septembre 1907 lorsqu'il adressa au président du Parlement une note comminatoire, le menaçant de faire occuper militairement les provinces limitrophes de la Russie, si les désordres continuaient de s'y produire. Ce manquement aux usages nationaux les plus élémentaires, cette ingérence dans les affaires intérieures du pays auprès duquel il était accredité, aurait pu amener de sérieuses complications si M. Isvolsky n'avait rappelé à l'ordre son indiscret ministre. La convention venait d'être signée, l'effet eut été désastreux, le gouvernement russe n'eut-il pas désapprouvé par son attitude cette inconcevable maladresse.

Cependant il faut reconnaître que Liakhoff a rendu service non seulement au Chah, mais encore au peuple persan tout entier, en evitant de plus grandes effusions de sang. Mais, disent encore les Nationalistes, Liakhoff a, ce faisant, dépassé ses attributions réelles qui sont celles d'instructeur de troupes, sans plus en devenant le Liakhoff dictateur à Téhéran, le Liakhoff destructeur du Parlement, le Liakhoff qui n'hésita pas à bombarder une mosquée, lui qu'un membre même de la Douma vient d'accuser d'avoir été néfaste aux relations internationales, provoquant par son attitude un sentiment d'hostilité contre la nation russe, en Perse—et ailleurs.

Le Colonel Liakhoff est en somme, avec l'Emir Bahadour Djenk, un des soutiens de la Réaction—Bahadour, cette figure d'un autre âge, fanatique, borné et souple courtisan, un guerrier de premier ordre, car, si nous en croyons Anatole France, " C'est à la constance dans la défaite qu'on reconnait les grands capitaines."

Les premières manifestations anti-parlementaires datent de l'époque où Bahadour commença de prendre sur Mohammed Ali Chah l'influence qu'il avait sur son père. Le Medjliss venait de voter une liste civile pour le Chah, il fallait aviser. Afin de créer une petite troupe de mécontents, le roi congédia six cents de ses palefreniers sous prétexte que la récente mesure du Parlement l'y contraignait ; ces *unemployed* parcoururent la ville en des bandes auxquelles se joignirent quelques voyous en quête de distractions et aux cris de "*Machrouteh nemikhahim!*" ("Nous ne voulons pas de constitution!"), maltraitèrent et batonnèrent les passants inoffensifs. Aussitôt la panique s'empare de la ville, les bazars ferment, l'état de siège est proclammé et Liakhoff nommé gouverneur militaire. Le Vizir des Finances, Nasr-el-Moulk, est arrêté puis relaché sur les instances du Chargé d'Affaires d'Angleterre et s'enfuit en Europe.

Des orateurs haranguent la foule sur les places publiques, les élèves des écoles du gouvernement, des enfants, hurlent avec conviction : "*Azâdi nemikhahim*" ("Nous ne voulons pas de liberté!") ; un groupe de députés proclame la Republique, on écharpe quelques malheureux sans trop savoir pourquoi, leur dépouille sanglante est suspendue aux arbres des avenues, des coups de fusil tirés en l'air résonnent de toutes parts, tout le monde tremble : le Chah dans son palais, les députés au Parlement ; tandis que les Cosaques de Liakhoff, bivouaqués dans les carrefours, indifférents, fument des pipes.

Le Chah n'ose pas dissoudre le Parlement, le Parlement n'ose pas déposer le Chah.

Et la tranquillité renaît.

Ce n'était qu'une répétition générale ; Bahadour et Liakhoff en tirèrent une leçon : la réussite serait à qui oserait. Ils osèrent quelques mois plus tard et debarrassèrent le Chah de l'encombrant Parlement.

Ce fut "la Journée des Cosaques"—"la Journée des Russes" disent les Persans—dont les scènes sanglantes qui vivent encore dans toutes les mémoires ont illustré les Cosaques et Liakhoff.

Le corps de Cosaques, commandé par Liakhoff, n'est pas, comme on pourrait le supposer, un régiment russe ; son nom lui vient de l'uniforme qu'il porte, identique de forme à celui des Cosaques de Russie. Il est recruté dans la tribu nomade, très turbulente et très guerrière, des Chah-Seven, dont les principaux quartiers sont établis dans les montagnes d'Azerbeidjan. Ce corps forme une brigade d'environ 2000 cavaliers (augmentés ces temps derniers) répartis en quatre régiments auxquels on a adjoint récemment deux batteries d'artillerie de

campagne. Des officiers russes, choisis particulièrement dans les régiments du Caucase, l'instruisent et le commandent. C'est le seul corps du troupe qui soit régulièrement payé et qui ait quelque valeur militaire.

Telle est l'unique tentative civilisatrice de la Russie en Perse et encore peut-on la juger comme une peu désintéressée tentative de " pénétration pacifique . . . militaire " ; les emprunts souscrits par ce pays à deux reprises étaient plutôt destinés—une fois acquitté l'emprunt anglais—à exciter le Chah au gaspillage qu'à venir en aide à l'Empire. Et certes, la clause par laquelle la Perse s'engageait à ne pas construire de chemins de fer avant 1910 n'était pas précisément faite pour faciliter l'exploitation des richesses du pays.

Non, la Russie n'a pas encore tenté de guérir " l'homme malade de l'Est-Moyen," satisfaite de lui administrer des drogues plutôt prejudiciables à sa santé et, si l'Angleterre n'y prend garde, " le fruit pourri tombera dans la main moscovite." C'était la pensée de tous avant l'éveil libertaire et l'accord anglo-russe, c'est encore l'idée de beaucoup après la Constitution et la Convention.

Lorsqu'en 1906 Mouzaffer-ed-Din accorda une constitution, l'Europe s'émut et crut qu'une ère de prospérité allait commencer pour la Perse. Mais ceux qui connaissaient bien les Persans, ces déconcertants charmeurs, ces enthousiastes imaginatifs, capables de mouvements sublimes comme d'actions absurdes, savaient bien que, au pays des roses, la persévérance ne vit, comme elles, que l'espace d'un matin. Aussi bien, de la civilisation persane épuisée par trop de siècles d'un passé grandiose, il ne reste guère qu'une écorce brillante mais fragile, si mince qu'elle dissimule mal la pourriture intérieure. Si d'habitude les Persans s'en rendent compte, cette fois ils l'oublièrent dans l'enthousiasme que souleva la Constitution.

Le Medjliss, par son excessif empressement à faire des réformes sans consulter un gouvernement généralement hostile, fit la partie belle aux Réactionnaires qui, aisément, effrayérent le peuple en lui démontrant son extravagance. Les élections faites trop rapidement avaient donné une majorité d'Extrêmistes plus ou moins préparés par leur éducation à remplir les fonctions imprévues que leur confiaient les suffrages de leurs électeurs, ceux-ci mêmes mal renseignés sur les programmes exposés. Cette majorité s'appuyait sur une section d' " apprentis Extrêmistes," tandis que le troisième groupe se composait surtout du clergé libéral, qui, comprenant vite qu'il y avait plus à perdre qu'à gagner dans la nouvelle combinaison, abandonna les Nationalistes pour revenir à l'ombre du sabre royal.

Hélas ! beaux parleurs et visionnaires, les Parlementaires, en bons Persans, se déçurent à leurs propres mirages, et enflammés par leurs propres discours crurent à la réussite toute prochaine. Ils s'illusionnaient aussi sur leur popularité et sur la stabilité des sentiments de leurs partisans, en même temps qu'ils comptaient, il faut bien le dire, sur l'appui efficace de l'Angleterre, un appui semblable à celui qu'elle a accordé au nouveau régime turc. L'accord anglo-russe leur fut une grande désillusion, symbolisant à leurs yeux l'alliance de la Liberté au Despotisme.

Le 7 octobre 1907, la besogne législative du Medjliss était déjà achevée ; les lois constitutionnelles, et les lois fondamentales de l'Etat persan avaient été proposées et votées et toutes les libertés acclamées : liberté individuelle, de l'enseignement, de la presse, des associations, l'inviolabilité du domicile, l'égalité devant la loi—et autres, non moins admirables. Après de si beaux exploits, comment s'étonner que les membres du Medjliss se soient pris au sérieux ? L'un d'eux, ex-fonctionnaire du Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, avec qui j'étais resté en correspondance, m'écrivait alors :

" On se moque de nous parce que nous avons travaillé trop vite ; mais notre pauvre cher pays pouvait-il attendre ? Nous sommes déterminés, maintenant que le plus urgent est fait, à donner à la bonne semence, répandue par nous dans les sillons de notre patrie bien-aimée, le temps de germer. Du reste, il nous faudra encore beaucoup de reflexion et de discussion avant de pouvoir mettre la dernière main à notre œuvre. Nous avons conscience d'avoir érigé un édifice. *La mosquée de la Perse renaissante dresse dans le firmament des libertés constitutionnelles, ses coupoles massives et ses minarets étincelants ; mais nous n'avons pas encore bâti le Mihrab.*" *

Ils avaient aussi négligé les fondations et l'édifice majestueux, bâti à la persane de boue desséchée sous un revêtement de faïences miroitantes, s'est effondré au son de la canonnade qui abattait le palais désuet du Parlement et tuait mon correspondant optimiste.

Hélàs ! le Medjliss n'a pas répondu aux espérances qu'on avait fondées sur lui ; il n'a pas ramené la tranquillité dans le pays ni l'ordre dans les finances ; il n'a même pas facilité un emprunt étranger ; il n'a pas mis à jour l'homme de gouverne-

* Le *Mihrab* est une sorte de niche pratiquée dans les murs des mosquées et orientée du côte de la Mecque, vers laquelle les Musulmans se tournent pour prier.

ment qui pouvait sauver la Perse—le génie de Taghi-Zadeh n'a ecore donné que des espérances—ni fait surgir un Nadir Chah constitutionnel. Il ne reste que des ruines sous lesquelles sont enfouis les livres des lois, et où résonne encore l'écho de discours volubiles entrecoupés de citations poétiques. Le sang a teinté les fleurs de rhétorique, le bruit du canon a couvert les voix.

L'histoire ne pourra même pas glaner un seul acte de vraie bravoure dans cette molle résistance ; les députés, réfugiés dans la mosquée du Sepeh Salar, dont les murs puissants ne purent être ébréchés par les boulets de Liakhoff, se rendirent sans raison apparente. Le héros de la journée—et quel héros—fut le Libéral qui, réfugié dans un minaret sous le soleil, préfera, plutôt que de capituler, mourir de soif après quatre jours. D'ailleurs la crainte de la mort dans les supplices, pour le raffinement desquels les Persans ne les cédent en rien aux Chinois, le décida sans doute à choisir de ces deux maux le moindre, en un geste qui apparaissait beau.

Le Chah s'appuyant sur Liakhoff est resté maître de la situation, et il répond par des faux-fuyants aux représentations anglo-russes. Mais—détesté de la plupart de ses sujets, excommunié par le chef du clergé, qui ne lui pardonne pas d'avoir maltraité des mollahs, fait bombarder une mosquée, et surtout violé le solennel serment qu'il fit publiquement sur le Koran sacré de maintenir la constitution—son autorité morale est nulle dans l'état chaotique où se trouve son royaume. L'avenir immédiat n'offre, il faut le reconnaître, guère d'espoir.

A part une minorité révolutionnaire, le Persan, *slack* de nature, semble, après un effort qui a échoué, être devenu indifférent ou tout au moins inerte. Cependant, les idées nouvelles répandues avec une étourdissante profusion ne sont pas tombées dans un terrain réfractaire ; encore embrouillées elles vont petit à petit germer et se classer dans les cerveaux bientôt libérés de la tyrannie et de l'ignorance. Cela prendra plusieurs années, pendant lesquelles il faudra prendre garde ; car des troubles de toutes sortes causés par la suprématie tantôt du pouvoir royal, tantôt du parti révolutionnaire, aménéraient la ruine définitive du pays, à moins qu'un *leader* ne surgisse de la foule et ne rallie d'un geste autoritaire les forces disséminées. Mais ce *leader* on le cherche en vain parmi les Libéraux, ou même parmi les princes. Depuis la mort d'Ali-Asghar Khan, qui consacra sa maîtrise gouvernementale à une mauvaise cause, la Perse ne possède plus qu'un homme

énergique à la persane, Zill-es-Soltan, l'Ombre du Roi, que les circonstances et les Nationalistes ont érigé en prétendant, après qu'il eût fait ses preuves d'administrateur pendant les trente-huit années qu'il gouverna Ispahan. Et, fait curieux, son neveu Mohammed Ali Chah n'osa lui enlever ce gouvernement que sous la pression des révolutionnaires qui, maintenant, dans le désarroi de leurs convictions et parcequ'il est venu à eux, l'opposent au tyran abhorré. Ami de l'Angleterre, il fait montre d'idées libérales peu en rapport avec l'autocratie qu'il professa pendant toute sa vie de gouverneur, autocratie à laquelle il retournerait en dépit de tout s'il arrivait jamais au pouvoir. Il serait sans doute un *bon* tyran, mais ce n'est pas là l'homme que requiert la situation présente.

Le salut—et toute une section du peuple persan le pense—réside dans l'accord anglo-russe. C'est maintenant donc que les deux puissances intéressées doivent unir leurs efforts pour le bien de la Perse. Il faut que non seulement elles obtiennent du Chah la convocation de l'Assemblée Nationale, mais encore qu'elles prêtent le concours de quelques administrateurs avisés, choisis dans leurs différents ministères pour conseiller efficacement le gouvernement persan. La double nationalité de ces conseillers éloignerait toute possibilité d'empiètements de l'une ou l'autre des deux puissances et calmerait les inquiétudes persanes. Mais cette tentative devrait être faite avec délicatesse, pour ne pas blesser trop cruellement l'amour-propre national, en la qualifiant, par exemple, de mesure temporaire qui cesserait le jour où on en reconnaîtrait l'inutilité.

Une expérience de ce genre a déjà été tentée sans aucune pression étrangère : le gouvernement a confié à des Belges la gérance de ses douanes et les résultats obtenus ont dépassé toutes les espérances. Pourquoi ne pas étendre ce système aux finances, ce point à la fois faible et vital de la Perse ? Car, sans la réorganisation des finances aucune réforme sérieuse ne peut être entreprise. Des conseillers anglais et russes seraient également indispensables pour la création d'un code et de tribunaux. Les Parlementaires eux-mêmes n'avaient jamais caché leur intention d'avoir, sur ce point, recours aux lumières européennes. Quant à l'éducation et à l'armée, pourquoi l'amour-propre national souffrirait-il de l'extension d'un système déjà avantageusement pratiqué depuis de nombreuses années ?

Ce n'est certes pas le Chah qui s'opposerait à ces réformes, lui qui rêve tout haut avec mélancolie, dans sa prison fleurie de Bagh-i-Chah, aux charmes d'une vice-royauté russe. Et l'opposition qu'offrirait le peuple ne serait pas plus obstinée

que celle qu'il fit, sous forme d'insignifiantes révoltes locales, lors de l'installation des contrôleurs des douanes belges.

Ainsi, grâce à cette fructueuse collaboration anglo-russe, renaîtrait pour la Perse une ère de calme et de prospérité, telle que jadis chantaient ses poètes. En même temps que les fleurs, aux douces couleurs, côte à côte, s'épanouiraient les germinations libérales, les grandes idées modernes, pour le bien de tous. En verité, le Jardin des Roses ne saurait être le Jardin des Supplices.

The House of Orange

By E. Roterodamus

The purpose of the following table is to render understandable the succession of the Royal and Princely House of Orange-Nassau in its relation to the Netherlands. The last direct male descendant of William the Silent, the founder of that State described in common parlance as the Dutch Republic, perished in his great-grandson, William III., King of England, France, Scotland, and Ireland, who died without legitimate issue in 1702. The Royal House of the Netherlands, which dates from 1815, is therefore but remotely connected with the line of Princes who in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries made famous the name of Orange-Nassau.

Notes on the Table.

The Constitution of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, in its tenth and following articles, declares that "The Crown of the Netherlands is and remains vested in his Majesty William Frederick,* Prince of Orange-Nassau, to be the hereditary possession of him and his lawful successors in accordance with the following provisions :

"The Crown passes by inheritance to his sons and further male from male sprung descendants by right of primogeniture, with this understanding, that by predecease of one in the right line such person's sons or further male from male sprung descendants take his place, and the Crown never passes to a younger line

* Afterwards known as King William I. Born in 1772, he was created King of the United Netherlands by the Congress of Vienna in 1815, lost Belgium 1830–1839, abdicated in 1840 in favour of his son, and died in 1843.

NETHERLANDS CROWN. ORDER OF SUCCESSION

WILLIAM V. last Stadtholder 1751–1795, d. 1806, m. Frederica Sophia of Prussia, d. 1820.

William I. b. 1772, King of the Netherlands with Belgium 1815–1831, and of the Netherlands only until 1840 when he abdicated in favour of his son, d. 1843, m. Frederica Louisa of Prussia, d. 1837.

- William II. King 1840–1849, m. Anna Paulowna of Russia, d. 1865.
  - William III. King 1849–1890, m. Emma of Pyrmont-Waldeck.
    - Wilhelmina, Queen 1890, b. 1880, crowned 1898, m. 1901, Henry Vladimir, Duke of Mecklenburg, b. 1876.
      - William Ernest, b. 1876, Grand-duke of Saxe-Weimar 1901, m. 1903, Caroline of Reuss, junior, d. 1905.
  - Sophia, d. 1897, m. Charles Alex. G. duke of Saxe-Weimar, d. 1901.
    - Charles Augustus, d. 1894, m. Pauline of Saxe-Weimar, d. 1904.
      - Henry XXXII. b. 1878.
    - Maria, b. 1849, m. P. Henry VII. of Reuss, junior, d. 1906.
      - Henry XXXIII. b. 1879.
    - Elizabeth, b. 1854, m. John Alfred, P. Mecklenburg, b. 1857.
- Frederick, d. 1881, m. Louisa Augusta of Prussia, d. 1870.
  - Louisa, d. 1871, m. Charles XV. K. Sweden, d. 1872.
    - Louise, b. 1851, m. Frederick, King of Denmark, b. 1843.
      - Christine, b. 1870, m. Alexandrine, of Mecklenburg, b. 1879.
        - Frederick, b. 1899.
        - Knud, b. 1900.
      - (Charles, b. 1872), Haakon VII. King of Norway, m. Maud, of Great Britain, b. 1869.
        - Olaf, b. 1903.
      - Louise, b. 1875, m. Frederick, of Schomberg Lippe, b. 1868.
        - Marie Louise, b. 1897.
        - Christian, b. 1898.
        - Stephanie, b. 1899.
      - Harold, b. 1876.
      - Ingeborg, b. 1878, m. Charles, of Sweden, b. 1861.
        - Margaret, b. 1899.
        - Martha, b. 1901.
      - Thyra, 1880.
      - Gustave, 1887.
      - Dagnau, b. 1900.
  - Maria, b. 1841, m. William, Prince of Wied.
    - Frederick, b. 1872, m. Pauline of Würtemburg, b. 1877.
      - Hermann, b. 1899.
      - Dietrich, b. 1901.
    - William, b. 1876.
    - Victor, b. 1877.
    - Louise, b. 1880.
- Marianne, d. 1883, m. Albert of Prussia, d. 1872 (divorced by him, 1849).
  - Charlotte, d. 1855, m. George II. Duke of Saxe-Meiningen.
    - Elizabeth, b. 1883.
    - Bernard, b. 1851, m. Charlotte of Prussia, b. 1860.
      - Feodora, b. 1879, m. Henry XXX. of Reuss, junior, b. 1864.
        - Henry XXXVII. b. 1888.
        - Henry XXXVIII. b. 1889.
        - Henry XLII. b. 1892.
    - Marie Elizabeth, b. 1853.
  - Albert, Regent of Brunswick, d. 1906, m. Marie of Saxe-Altenbourg, d. 1898.
    - Frederick Henry, b. 1874.
    - Joachim, b. 1876.
    - Frederick b. 1880.
  - Alexandrina, m. William, D. Mecklenburg-Schwerin, d. 1879.
    - Charlotte, b. 1868, m. Henry XVIII. of Reuss, junior.

N.B.—According to the Dutch Constitution the Order of Succession is as follows :

1. The issue of H.M. Queen Wilhelmina.
2. The issue of the Grand Duchess Sophia, daughter of King William II. Present Representative, William Ernest, Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, b. 1876.
3. The issue of Princess Marianne, daughter of King William I. Present Representative, Bernard Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, b. 1851.
4. The issue of Queen Louise of Sweden and Norway, grand-daughter of King William I. Present Representative, Queen Louisa of Denmark, b. 1851.
5. Maria, Princess of Wied, b. 1841, grand-daughter of King William I., and her issue.

or a younger branch, so long as there is to be found a representative in the older line or the older branch.

"By failure of successors mentioned in the previous article the Crown passes to the surviving daughters of the last deceased king, by right of primogeniture.

"By failure also of the daughters indicated in the previous article the Crown passes to the daughters of the descending male line from the last deceased King, and by failure also of these and of her descendants the Crown passes to the descending female line.

"In such event the older line shall always be preferred to the younger, the male branch to the female, the elder to the younger, and in every branch the men to the women and the elder to the younger.

"By failure of a successor empowered by one of the three previous articles to claim the Crown, this passes to that Princess belonging to the House of Orange-Nassau who stands nearest to the last deceased King in the line of descent from the late King William Frederick, Prince of Orange-Nassau.

"In equal degree of relationship the first-born shall be preferred.

"Should the aforesaid blood relations of the King predecease him, then their descendants take their places, so that the male line comes before the female and the elder before the younger, and in every line the male branch before the female, the older before the younger, and in every branch men before women and the elder before the younger.

"By failure of a successor entitled under the previous articles to the Crown, this passes to the legal male from male sprung descendants of the late Princess Caroline of Orange, sister of the late Prince William V., and wife of the late Prince of Nassau-Weilburg, under similar conditions to those prescribed for the descendants of the late King William Frederick, Prince of Orange-Nassau."

It need hardly be pointed out that, having regard to the fact that the throne of the Netherlands is at present occupied by a young, healthy, pious, and happily married Queen, idolised by her subjects, it is not necessary to follow the theory of the Dutch succession very far.

A Complete Actuarial Scheme for Insuring John Doe against all the Vicissitudes of Life

By A. M.

I. Old Age Pensions—(*continued*)

In the pension scheme which appeared in the December number, the tontine principle was admitted in a modified form. I have now worked out the quantities for a pure tontine, in which the contributions of those who do not reach the pension age are distributed among those who do. The former scheme was, in the main, individualist; the individual, as a separate entity, built up his pension fund with the assistance of the State. And the question whether the scheme should be voluntary or compulsory and universal did not rise, and so was left open. But now the point of view is collectivist; the individual makes his effort as a member of a group, on behalf of those members, among whom he may or may not be, who may be affected in a certain way. The scheme is therefore assumed to be universal, which assumption is moreover necessary to the calculation. In other tontines the death of the individual is the determining factor, but this is not essential. We may take the joint life or that of the last survivor of a group. So here we make man and wife together the unit. The first stage of the pension terminates with the joint life and the last at the death of the survivor.

As in the former scheme, the State allows interest on the contributions and the accumulated sum buys an annuity at an appointed age. But the cost to the State is greatly reduced by taking the rate of interest at 4 per cent. instead of 5. This the tontine enables us to do, although the proportion of payment to pension is also diminished.

The contributions of a married man provide a pension for both husband and wife when both are past the pension age, and for the survivor at a reduced rate—usually two-thirds. The husband whose wife has not reached her pension age takes the same pension as a widower till she is qualified. At whatever age the man dies, if he has begun to contribute, the widow is entitled to a pension without further payment. If she marries

again, the first marriage does not count, and she takes her pension as the wife or widow of the second husband. The bachelor pays at the same rate as the married man for the same pension as a widower. His rate of mortality is obviously higher than that of the survivor of two persons, so the State is giving him less assistance. But he usually needs it less and he can marry if he does not like the bargain.

The pension of the independent woman has been calculated separately, giving her the full advantage of the interest at 4 per cent. This enables us to reduce her payments. If she marries after her contributions have begun, such contributions lapse to the State, as if she was dead, and she takes her pension as wife or widow.

In estimating the cost to the State, the scheme has been treated as if established, say, a hundred years ago and now in full operation. If the estimate is only used for comparison with other schemes, this is justifiable. It is, of course, only an approximation. The State is assumed to get interest at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money in hand. If this rate can be exceeded the cost may be reduced.

First take sixty for the pension age for both sexes.

Pension A.—A man pays 1*s.* a week from twenty to thirty, and 6*d.* a week from thirty to forty. At sixty he is entitled to a pension of 5*s.* a week if he is a bachelor or widower, or if married until his wife also reaches the pension age. When she does so, the pension rises to 8*s.* 6*d.* during the joint life. And after the death of one of them it drops to 5*s.* again during the life of the survivor. At whatever age the husband dies, even if he has not completed his payments, the widow receives a pension of 5*s.* at sixty. For the same pension as a widow, the spinster pays 6*d.* a week from twenty to forty.

The cost to the State is £11,000,000.

Pension B.—If the contribution of 6*d.* a week is continued from forty to fifty, for both men and spinsters, the pensions become 8*s.* 9*d.* for married couples and 6*s.* for single persons. The cost to the State is £12,000,000.

Pension C.—Here the pension age is sixty-five for men, remaining at sixty for women. Payments of 6*d.* a week from twenty to fifty for men and from twenty to forty for spinsters provide pensions of 8*s.* a week for married couples and 5*s.* for single persons.

The cost to the State is £7,500,000.

Pension D.—The pension ages are the same as for *C.* Raising the payments from twenty to thirty to 1*s.* for men and 10*d.*

Pension.	Payments per week in pence.						Pension age.		Pensions.		Cost to State.
	Married men and bachelors.			Spinsters			Men.	Women.	Married couples; each being over respective pension age.	Bachelors, widowers, married men whose wives are not yet qualified, or widows or spinsters.	£ per annum.
	20–30	30–40	40–50	20–30	30–40	40–50			s. d.	s. d.	
A	12	6	—	6	6	—	60	60	8 6	5 0	11,000,000
B	12	6	6	6	6	6	60	60	8 9	6 0	12,000,000
C	6	6	6	6	6	—	65	60	8 0	5 0	7,500,000
D	12	6	6	10	6	—	65	60	12 0	8 0	12,000,000
E	6	6	—	4½	4½	—	65	65	9 6	6 4	7,000,000
F	6	6	6	6	6	—	65	65	11 3	7 6	7,200,000
G	12	6	—	6	6	6	65	65	15 0	10 0	11,000,000

for spinsters, payments after thirty as before, the pensions become 12*s.* and 8*s.*

The cost to the State becomes £12,000,000.

Pension E.—The pension age is raised to sixty-five for both sexes.

Payments by men of 6*d.* a week or by spinsters of 4½*d.* from twenty to forty provide pensions of 9*s.* 6*d.* for married couples and 6*s.* 4*d.* for single persons.

The cost to the State is £7,000,000.

Pension F.—Same pension age as in *E.* Payments of 6*d.* a week by men from twenty to fifty or by spinsters from twenty to forty provide pensions of 11*s.* 3*d.* for married couples and 7*s.* 6*d.* for single persons.

The cost to the State is £7,200,000.

Pension G.—Same pension age as in *E.* Payments by men of 1*s.* a week from twenty to thirty and 6*d.* a week from thirty to forty, or by spinsters of 6*d.* a week from twenty to fifty, provide pensions of 15*s.* a week for married couples and 10*s.* a week for single persons.

The cost to the State is £11,000,000.

I am aware that tontine insurance is objectionable to some. Apparently it is considered unjust that a man who dies at, say, fifty-eight should get no return for his thrift. But if he had simply hoarded the money as provision for his old age, it would equally be of no use to him personally, only to his heirs. And of them, the only one that matters, as regards old age, the widow, is by this scheme provided for. And, finally, it is a question of price. A man cannot have both the old age pension and property to leave at the price of the bare pension. If he wants both he must pay for both, combining life and old-age insurances. And I believe that tontines are thought to be a form of gambling and therefore immoral. I doubt if the working man would think so. Perhaps there is some suggestion of a lottery with its blanks and prizes. But surely, in this case, this is a confusion of ideas. That which substitutes certainty for uncertainty is the reverse of gambling. The workman's present condition is the gamble, with a timely death for prize, and for penalty that length of days for which men used to pray.

II

There is less scope for mathematical methods in the treatment of unemployment. And it is not easy to find the known quantities needed. The available statistics cannot be cleared of

"selection," and only imperfectly discriminate between the various causes. And it is impossible to extricate the relation of age to unemployment. In questions of foreign trade, complete and well-arranged information is accessible. And such is as necessary in the treatment of these equally complex problems. But without some sort of dossier, how can the necessary tables be constructed ?

But I will try to outline another way of attacking the problem. The irregularity is constant or occasional.

The first, or casual employment, is so commonly accompanied by thriftlessness, either as cause or effect, and periods of unemployment are so frequent that insurance seems hopeless. But the casually employed are, in some part, the wreckage of the regular trades, and their numbers will be diminished if we can reduce the evil effects of unemployment. With smaller numbers may come a rise in status.

The interruptions of regular trades may or may not be foreseen. Against the foreseen, usually seasonal, the thrifty workman provides by joining a trades-union, or a slate-club, or by simply saving in summer for the winter. These methods may meet successfully the foreseen unemployment, but fail to cope with long illness or severe industrial depression. Widespread unemployment, such as exists to-day, may be caused by war, by the collapse of credit, by a great strike, or even by a long frost. Business men often fail to foresee these things, and we cannot expect the workman, with his narrower outlook, to do better.

We want a method of efficiently providing against the foreseen, which may be extended to cover the unforeseen.

The middle classes meet their peculiar vicissitudes by the use of credit, which is given not only on security but in reliance on known probity and business capacity. Can we not give the working class the same advantage ? Steady industry is as good a proof of trustworthiness as commercial ability and should receive equal recognition.

The following outline of a scheme attempts to do this.

While employed, the workman makes weekly payments to a fund from which, when out of work, he receives, say, two-thirds of his ordinary wages. It is obvious that he should begin young, when he can easily spare enough to form a strong fund.

This should meet the ordinary cases of illness or unemployment, against which the workman already provides with fair success.

But long illness or unusual difficulty in finding work may

exhaust his balance. Then he must ask for credit. If granted, he will continue to receive a weekly sum as before, which he must repay when he is again at work. Therefore he must give such proof of industrious habits that the State may run small risk of ultimate loss.

The absence of a dossier puts the English workman at a great disadvantage. Consider how pitiable is the position of a man who knows he is trustworthy yet finds it impossible to prove it to a stranger.

The middle class has its bank accounts and ledgers, which are practically commercial dossiers. Should not the working class be put in the same position ?

This privilege of credit must not be abused. The opinion of his fellow workmen, who have a common interest in the union funds, compels the trades-unionist, who is receiving out-of-work pay, to make every effort to find work again. This may be adopted. The workman asking for credit should find sureties among his fellow workmen. The sureties should be chosen from those whose funds are not exhausted.

They will take care that the State's debtor does his best to find work. And this prevents loss to the State, if the workman absconds, which, indeed, the man for whom his mates will go bail is not likely to do.

In ordinary times credit must not be given indefinitely. The debtor must be required from time to time to show that his inability to work is genuine.

In conditions like the present, when unemployment is of long duration and wide extent, when sureties are most wanted yet hardest to find, the State should give unconditional credit to all who can show that they have tried to provide against such unemployment as could reasonably be foreseen.

The State should define the limits of such a condition, either generally or for particular trades. This is analogous to the action of States in severe commercial crises.

The case of ill-health, which permanently incapacitates, is not met by this scheme, since the State cannot be repaid from future earnings. But this condition is really more akin to old age than to unemployment.

There is a difficulty in the case of strikes. In industrial disputes, of all forms of litigation, the costs are highest in proportion to the sums at issue. The State may legitimately prevent the fund, designed to preserve the workman's efficiency, from being frittered away in such litigation. Yet some unemployment caused by strikes must be provided against. It is of the essence

of insurance that the event insured against should be beyond the insurer's control. This supplies the necessary criterion.

If the strike is in any way controlled by the workman, either as principal or accessory, his fund should be closed till it is over.

But if the unemployment is caused indirectly, by interference with supply or demand, the fund should be open. In case of doubt, the striking union should declare what support it receives from outsiders.

The case of lock-outs is even more difficult. Perhaps refusal to submit to arbitration might be taken as a test. The test of control will not prevent the workman giving up his work for personal reasons. The question is not why he left work, but why cannot he find it again ?

(To be continued)

REVIEWS

"The Mirrour of the blessed lyf of Jesu Christ," a translation of the Latin work entitled Meditationes Vitæ Christi, attributed to Cardinal Bonaventura, made before the year 1410 by Nicholas Love, Prior of the Carthusian Monastery of Mount Grace. Edited by Lawrence F. Powell, and printed at Oxford at the Clarendon Press. MCMVIII. Reviewed by Frederic Chapman.

Iste liber translatus fuit de latino in anglicum per dominum Nicholaum loue Priorem Monasterij de Mounte grace ordinis cartusiensis.

For five hundred years the bees in summer have gathered honey, the grouse in winter have cowered beneath the snow-shrouded heather upon the moors about Osmotherley, since Nicholas Love, having written these words, and the prayer,

Jesu lorde thy blessid lyf
helpe and conforte oure wrecchid lyf,

laid down his pen.

In the year of redemption fourteen hundred and nine, almost certainly, for in fourteen hundred and ten his translation was presented to Archbishop Arundel, that hammer of the Lollards, Prior Nicholas finished the work he had undertaken for the nourriture of the faithful and the confounding of heresy.

The actual copy of the Latin manuscript, formerly in Nicholas Love's possession, and from which he worked, is preserved in the library of Ripon Minster. Its authorship is variously ascribed to St. Bonaventura, to the Augustinian Cardinal Bonaventura of Padua, Petrarch's friend, and to Joannes Gorus, most frequently to the first-named. The Meditationes Vitæ Christi were popular, and were rendered into the vernacular of most European countries. Nicholas Love was presumably the Nicholas, Prior of Mount Grace, who in 1415 received a confirmation of the grant of the alien priory of Hinckley, in Leicestershire, from Henry V., and beyond this and the fact that he made this translation (for its ascription in one of the Bodleian manuscripts to a certain T. Merton, or Morton, is probably merely due to a copyist's record of his copying work) nothing else is known of him. He was the third prior of the house, which

was founded by Thomas de Holland, half-brother of Richard II., in 1397, only two years before that ill-fated king met his death in Pomfret Castle, about as far south of York as the priory was north. Nearly two hundred years had passed since the establishment in 1222 of the first Carthusian house in England, and even at the suppression the total number was under a dozen, but at this particular time the order must have made some exceptionally strong appeal to the imagination of the devout, for when shortly afterwards Henry V. made atonement for the usurpation of his father it was a Carthusian house that he erected at Shene. No murmur of flowing water soothed the ear at Mount Grace, as at so many of the great Yorkshire monasteries. Traces of the fish-ponds are still to be detected, but the main supply of fish was probably brought from Tees mouth across the moors, as scarcely sixty years since was still the case.

This house of silence more resembled one of the ancient Lauras of the early Christians than the communal household we are accustomed to reconstruct mentally at the name of monastery. Each in his little cot enclosed, the brethren met only in church and in chapter. The hatch through which their food was passed to them still remains in many of the Mount Grace cells.

What like was the social condition of the times we know, if not from Chaucer, who died in 1400, or Langland, whose Piers Plowman appeared in 1401, from the vivid pictures put before us by such gifted writers of our own day as Abbot Gasquet and M. Jusserand. Nicholas Love's constant occupations, the administration of his community discharged, would be, as Peter the Abbot of Cluny records of the Carthusians at large, "praying, reading, and manual labour, which consists chiefly in transcribing books." Up to the lonely house by the moor, where the wooded scarp to eastward intercepted the morning light, would come traveller or wandering friar or mendicant and bear him tales of how things were going in the great world, how (in 1407) John Huss was propagating in Aleman and Boheme the pernicious doctrines of the English heresiarch, how (in 1409) the books of Wyclif himself were publicly burned at Oxford; wars and rumours of wars, plague, pestilence, and famine would cast some shadow, if only faint, on the cloistered purlieus of Mount Grace de Ingelby; and Nicholas Love, as beseemed his name, would brood on some spiritual salve for the wounds inflicted by the ravening wolf. And so he devised his version of Bonaventure, printed, after he himself had gone to his account, by Caxton, who was not born when he wrote, later by Pynson, still later by Wynkyn de Worde, and now, after five hundred

years, yet again by Mr. L. F. Powell, of Oxford, in the edition before us. Nicholas availed himself of marginalia to indicate the progress of his narrative and to draw attention to the authorities for the statements in the text, but, as he is careful to explain before setting forth, he also studded the margins with the letters N and B here and there. The N signifies the place where the translator comments in his own person, the B the point at which Bonaventure's narrative is resumed. In his proem he remarks of his author, "the whiche scripture and writynge for the fructuouse mater therof, sterynge specially to the loue of Jesu, and also for the pleyne sentence to comune understondynge, semeth, among othere, souereynly edifienge to symple creatures; the whiche, as children, hauen nede to be fedde with mylke of lighte doctrine and not with sadde mete of grete clergie and of highe contemplacioun."

It is astonishing, once the trifling obstacle of orthography is swept aside, how easily comprehensible is the good prior's English. Here and there a remnant of Norman French crops up, as when he uses fructuous where we should write fruitful, cracche (*crèche*) for manger, or chere where we use dear. Constantly the plural en and the termination lich for ly point to the Saxon. Here and there we meet words of which the meaning has developed into something other than the original. For instance, we find sad and sadly throughout, meaning serious, steadfastly, while kind and kindly represent what we should express by nature and naturally—"to loue and desire gostly invisible thinges that he kyndely knoweth not"—which throw an altogether unfamiliar light on so familiar an expression as the kindly fruits of the earth. The proem ends in the homely, devout fashion of the time, when none was too lofty to claim the prayers of the lowly: "who so redeth or hereth this book felynge eny goostly swetnes or grace there thorugh preie he for charitie specialy for the auctour and the drawere out therof as it is writen here in Englisshe to the profyte of symple and deuout soules."

Following the precedent of no less venerable a work than the Book of Job, Bonaventure's narrative opens with a great Council on High, where the abject condition of fallen man is recounted and Gabriel the Archangel presents a petition for his reinstatement before the Kyng of Heuene. What is recorded is closely akin to the conventional Mystery of the period. Mercy and Soothfastness, Righteousness and Peace, impersonal qualities personified (as why should they not be?), plead for and against the cause of man gravely as in a court of law. No

agreement being arrived at, they are referred by the Omnipotent to Sovereign Wisdom, from whose lips comes the fiat that God must Himself immolate Himself to satisfy Divine Justice. Then the Person of the Trinity who shall take on the office of Redeemer is debated, and Reason assigns the office to the Second Person, whereupon Mercy and Soothfastness, Righteousness and Peace "weren kessid and made acorde." Straightway we enter on the narrative of the Redemption, from the girlhood of Mary Virgin to the descent of the Holy Ghost, all closely modelled on the Gospel account, with occasional conjectural embellishment from tradition.

For the excursion into the Courts of Heaven, Prior Nicholas does not recount it as a veritable happening, but says at the outset that we may "firste deuoutliche ymagine and thenke somme thinges done byfore touching god and his aungels in heuene." This simple precaution has a parallel in a life of St. Mary Magdalen by some unknown fourteenth-century Italian writer, recently translated by Miss Valentina Hawtrey. There the narrator constantly throws in the words "I think," to guard against the accusation of having added aught unauthentic to the life of the saint.

Nicholas Love's book closes with a "schort tretys" De Sacramento Corporis Christi, which may possibly be of his own compilation. It consists mainly of legends and traditions regarding signs and wonders which were manifested both to the faithful and the unbelieving, and which are recorded "to confusioun of all false lollardes and heretikes."

One of these legends tells how Leofric, the husband of Godiva, and his king, St. Edward, beheld the image of their Lord as the priest elevated the Host in Westminster Abbey. This is given on the authority of St. Alred, Abbot of Ryaws (Rievaulx), a house not far distant from Mount Grace. Another tells of a similar appearance, this time in the form of a little child, vouchsafed to St. Hugh, of Lincoln, "the first monke of the ordre of charterhouse and priour of Wytteham" (Witham, Somerset). It is easy to see that this would be a favourite in all the Charterhouses. Two others rest on the authority of Pope St. Gregory, of which one has a startling resemblance to the miracle of Bolseno, and the other, a trifle revolting to our modern ideas, records the changing of the Host into a human finger.

And to what "symple soules" did Prior Nicholas address his book? We have no means of knowing. The priests in his Domus de Mount Grace probably knew Latin as well as he. His lay brothers were not numerous. The country was sparsely

populated ; here and there, at long distances, a solitary grange. Was it to the Strangwayes at Harlsey Castle who were afterwards to receive the priory at the hand of the spoiler ? or to the Meinells at Whorlton Castle, nigh at hand as Harlsey ? Or to the Conyers, the Darcys, the Mauleverers, the Askes, the Nortons, all the train of high-born knights and dames who yet must be taught to put on meekness as a garment and become as "symple" as little children if they would indeed inherit the earth ? We do not know whom he had in his mind, but his meaning was clear, and doubtless to some "symple soules" even at this day he, being dead, yet speaketh. It was a worthy task which Mr. Powell and the Clarendon Press undertook when they resolved to put Nicholas Love's homily once more before the world.

"A History of English Prosody." By George Saintsbury. Vol. I., 1906; Vol. II., 1908. (Macmillan.) Reviewed by E. R.

Let us—to get the statement out of the way—begin by saying that Professor Saintsbury cannot write. He cannot write so as to make himself reasonably intelligible, and this is a nuisance. For, greedy to read him, we are compelled to cast back in sentence after sentence simply to discover what he means. Thus of Drayton he says : "In some moods I am a very little prouder of being an Englishman than I should have been if the 'Polyolbion' did not exist." Would it not have been easier to write—and how much easier to read—"The 'Polyolbion' adds little to my pride of race" ?

But that is very little to the point. Professor Saintsbury is giving us a work perhaps the most valuable, certainly the most salutary, that could have been written at this period of English literature. For there was never a day when the technical side of the Art of Letters was more neglected or so jeered at. With his voice reaching so many hearers, the author of "English Prosody" attempts to redress this balance. It is safe to say that the history of literature is a series of chronicles recording how great literature has risen out of technical controversies. The Elizabethans were great writers because of the technical controversies that preceded them and their works ; the Cockney school of poets were great poets because of the classical traditions of the eighteenth century. The literature of to-day is a poor thing, because we have no trained writers who, bursting the bonds of the conventions which have trained them, have achieved an ease of phrase, a mastery of form.

Any philosophic student of the history of music will tell you that the study of counterpoint exists, not to teach counterpoint, but first to eliminate those whose sacred fire will not carry them through a period of arduous labours. Secondly, it teaches the composer how to break its own laws. The English composer of to-day is trained, if perfunctorily; so, too, the English artist. Even the English dramatist understands that he must learn something of stage-craft. It is only the writer who considers that all that goes to the making of a book are the pen in his hand and the vine-leaves in his hair. Professor Saintsbury is providing us with a treatise on the harmony and counterpoint of English verse.

The English language is the perfect vehicle of poets; as a medium for prose it is too vague and too rich. The ideal paragraph in French prose is a framed set of facts which move us on account of the precision of the language. The best paragraph of English prose is a rhythm of words of poetic association. Hence it arises that the most exquisite statements of fact in the English language are to be found in blank-verse speeches.

It is only with Professor Saintsbury's treatment of Elizabethan blank verse that—deferring an extended review until the issue of the third volume—we concern ourselves with for the present. English lyric verse differs from most sentimental verse—differs, that is to say, to put the distinction at its broadest, from the verse of the troubadours—mainly in that it is written for non-formal and irregular musical airs. English blank verse, on the other hand, differs radically from all other verse.

We read lately in the columns of a usually esteemed contemporary, and from the pen of a writer much looked up to, the statement that "A speech of Shakespeare's blank verse consists of a bundle of unrhymed decasyllabic lines." This seems almost incredible. It would be utterly incredible were we not aware that it is the prevailing impression of the practising literary world to-day. Yet we have professors of literature and blessed words like "phonetic syzygy," or "vowel colouring," and "stopped lines."

We wish that every Englishman would read the portions of Professor Saintsbury's book in which he deals with blank verse. There are, of course, other books, but we know of none which so hammers home the argument. For blank verse is not a bundle of lines: it is a collection of statements, whether of fact or of mood; it is expressed in rhythmic language, divisible into beats of ten or of some multiple of ten syllables. The point

is that it is the statement not the line that is the unit. You could not speak of "*a* blank verse."

We do not think that Professor Saintsbury anywhere states this theory with so much precision. In fact, as a good student of prosody rather than of poetry, he a little omits to consider that it is the sense as much as the breath that unites a "period." Says he, speaking of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "[Fourteeners and stanzas] are nothing like so frequent as in the *Errors* and in *Love's Labour Lost*. The blank verse itself, too, is even less run on than in either of the others—stop or no stop at the end of the line, each is formed with a single respiration." And we take it from this that Professor Saintsbury's unit of blank verse is a respiration of whatever length.

We may, indeed, be in disagreement with our author as to small points. Of Marlowe he says: "Yet he was not yet entirely free of the single-moulded line even here"—when he is commenting on

> He of you all that most desires my blood,
> And will be called the murderer of a king,
> Take it . . .

Here, indeed, if we look solely to the prosody, there is a suspicion of stoppedness. Yet as soon as we read it in conjunction with the sense of the passage we see that the "He of you all," of the first passage is held by the mind, which awaits the completion of the statement—is held as if by a sort of capillary attraction, so that the whole passage is a single unit.

But though Professor Saintsbury ignores a little this factor in the knitting together of blank verse, we have little quarrel with him. It is, of course, his duty to overstate his case. And the wise poet will study the "History of English Prosody." For the wise poet—like another wise man—will "keep all his limbs very supple." The most skilful artist in verse of the nineteenth century, Christina Rossetti, was very largely a product of metrical exercises. She was in the habit, that is to say, of writing daily a number of verses to *bouts-rimés*. And to this, without much doubt, she owed both her unrivalled metrical skill and her singularly large and apt vocabulary. This, indeed, is the merest common sense. For the constant practice of verse drills both the eye and the ear, and the constant swimming in the depths of metre will produce in a poet capabilities for rhythmical cadences. It will, indeed, produce such a yearning for intricate and musical forms that when the Idea comes to him—when, in fact, the Muse is paying her visit—he will satisfy them and himself.

COMMUNICATIONS

The Marketing of Small Produce

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Although the back-to-the-land movement is of exceedingly slow growth, and many judges consider that the rural activities of this country will never be notably revived, there has certainly of late been a marked and increasing tendency on the part of people who, for one reason or another, are dissatisfied with the conditions of a city life to take the bold step of endeavouring to earn a living in the country.

It is usually market-gardening, fruit-growing, or poultry-farming that is essayed; and, given the average amount of optimism, what delightfully simple and profitable occupations these are as viewed from the fireside through the medium of nearly all the books that have been written about them! Perhaps a country holiday has introduced rustic proprietors, who are apparently prosperous and content, to the aspirant's notice, and as they plainly lack the advantages of a sound education, and their methods are not the severely scientific ones insisted on by the authors, he falls into the very pardonable error of thinking that he can scarcely fail to secure a comfortable livelihood from the land.

But, unfortunately, in the great majority of instances there is an infinite disparity between the real and the ideal, and I am personally acquainted with several cases in which optimistic and energetic townsfolk have lost all the capital they possessed without acquiring a sufficient understanding of market-gardening or poultry-farming to make these businesses pay. I have heard the term "gardener" used by bookmakers as synonymous with fool, and, in the opinion of perhaps most people who have never handled a spade, gardening is a very simple occupation, but nevertheless, in truth, these same people may be as incapable of making gardening pay as of earning fame on the football field or becoming expert deep-sea fishermen.

I was lately called in to advise two ex-city clerks who had taken up market-gardening in Herts, and their financial condition and prospects were so deplorable that it seemed best to counsel a speedy return to town.

They had succeeded in raising crops of a kind ; but then came the discovery that while a cabbage may cost 1½*d.* in a shop, its value upon the land is exceedingly small ; indeed, in the case of most of their produce, the paying of carriage to London, salesman's commission, &c., would have resulted in a loss. And this is the real problem before the small holder ; it is not very difficult to produce, but unless he is a really skilful cultivator or exceptionally favoured as regards a market, the prices commonly obtained are so small that he will find it a difficult matter to make any profit at all.

Who is to blame for this condition of affairs ? It is common to denounce the market salesman or commission agent, and having been a great deal in contact with growers I have heard many stories of his flagrant dishonesty. But on examination these can rarely, if ever, be substantiated ; there is either a doubt about the matter or the real victim proves to be an intangible somebody else. Indeed, all my inquiries have proved to be singularly unilluminating. Asked to furnish instances of the dishonesty of market salesmen, the editor of a trade journal writes : "We have no record of cases. It is a matter which is, I think, distinctly difficult to bring home to salesmen, and this probably accounts for our having no record" ; while a leading seedsman, who is particularly interested in the matter, writes of the great difficulties of detection, and can only suggest that more precise information might be obtainable in the Channel Islands. But is it a fact that dishonesty of this kind is so difficult to detect ? Surely the honesty of salesmen is quite easily tested, and I cannot convict them of systematic malpractices without more direct evidence than I have been able to obtain ; indeed, in my own experience their charges are not excessive, and they do their best to satisfy their more dependable customers. As a matter of fact the reason for the deplorable differences between the wholesale and retail prices of garden produce is quite simple—the transformation takes place in the florist's or greengrocer's shop. I recently witnessed a transaction in which, at the cost of a telephone message, a West End florist secured over 100 per cent. profit on the sale of some palms (and the grower had been to the expense of tending the plants for several years) ; but this is, of course, an extreme instance. Indeed I do not condemn these tradesmen ; it must be remembered that their goods are exceedingly perishable, and inquiry into the number of failures in the trade will effectually dispel the idea that it is a certain road to affluence. Where a market does not exist the growers deal direct with the shops, but this plan

has its disadvantages and it is doubtful if it is more profitable to them. Instances might be given of business being conducted direct with the consumers, with fortunate results, but this is not always practicable, and here, again, the large amount of extra trouble involved is a decided drawback.

As regards the disposal of produce there is a remedy ready to the grower's hands. This is co-operation ; it is quite open to the many growers around Worthing or at Hampton-on-Thames, for example, to combine to the extent of effecting a saving in carriage by consigning their produce in bulk, and appointing their own salesman in the principal markets, and if these steps did not prove effective they could go to the further length of opening their own shops. Foreign produce is a great factor in keeping prices down, and were it not for co-operation it is certain that its sale in our market at the prevailing prices would result in a loss. But I am aware of the extreme difficulty of inducing the home growers to combine even to the extent of giving a large order, say, for manure at a much lower rate; the often disastrous principle of "each man for himself" is apparently a national characteristic.

Meanwhile the inexperienced continue to take to market-gardening and fruit-growing to the detriment of the older hands. It has lately been freely stated in the more irresponsible section of the press that fortunes are to be made by adopting the Parisian system of market-gardening in England. Most of the articles that have appeared are so inaccurate and hazy as to be simply mirth-provoking to the established market-gardener, but it is to be feared that they will be the cause of disaster to the inexperienced and the too easily impressed. There is a living to be made from the land in this country, but even more than is the case in other businesses it is only the thoroughly competent and most industrious men who succeed.

G.

Royal Gardens,
Kew.

To the Editor of the ENGLISH REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As with the small holder, so with the longshore fisherman: the fair marketing of his produce forms a problem that before all others must be solved if his industry is to prosper. What the small holder has yet to learn, the longshoreman * knows already, after years of bitter experience—experience that he has not so far found himself in a position to profit by. The longshoreman is, in fact, the small holder of the sea. It is true, as the song says, that:

> The husbandman has rent to pay,
> And seed to purchase every day,
> But he who farms the rolling deeps,
> Though never sowing, always reaps;
> The ocean's fields are fair and free,
> There are no rent days on the sea!

It is equally true, from the fisherman's point of view, that he does pay rent, and to a most capricious landlord, the sea—his rent being the upkeep of his boats and gear, and damage or total loss by storm. And in either case, that of the small holder or that of the longshoreman, it is clear that low rent, or no rent at all, must be quite useless if he cannot obtain for what he has to sell a price high enough to pay his working expenses; if, in other words, he cannot find, ready for him, markets good enough to procure him that price. (Fishing companies and combines, like large farmers, are able to a great extent to make their own markets and to look after themselves.) Of the many longshore fisheries around the British coasts, nearly all are declining, and some are practically dead. Such decay can be put down partly to the depletion of British waters, and partly to social and educational changes, which have made men less ready to face the hardships of longshore fishing; but undoubtedly it is mainly due to the want of a fair sale for catches. Facilities for sending fresh British fish into the central markets—of which Billingsgate is, of course, the chief—have not kept pace with the facilities for sending iced fish, caught by large vessels outside British waters, into the country. Thus the local markets have been

* The typical longshoreman uses nothing larger than second-class sailing boats, under 15 tons, and mostly undecked. He is more or less remote from any of the great fishing ports, with their harbourage for big boats and their established fish-markets, and owing to the smallness of his craft he is bound as a rule to fish within twenty miles from shore. Hence his name. The capital value of his boats and gear seldom exceeds £100, hardly ever £200 He pays for help on the share system.

spoilt, and the central markets remain for the longshoreman neither accessible nor good ; nor, there is every reason to believe, are they even passably honest. "What is the use," say the fishermen, "of putting to sea and hauling about our boats and gear when we can't catch 'em like we used to, and what we do catch we can't get a price for ?" Bad markets lead to half-hearted fishing, which leads to greater irregularity of supply, which leads to worse markets again ; and so a vicious circle is formed and perpetuated.

An analysis of the trade of a fairly typical all-round longshore fishery in South Devon will probably convey the clearest idea of the longshoreman's situation and the difficulties with which he has to contend.

The little town in question is both fishery and watering-place ; indeed, were it not for some pleasure-boating in the summer, fishing could hardly continue. The largest boats used, open boats under 25 ft. in length, are the mackerel and herring drifters. Whereas twenty years ago upwards of thirty drifters used to put to sea, there are now fewer than ten in active service.

The fish is sold :

(1) By sending it directly to Billingsgate on commission.

(2) By selling it on the beach to local buyers, who either forward it to Billingsgate or distribute it among fishmongers and hawkers.

(3) By selling it on the beach in small lots to the fishmongers and hawkers.

(4) By the fishermen hawking it themselves or selling it privately to the consumers.

There are thus three markets for the fish : (*c.*) the central markets, for large quantities ; (*l.*) the local market, for smaller quantities and in hot weather ; and (*p.*) the private market, for very small catches of the choicer kinds.

The catches in order of importance, with their markets in order of probability, are :

Mackerel (May to September), in drift nets, by hooking, and in seines (*l.*, *c.* and *p.*).

Herrings (November to March), in drift nets (*c.* and *l.*).

Sprats (autumn), in seine nets (*l.* and *c.*).

Flat-fish, in seines and trammels (*l.*).

Lobsters, in pots and prawn-nets (*l.* and *p.*).

Prawns, in three sorts of nets (*p.* and *l.*).

Bass and *mullet*, only occasionally, in seines (*p.*, *l.* and *c.*).

Dog-fish, in drift and moored nets, *skate*, and *conger* (*p.* and *l.*).

Whiting (*l.* and *p.*), *cod* and *hake* are seldom caught now.

There are no trawlers.

It might seem at first sight that the markets for fish are both abundant and adequate. In point of fact their abundance is a sign of their inadequacy. Fishermen would be only too glad to sell all they catch in one market if one market sufficed.

To criticise the methods of disposing of fish in reverse order :

(1) Private sales are at best only a means of picking up odd small sums on what would not otherwise be sold. And fishermen, if they are fishing, have no time for hawking.

(2) Fishmongers and hawkers expect 100 per cent. profit for carrying fish up the street and selling it. They frequently make 200 per cent. profit, and will not buy unless they foresee 50 per cent. And hawkers by no means always pay up what they have agreed.

(3) The fish buyers usually act merely as agents for larger buyers in the district, who themselves distribute the fish to retailers or send it to some central market. Each of the several middlemen takes his pickings, of course. If the buyer loses on his speculation he calls on the fisherman to accept a less price than was agreed upon, and practically the fisherman is obliged to do it. If, on the other hand, his speculation is extraordinarily successful, the fisherman hears nothing about it, and has no means of finding out. Informal rings among buyers and buyers' agents to keep prices down are the rule rather than the exception.

(4) Billingsgate, with the best possibilities, is the least satisfactory of all the markets. Longshoremen have not the capital to speculate in the market, nor can they be there and fishing too, or afford agents on the spot. No check can be kept upon it. Returns from Billingsgate may not be believed, but they have perforce to be accepted. Collusion between salesmen and buyers, the buyer being secretly an agent of the salesman, is an undoubted fact, though difficult to prove legally. To send catches to Billingsgate is frequently to receive, instead of money, a demand for payment of railway carriage. A fisherman has been known to go up and see his own fish sold, and then to receive from the salesman about a third of the sum, together with a note to the effect that there was a glut on the market. Another fisherman, having brought a catch ashore, telegraphed to Billingsgate, and heard in reply that prospects were good. He sent up twenty-two thousand herrings (*i.e.*, 26,400), and in

return received a penny stamp and a halfpenny stamp! His payment for help and the damage done by the heavy haul to his nets had cost him at least a pound. Plenty of such evidence can be collected among longshoremen, but unfortunately without documentary proof.

Remedies are not easily to be devised, at all events before the extent of the corruption of the markets and of the wastage through defective organisation has been accurately ascertained. For the channels through which the fish goes on its way from longshoreman to consumer are both badly organised and wasteful. The fisherman is obliged to play into the middleman's hands. Two winters ago, when almost the only smooth water round Great Britain was off the South Devon coast, we were catching plenty of herrings, and the price at St. Ives rose to 96*s.* a thousand. Yet we had no means of knowing that in time, and we never obtained more than 42*s.*, and that only for one catch. The chief difficulty in the way of better organisation is the extreme irregularity of supplies from longshore fisheries. But that difficulty ought not to be insurmountable in these days of telegraphs, telephones, and rapid (though not cheap) transit. Before their reduction the coastguards used unofficially to telephone along the coast for fishermen. Information as to markets should be supplied from some central office, as weather forecasts have recently been supplied to farmers.

Longshoremen cannot combine against the buyers. They are not men of business training, and if they made themselves acquainted with business methods they would be too busy to put them into practice just when they most needed them, namely, when they were catching fish. Besides which, they have not the capital to combine against their economic enemies, the buyers, for the purpose of keeping prices up. One bad season would bring them off their high horse. Better bad prices than starvation.

And it is useless to spring upon them full-fledged schemes of co-operation. The sturdiness of character which goes with their sturdiness of physique and makes them such valuable members of the community unfits them for the give-and-take of co-operative methods. But something might be done to improve the fisheries and prepare the longshoremen for successful co-operation if men of business ability would compete with the buyers on their own ground, in their own manner, and then would divide the surplus profits among the fishermen in the shape of bonuses, as co-operative societies divide their profits among their members.

The most immediate, the most necessary, step to take is to tackle Billingsgate and the other central markets—I say *tackle* advisedly—before fishermen are further impressed with the maxim, so fatal to the development of any business, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. The centre of the fish trade must be dealt with before the outlying branches can be brought into a healthier state.

It ought not to need pointing out that if the decline of the longshore fisheries be not arrested the nation will lose one of its best and most prolific breeds of men and the Navy its best recruiting ground.

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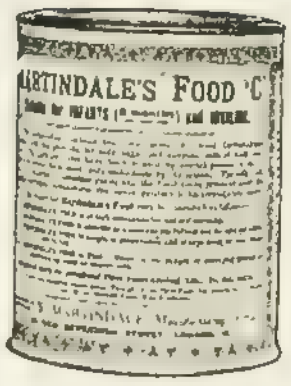

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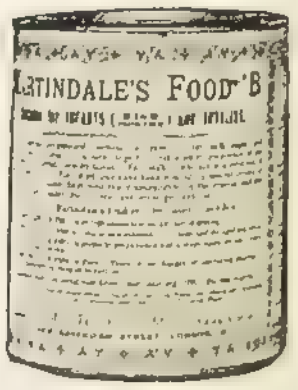

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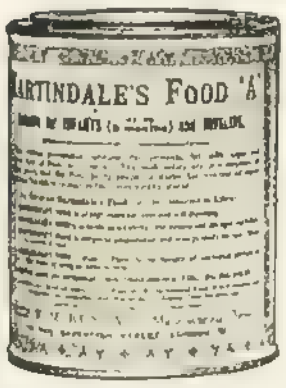

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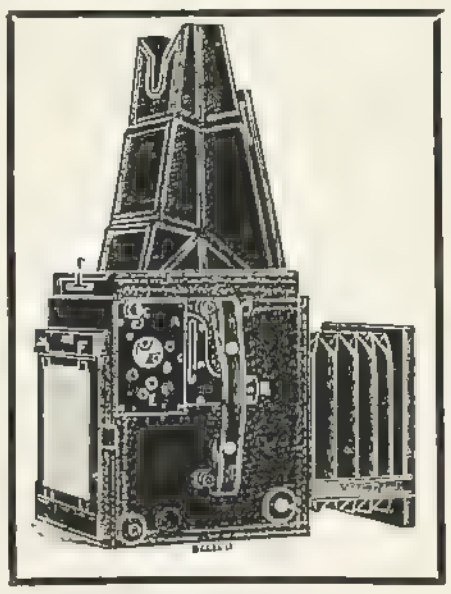

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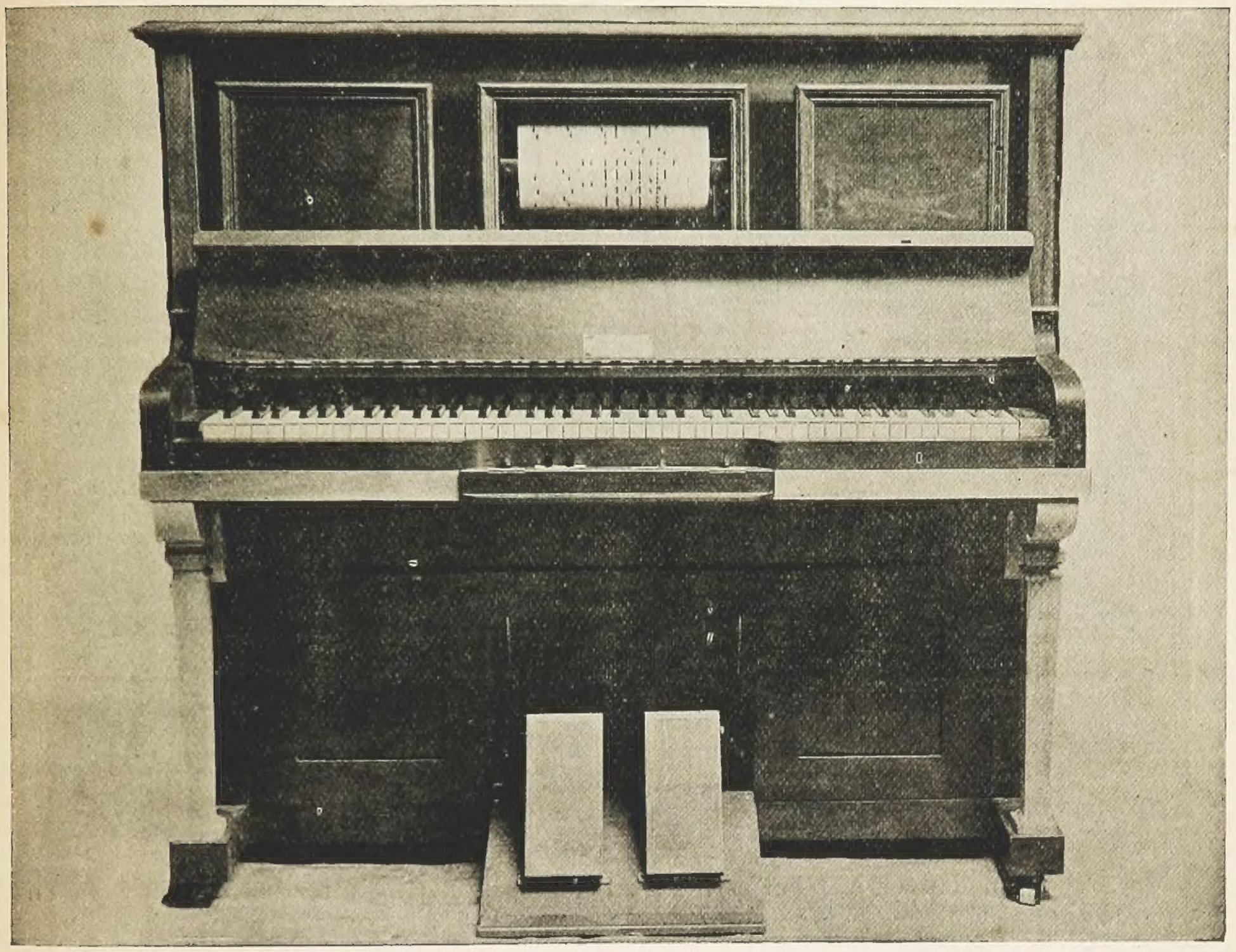

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